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THE CAMP REUNION, APRIL 2nd., 1921.

The Camp reunion is always a notable occasion. This year was particulaurly remarkable, as it was the first one in several years at which all the Richards family and their respective husbands and wives had been present.

There were fifty-nine all told. To be sure, you will find only fifty-eight on the list, but somehow Amory Thorndike got away without signing his name. He was there, though, and so was Gus, in all the pride that would be expected in the father of a very new nine-pound daughter.

Perhaps the greatest stranger was Fred Dillon, whom many of us had not seen since his last summer at Camp. I may as well confess at once that I did not recognize him, till he told me who he was; and then I knew him right off.

Well, we supped, and then went down to Andy Coggin's, with great joy. Not that we needed beans, but it is pleasant to find out how well we know that delightful story.

A very important part of the meeting was Abe Stevens's report on the Memorial. He told us about the wonderful bronze lantern, done by Greg Wiggins. Inside comes tha actual light, which was given by Russell Chases' firm,
He spoke of the work done last fall, when the foundation was laid, and sais that it was hoped that everything would be finished this spring. (It was.) He also reported that J.A.L. was coming on well with the war record, and hoped to finish before going abroad.

Applause for the committee was called for, and heartily given, and at the suggestion of E.M.R., applause for C.F.B. jr', who did such splendid work on the foundations last September, heaving rocks till the last train on the last day that

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would get him back to work.

Then we went to Jerusalem,by the longest train that ever was seen.The first trip was a ladies' victory,with Mrs.Henderson winner, and C.Stevens second.The second round was won by Oakes Ames,but Mrs. Henderson ran him close.

L.T.S. gave us the circus song,and told us about the tiger. Then we had "The Hottentot",Renzo,the Camp Chantey,the Scouting Song,I'm A-rolling,and finally the Merryweather Light and the Camp Song.And so ended a most lovely evening.

I give the signatures on the opposite page.

GRADUATE AND OTHER NOTES.

Edmund Billings was married October 13,to Miss Elise Garceau, of Dedham.

Maynard Rees was married September 18 to Miss Eliza McKeehan, of Cleveland.

George Harding was married September 8,to Miss Alice Cunningham,of Boston.

Alden Foss was married October 16,to Miss Dorothy Tenney,of Boston.

Dick Greenwood was married October 23,to Miss Bessie Simms,of St.Anthony,Newfoundland.This is our most exciting wedding of the year,for Mrs.Greenwood is the daughter of a fisherman,whom he met when he was up with Dr.Grenfell.Friends have joked about her being an Eskimo,but people who know her say that she is a lovely girl.

William Chisholm was married April 2,the day of the Reunion, to Miss Marguerite Hussey,of Danvers.

Howard McHenry was married June 2,to Miss Frances Garrison,of St.Louis.

Henry Richards

Laura E. Richards

Rosalind Richards
Alice M. Richards

Julia W. Shaw

John Richards

Laura Elizabeth Wiggins
Henry H. Richards.
Samuel C. Bennett Jr.

Julio C. Richards —

Mrs Amory Gardner
E. Francis Leland, Jr.
Philip S. Parker, jr.
Charles F. Batchelder, jr.
Laurence Perry
E. A. Bennett.

Conrad Chapman,
Charles Lowell Jr
Granville S. Fox,
William L. Poyson
Wm B. Ripley
John H. Sherburne Jr.
Fred. N. Dillon Jr.
Burnham Bowden
Harry Eldridge
J. Langdon Sullivan
Hasen Parker
John W. Simons
J. Gardner Coolidge Jr
R Henderson
R. P. Chase

Prescott Hurlbut
Alden S. Foss
Philip Batchelder
Mary Lozier
John K. Abbot
Carleton A. Shaw
Lindsley Austin
Eleonora R. Coolidge

Twining Lyons

Augustus Thorndike Jr.
Eliot Perkins
Franklin I. Hammond Jr
J Garland
Francis Willett
F. J. Bemis

David P. Wheatland
Louis J. Swain
J. S. Wiggins
F. P. Smith.
Abbot Stevens
Oakes A. Ames
Lucy Henderson
Caroline Stevens
Roger W. Bennett
Edward Harding
Marian Morse
George Colton Moore

Dale Stevens was married June 4,to Miss Mary Cordingley,of Brookline.They spent their honeymoon in Maine,took a look at Merryweather,and made a call in Gardiner on their way home.

Francis Parkman was married June 11,to Miss Eleanor Bremer, of Brookline.

Richard Evarts was married June 13,to Miss Mary Rogers,of Cambridge.

Nora Coolidge was married June 20,to Mr.Charles E.Works.We hear that it was a most lovely wedding.

Dick Randall is enaged to Miss Mary Bugby.

Jack Stevens is engaged to Miss Edith Stevens.In fact they are perhaps married by now,as they planned to spend the summer in France,visiting battlefields where he had fought.

James Minot is engaged to Miss Miriam Sears,of Boston.

Reginald Carey is engaged to Miss Margaret Bacon,of Germantown.

Cecil Murray is engaged to Miss Julia Frazier,of New York.He is studying at the College of Physicians and Surgeons.

Stephen Wheatland is engaged to Miss Dorothy Parker of Longwood.

Arthur Hayden has a son,Arthur Jr.,born Oct.21.

John Marsh has a daughter,born Oct.24.

Remsen Ogilby,who is now president of Trinity College,has a a son,Peter,born March 31.

J.H.Hall has a daughter,Margaret,born early in April.

Francis Gray has a son,born in the middle of June.

F.M.Barton has a daughter,Nancy,born in May.

H.M.N.Wynne has a son,John,born early in June.

Eliot Farley has a son,Eliot jr.,born in May.

We mentioned elsewhere that Gus Thorndike has a daughter,born late in March.

Chester Ladd died in Switzerland, Sept. 4, the very day on which the French Government awarded him the War Cross for bravery during the St. Mihiel offensive. He was badly gassed at St. Mihiel, and as a result developed very severe and hopeless tuberculosis. He was buried in the Surennes Cemetery, with military honours. This is our eleventh gold star. It is a good many years since Chester had been at Camp, but no one who knew him could ever forget his unfailing affection and cheerfulness.

Lawrence Chisholm died in Boston, April 2. We have no particulars, beyond the date as given in the Harvard Alumni Bulletin. Accoring to that, he died the day of his brother's wedding.

Roger Hooper has become a member of the law firm of Tyler, Tucker, Hames and Wright, Ames Building, Boston.

Philip Means is Honorary Curator of Andean History and Literature at Harvard.

Griswold Webb is now living in Albany, at 5 Englewood Place.

Templeton Briggs is a distributor in Southern Ohio and adfacent parts for the Philadelphia Diamond Grid Batteries.

Henry R. Harris is in the Trust department of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Co. His address is 4 Hillside Ave., Winchester. (I find that this is not our Henry Harris, but a stranger. Never mind. It looks so untidy to erase it that I will leave him in. He may be very nice.)

Henry W. Harris (this is the right one) after studying social and political contitions in Europe, is now with the Boston Globe.

Amory Jeffries is with Charles Head & Co.,bonds,74 State St., Boston.

Gardner Coolidge is in the general sales office of the Rivett Lathe & Grinder Co.His home address is 70 Fairmont St.,Brookline.

Francis Willett is taking the college training course at the National City Bank of New York.His address is 6 Montague Terrace, Brooklyn,N.Y.

Joseph Garland is a house officer at the Massachusetts General Hospital.His own office is 402 Marlborough St.

Arthur Hayden is with the International Mercantile Marine Co. His home address is 96 27th.St.,Elmhurst,Long Island.

Richard Evarts is a member of the law firm of Hogan,Lyne,& Woodworth,Sears Building,Boston.

George W Morse is Medical Director of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Wilfred Pyle,of whom we had not Heard for years,was married about two years ago,and has a daughter.He lives in Bayonne,New Jersey, and is studying the organ.

Tudor Gardiner is a member of the firm of Andrees,Nelson,and Gardiner,in Augusta.He and Mrs.Gardiner spend the winter months in Augusta,the summer in Gardiner.This summer,however,they are going abroad for a few weeks.We heard lately that Tudor had won thirteen out of seventeen law cases.He was also on the Judiciary Committee of the state legislature,which is a high compliment for a man as young as he.

Eliot Farley is president and treasurer of the Eustron Co., 44 K St.,South Boston.Lawrence Kemenway is assistant treasurer.

Bill Badd says he is going to retire from business,and salt down what money he has left before he loses it all.

Harold Barton is in the Near East, with Tiflis as his headquarters. He went to the Caucasus last summer, and was made director of orphanages and hospitals in a large district infested with hostile tribes. He has been in almost constant danger, and among other things has brought seven thousand orphans into Alexandropol, and established them there in safety and comfort.

I tried to put all the babies together, and here I have left out Henry Richards Zahner, who was born April 8. We have have seen a photograph of him, and he certainly is a fine one.

Francis Cummings, John Fay, Arnold Lowell, Sumner Roberts, Amory Thorndike, and Stephen Wheatland graduated from Harvard this year. Some graduated in the middle of the year. Amory won the second Bowdoin Prize "for a dissertation in English", but we don't know what his subject was.

Hallowell Davis and Gus Thorndike have been elected to membership in Alpha Omega Alpha, the honor fraternity for medical schools.

Bill Houghton has gone to France with the Harvard Glee Club.

Chanler Chapman, Harry Hildridge, George Fearing, Morgan Harris, Ogden Nash, Raoul Pantaleoni, and John Sherburne entered Harvard last fall. Raoul was on the honor list.

Maynard Rees, Frank Smith, and Gus Thorndike graduated from the Harvard Medical School this June. Bancroft Wheeler entered the Medical School last fall.

Foster Batchelder and Marcy Hager entered the Harvard Engineering School last fall. Foster is to be at the engineering camp this summer, but we hope for a glimpse of him some time.

Philip Batchelder and George Kunhardt entered the Harvard Busines School last fall.

Leonard Opdycke is in his third year in the Graduate School, and is Assistant in Fine Arts.

Marcus Morton has graduated from the Harvard Law School.

William Rice is a resident graduate of the Law School.

Conrad Chapman is at Harvard, a student out of course.

Pepperell Wheeler is at Cornell.

We have a large and varied assortment of old Merryweathers at St.Paul's: Mick Biddle, "Billie" Burke, Jim Cooley, Hugh Goodhue, Nelson Mackie, Rives Matthews, and Lucius Wilmerding.

Renwick Smedberg graduated form Middlesex this June.

John Corning graduated from Bangor High School this June,

William Scott has been at Mesa, Arizona, this past year.

Harry Shaw has been at the Kent school.

Frank Ashburn, who has graduated from Groton, was editor -in - chief of the Grotonian, a member of the debating team, centre on an undefeated football team, captain of the baseball team, and senior prefect. Rather a record.

Tom Wheelock played on the Groton football team last fall.

Gerald Ives, who graduated from Groton this June, was Brooks House prefect, and rowed on the crew.

Harry Cross played centre on the Yale football team last fall.

Carl Stillman was on the Harvard hockey squad.

Stephen Wheatland was on the Harvard rifle team, and is president of the University Rifle Club.

Lawrence Terry was on the Harvard crew this June.

Phil Kunhardt was on the rowing squad at Harvard, though he did not make the crew.

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Trips to Camp began early this year, for there was the Memorial to be built, to say nothing of cess-pools to be put in. Skipper and R.R. came out three times, and once A.M.R. came with them. It was lovely, as it always is, and the work went on splendidly. Walter Gleason, like the good fellow he is, had hunted the whole township for good slate rock, and he and Mr. Tukey, under Skipper's direction, arranged and built, till the beautiful thing was finished, and Greg Wiggins's wonderful bronze lantern in place. I will not describe it, for all who read this will see it before they read. But we feel that it will bring us together even more closely than before, by the bond of fellowship with the dear boys whose names it bears.

Other work this year is less interesting, but we hope that the additional cess-pools will bring Mexico to order. As for the new float, with its foundation of government rafts, it ought to be very superior.

Sunday, June 26, Warm, Fair, Smoky. Arrived to-day, by motor, the following:

Alice M. Richards.

We were a little later than we expected to be, so we did very little beyond eat supper, get out the necessary things, and go to bed. Only two tents are up, and one of those needs new screens, so we slept in various places. Skipper took the South, R.R. the Rest House, and A.M.R. tried the cold cold ground; not that it was very cold on such a warm night.

Birds everywhere. The pewee has taken to the Infirmary piazza this year, and is raising a family.

MONDAY, June 27, Smoky, Hot, N. to S.W.

Fires must be pretty bad up in the woods, though the papers say little about them. There has been no trouble hereabouts, but everything is as dry as a chip, and it would take very little to start a blaze.

Alice Gleason and George Nutter came over today, to help get ready. We had cleaned the kitchen once, but the painters got it pretty well mussed up again.

The three chests were unpacked, and later the book trunk. When the full list of tents is up we shall be tidier.

In the afternoon the two Smedbergs blew in for a call. They and their family are on Long Pond for the summer, a little south of the Caves, so we hope to see them often.

Our kitchen all arrived this afternoon. Our chef's name is Hurd. His helper is Belmont Bishop, a Colby junior, and the two boys, Ralph and Elmer, come from Groton.

The first of our prefects also arrived, by the same trip that brought the telegram that we were to expect him. That is apt to be the way of telegrams; but the main point is that he is here.

Rupert Mackford

Wild strawberries for dinner and supper.

There has been a bad slide up beyond Fourway, where the bank is very high. It looks as if we should lose the path, and a good deal more before things get settled.

There are very few strawberries this year; partly because the season was a very early one, and partly because we have had, and are still having, a really terrible drought, which has spoiled them. We hope for better luck with the raspberries.

The building of the Memorial has started a new pebble beach out in front.

A family of partridges has been raised on the premises, for they were all over the scouting field to-day.

In May a terrific storm, a real tornado, passed just to the north of us. Nothing happened round Camp beyond the blowing down of various dead popples, but just on the north scouting boundary a big oak has lost half its top. Barns were blown down between here and Waterville, and in Waterville dozens of big elms were uprooted. The big loss, to us, is the Abbot tree, which was right in the path of the storm, and went down. No more records up its trunk, alas! It is losing an old friend.

Work done since last year.

The memorial is built.

The Infirmary puddle has been drained; at least, we hope it has. No more swims in it.

The shop piazza has been rebuilt. It was time.

The walk down Sunshine Alley has also been rebuilt. It was past praying for.

The cess-pools have been increased in number. Just at this moment the pipes are wrong, but we hope for the plumber to-day to set them right.

Last year's work on the devil-weed shows very plainly. A.M.R. did some more weeding in May, and R.R. picked off blossom heads, so that the beast could not spread by seed. But we must not relax, or it will get ahead of us. It really <u>is</u> the devil.

TUESDAY, June 28, Cool, Rain a.m.

The rain began about five, and kept up for several hours. Not a down-pour, but a quiet rain that made you feel good all over, at thought of how the plants were sucking it in.

We could have had raspberries to-day, but we had garden strawberries on hand, and raspberries do not keep well after they are picked.

The great event of the day was the arrival of a gentleman who has been away altogether too long. It is good to have him back again.

R. Bradley Davidge

The Sunshine Alley tents are all up but one, the Recreation Tent, and floors are mostly washed. They get very black through the winter.

The mattresses and pillows went into the Copley this morning.

Our kerosene has come, so we can fill six lanterns apiece if we want them.

WEDNESDAY, June 29, Cool, Rain a.m.

This was a harder rain, and lasted longer. Picking raspberries after it was really a very wet job. But think of picking enough raspberries for eleven people, on the twenty-ninth of June!

As for how we came to grow from five to eleven, here is the order of arrivals. First came our long-lost (or lost long) secretary. It is ten years since he was here last, and he has done a good deal since then, especially growing:

Lawrence Perry

He plunged into the store-room at once, and hardly came out all day.

About noon a truck hove in sight, with three shells on top, and nice little red flags dangling from their noses, as the law requires. And inside, so far as a truck has any inside, was the Head of

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) the South Dormitory: John G. Wiggins

We had expected him in the watches of the night, and Skipper sat up pretty late for him; but at Portland his driver's courage failed, and they spent the night there.

Two arrivals by the afternoon train here, and one by the Waterville train were fairly simultaneous:

Margere Peabody Isabel Bowdman
Thomas H. Westrd

East, but very far from least, came B.B.R., by Anderson's car. A.M.R. went in to do some errands, and they came out together. There was some difficulty on hills, owing to lack of gasoline, but we backed up the worst one, and got some more gas at Belgrade, arriving just in time for supper.

While all these people were arriving, there was another kind of arrival. The float came in sight round the Point, very fine, and riding high on its scarlet pontoons. It floats so high that even the most timid can swim under it. And how Donald MacLeod is ever to get up on it we do not know. We shall have to get a derrick.

Two tents came down, and four went up. This sounds a bit mixed, but there was some putting up on the wrong frames.

We had raspberries for supper; a record which is not likely to be broken in a hurry.

THURSDAY, June 30. Cool, Cloudy.

Pickerel Rock is just showing.This gives one an idea of what the drought has been,for generally it doesn't appear till August.

This morning Mr.Soule came out,and tuned our piano for us. He has tuned it every year since we first came to Merryweather, in 1900.

All the tents are now up.But there was a wild time for a while when we had apparently lost the Mammoth Cave!The putters-up complained that they could not tell one tent from the other in the Infirmary.So A.M.R. told them that the Mammoth was in the tool-room.Very well that.They looked in the tool-room,and found two enormous bundles.One,when taken over and unrolled,proved to be the fly.The other should have been the tent.But to the horror of all concerned,it turned out to be the old Mammoth;with two great slits down the side,and a whole cubicle too short,as Skipper proved by pacing.And where was the real Mammoth?The only thing suggested was that when Walter sent the fly to be mended,he took tent and fly both,and then forgot to bring the tent back.This could be investigated when Walter came over.Then it appeared that there were only four tents,exclusive of the Mammoth,to go up,and there were five full bags in the Infirmary.All hands went down to count and consider.Four were properly marked.The fifth said "Barge fly." And there,sure enough,was the Mammoth,rolled up so tight that it looked too small to be a Mammoth at all.But think of the state of mind of a naturalist who cannot tell a Mammoth from a fly! Even a large fly.

Walter,George,and a couple of others came over and built a new swing slip.Our old one was pretty well stove up.They also repaired the hole in the south dormitory.

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) This year we have upset a tradition that has been going since Camp started. The fish have been moved from their old place on the wall, to the east end of the North Parlor. In their place we are putting photographs of our old boys, chiefly those who have been in service. (J.G.W. says he thinks the fishes are better looking, but we don't agree with him.)

The afternoon train was late, so our next arrival didn't get here till we had begun supper. But we hadn't eaten it all, so that was all right. F. T. Lamman Jr.

In the evening we read "The Footprint", a really horrible story, and then played easy games. No one wanted to be strenuous. And as for Joe Davidge, --well, he says he wasn't asleep, but we know what we think.

FRIDAY, July 1, Cool, Misty. The mist at times became a real drizzle, but not enough to interfere with work. The Ouananiche slip and the ladies' slip went out, and all the eggs and rangeleys but one. One egg had to be repaired by the blacksmith.

The good ship Pie-plant was also towed to her accustomed berth, and is ready for work.

Storeroom, devil-weed, putting round of soap and mirrors, filling ink-bottles--all sorts of things went on all day.

Byt the afternoontrain arrived our doctor. Howard Boyd We feel much safer now that he is here, though we hope we shall not have to call on him just yet.

In the evening, after reading "How Santa Claus came to Simpson's Bar," we had an informal faculty meeting, to talk over plans, rules, and suggestions. To be sure, the faculty are not all here, but the missing ones are both old hands at the game.

SATURDAY, July 2, Fair, Warm.

The first event of the day was a most thrilling one. Two deer came swimming up the pond. Some of us went out in a canoe to observe, whereupon they headed for the shore and landed just below the pine parlor.

The first arrivals came by motor; two little boys, who, we are afraid, cannot stay all summer. But we shall keep them as long as we can. Abbot Stevens

Somewhat arrived the "Shakeretary", from Bangor. He appeared on foot, but had not walked all the way. Clarence H Corning

Then came our Bar Harbor boy; Richard W. Hale 3d.

The regular train was late, of course, and it was some time before the first motor came in sight. Then at long and at last the truck came panting up the hill, fairly bulging with boys, big and little. A few minutes saw almost everyone in the water, for there are always bathing-suits to be had, even if your own is at the bottom of a trunk somewhere along the line.

After supper a big load of trunks came, and there was much unpacking; also borrowing of blankets for the trunkless. Then we had time for one roaring round of "Going to Jerusalem", which was won by Jack Degen, with H. Putnam runner-up. By the way, when you see a boy who is obviously a Putnam, he isn't. He is Billy Driver.

After the half-past eighters had gone to bed (and we are mostly half-past eighters this month), a motor-car arrived with Sidney Williams and his family. They had been detained by blow-outs, so Sidney had to be a half-past niner this time. His family went off camping for the night, but will be over in the morning.

Sidney M. Williams 2d.

H. H. Richards.

H H Kingsbury Jr.
Roger S. Coolidge

Wharton Lowell
Duncan L. Edwards 2d.
Porter Thompson.
John F. Hines jr.
Laurence Batchelder
Charles P. Richardson
Philip Wrenn.
Gardner P Jeneks
Henry H. Richardson, Jr.
John A. Degen, Jr.
Reginald S. Carey

Prentice Sanger
Harry Pierce

Bancroft Davis

Harry H. Hunnewell 2d
Bruce Crane
Frederick Kelley, Jr.
John Thayer
Gorham Haskell
Edward Orlandini
Henry Saigeon
Ronald MacLeod
William Driver

Sumner Putnam
Marshall J. Dodge
Eliot T. Putnam Jr.
Richard Shulas
Bobby Davis
Richard Tenbusch
John W. Hutchinson
Prentice Sanger
F. Sargent Cheever.
P. L. Wilson Jr.
Richard Allaire.
Christopher Birkhead
Stephen Stackpole
Henry H. Richards

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) The half-past niners had a story, "A Red-haired Cupid." And then the faculty set the table, for the first time this year. It seems very natural to be hunting for the right place on the floor, and spacing plates. Even forgetting the cups is familiar.

Well, it looks like a lively summer. Most of the new boys look as if they were ready to look alive and keep going. There ought to be a good many swimming tests passed to-morrow, by all accounts, and though there will be a big class of beginners, if we all attend to business, we may hope to clear the slate by August. Here's hoping, anyhow.

Donald MacLeod has not grown any slimmer since last year, and Frog doesn't look any fatter.

Henry Richardson has brought brother Charles along with him, and Stephen Stackpole is another younger brother, with an older one to look out for him.

Mrs. Coolidge came with the boys, but I am going to give her a place by herself. It is lovely to have her here, after so many years. Mary H. Coolidge

SUNDAY, July 3, Fair, Hot. We don't generally begin to chronicle events as early as between three and four a.m.But it was about that pleasant hour that another guest arrived,and curled up in the only vacant bed he found.Exactly how he got here from Squam is a long tale,but there was walking,and automobiles, and various trains.The main point is that he came,even if only for a day and a night. Charles F. Batchelder, Jr.

This morning the kitchen pump struck work,so a gallant bucket line went to work,and filled up tanks and kettles.C.F.B. later got the necessary washers from Oakland,and by noon she was going again.

Great swimming tests to-day.T.H.W.,J.T.L.,H.B.,H.K., Dana,Davis,Albree,Orlandini,Driver,Dalton,Edwards,Hunnewell, M.Putnam,Pierce,Hale,Payson,Sanger,Williams,Kelley,and Dodge all swam to the Point.Two more went half way,so we feel that they will be down there in a few days.

During the morning Mr.and Mrs.Williams and Mary came over for a call and a swim.

After swim the Smedbergs came over for the rest of the day.It is fine to have them within reach.

At afternoon reading we began "The Tempest."

During reading C.F.B. and Larry patched the Ouananiche, so as to be ready for the picnic,and J.G.W. made out a fine list.It was very hot,but we thought we could go down to Hemlock Point.But the weather thought not.It piled up very black in the north,with growls of thunder.We waited till five or after,and then adjourned to the Pine Parlor.And then the shower made a face at us,and went off to the northeast.

But the Pine Parlor is a pleasant place,and we had a goodgame of Wolf on the ridge.Someone thought we might light

SUNDAY (Cont'd.) a fire,but the motion was not seconded.

After supper we had a couple of short stories,and then much good singing.

At half-past seven we came home,and then gathered round the Memorial for the dedication.To some of the younger ones,perhaps, the War seems a remote thing.But many of us have felt the long bitter anxiety for near and dear ones on the other side.Some of us were in service,here or across.And the dear lady who came to be with us for this ceremony gave and lost as noble a son as ever made a mother happy.And even the youngest must have felt that this was a very real and moving occasion.

It was very simple.We sang two beautiful hymns,Skipper read the list of the honored and beloved dead;Abe Stevens spoke earnestly and with deep feeling of their service,and Camp,and what it has meant;and then L.E.R. read two or three poems.And we ended with "Ten thousand times ten thousand."

Another dear lady,Emmons Blaine's mother,could not be here,but telegraphed her wishes that she might.

It was pretty hot,so we went down to the float for our poem and story:"The Feet of the Young Men",and ".007." So ended a good Sunday.

To Skipper, Mrs. Richards, The Richards Family, the Guests, the Faculty, the Graduates, and the Boys.

This beacon light, which becomes the memorial given by the graduates of Camp Merryweather, is to perpetuate the memory of those men of the Merryweather family who gave their lives in the World War for their country.

When the call to arms came, these men knew there was nothing nobler than to serve their country in defense of the liberty and preservation of the ideals of America, handed down to us by our ancestors and taught us in our homes.

History proves that a civilization which does not embrace healthy manhood with the finer teachings of religion, art, and music, does not survive. And we all know what a tremendous uplifting influence toward these higher ideals the Merryweather spirit must have brought to these men. Any boy who has had the benefit of the Skipper's wise counsel and friendly companionship, who has heard Mrs. Richards read the wonderful books as only she can read them, whose body has been strengthened by the swimming, the camping trips, and knows, knows that when he faces the crisis of war or any other great emergency, he meets the ordeal with a steadfast belief in the right and a spirit that stands ready to make the supreme sacrifice. The graduates believe this is the deep significance of the memorial which they want every boy who comes to Merryweather to comprehend.

Surely these young soldiers whose names are on this memorial would be happy in the thought that its presence here would be a beacon light to stimulate and encourage the boys in camp to a higher idea of how noble it is to serve

one's country in her hour of need;and if necessary make the supreme sacrifice that its ideals may be maintained.

The graduates who have made this memorial possible feel sure that it will be safely guarded,and stand forever in loving memory of our brothers who gave their lives that American ideals might continue.

Abbot Stevens.

MONDAY, July 4, T.68' Calm, Smoky. Our weather-man, Marshall Dodge, is not quite up to the details of reading the barometer yet, for he just read the word on the edge, which was rain. And it did not rain.

As for the temperature, it was nice at seven a.m., but we knew what was coming, and all the morning we sizzled. In the afternoon a breeze came up, which helped, and the evening was really cool enough for sweaters.

We had the Declaration of Independence, and our usual singing, and then for an hour or so two big squads worked, picking up the yard, and removing the packing cases etc. from the front of the shop. If those had stayed there, we might have had more fire-works than we wanted.

When we felt tidy and safe, the noise began, and a good noise it was. Cans went high, pails were turned into bombs, and even an old tray became rather lively with five-inch salutes under it. As for snakes we had them in numbers that would have driven St. Patrick crazy.

The sad thing about the morning was the departure of Mrs Coolidge and C.F.B. jr. She was going to Boston. He was heading for Squam and the Harvard Engineering Camp, but how and when he would get there neither he nor anybody else knew. Later in the summer we expect him for a real visit.

Swim was long and happy, especially for Christopher Birckhead, who passed the swimming test, and swam about a third of the way back. Then half-past eighters were called in, so it seemed just as well to send him ashore.

After dinner we read "Zadoc Pine." It was sad to miss it last year, and this time we took care to know where the book w

MONDAY was.
(Cont'd.)

Shortly after dinner A.S. and E.N.B. went off.Too bad,but their visit had to be a short one,on account of business.

MAJOR LEAGUE GAME.
ZODIACS VS. ZADOKS.

It was a pretty hot day for baseball,so we had only seven innings,but it was a good game.The Zadoks got a lead at the start,but the Zodiacs tied them in the second inning.After that the Zadoks were unable to score till the seventh,when Lowell,who had made first by getting a ball on the back of his head,was scored by H.B.'s timely two-bagger.The Zodiacs,on the other hand,managed to get at least one man home in every inning but the fifth,when they went out in short order.

S.B.D. allowed fewer hits than Lowell,and struck out eight men to his opponent's six.Each gave one pass.

There was a good deal of heavy hitting.L.T. knocked a long three-bagger out to centre field,and S.B.D.went one better,with a home run,almost passing Hines,who was on first base when he hit the ball.The batting stars follow:

H.B.	1,000.
L.T.	.750
S.B.D.	.750
H.H.R.	.666
J.T.L.	.666
P.S.	.666

BUG LEAGUE GAME.
AMERICANS VS. NATIONALS.

This was an even hotter game,as the final score show.We generally think of a Bug League game with a score in double figures.The two captains,Woodbridge and H.Richardson,did a fine piece of work in arranging the teams,and it is plain that we have among us a very able set of Bugs.

MONDAY, (Cont'd.) The gallant Flea League generally plays without any scorer, so it is hard to give an exact account of its games, but there was a game, and a hot one, under supervision of C.H.C.

And then there was a big swim for all hands—and faces—which was much needed.

Zodiacs vs. Zadoks of July 4 at ... 1

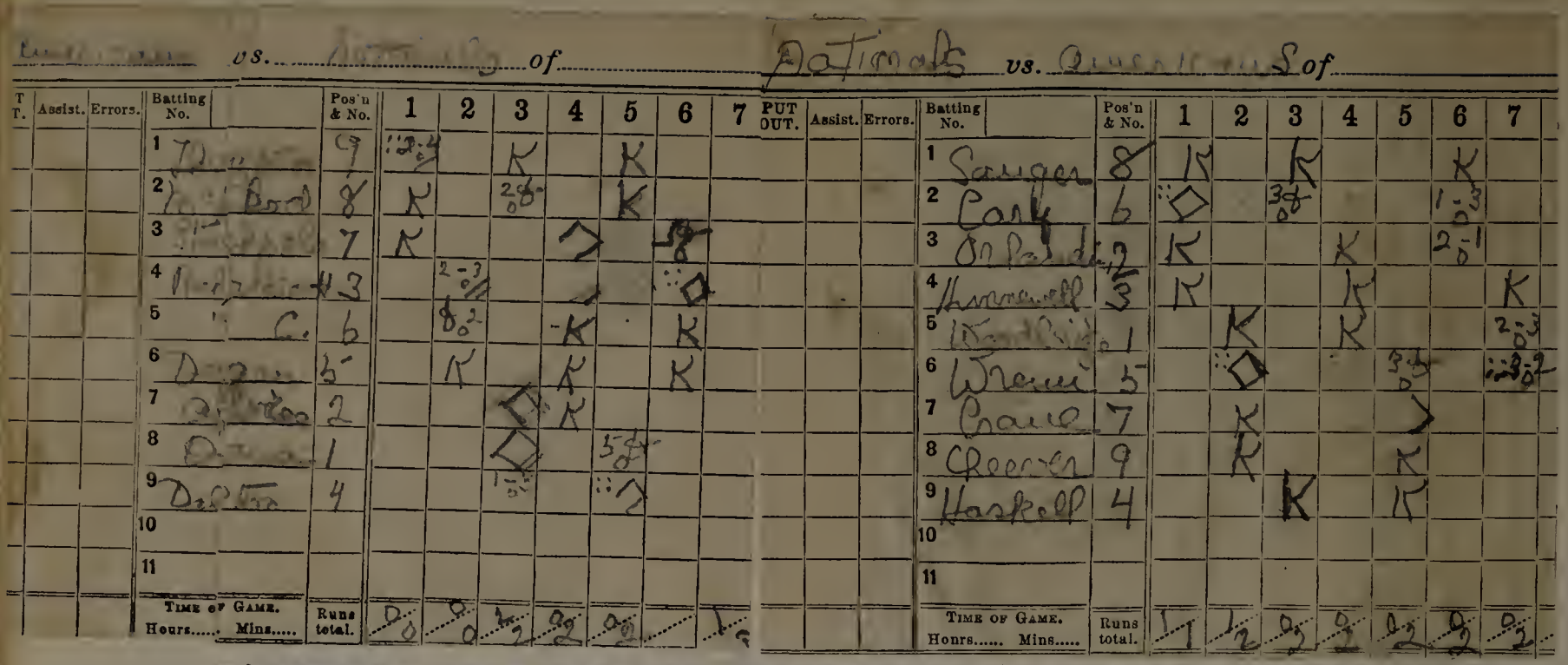
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
1	0		S. Pedersen		6	4-3		K	K		2-3							3	0	0	
1	3		2 Hunter		4	0-3	1-3		6-3									4	1	0	
0	5		3 S. B. P.		1													4	4	3	
8	2		4 L. T.		2						2-5							4	1	3	
0	0		5 Hutchins		9	K		0-3	K									3	0	0	
0	0		6 J. T. L.		5					1-3								3	2	2	
11	0		7 H. H. R.		3		0-6			K								3	0	2	
0	0		8 P. S.		7					9-5								3	1	2	
0	0		9 Dreier		8		2-6	K			2-5							3	0	1	
			10																		
			11																		
21	10		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	1	2	3	6	1	7	0	7	2	9			30	9	13	

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
	1	1		1	8	1-b. on errors.		4	1	1

Zadoks vs. Zodiacs of July 4 at ... 1

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
4	1		E. Pedersen		6	K	9-6			1-3		K						3	0	0	1
6	0		2 T. H. W.		3			4-3				K						3	2	1	
0	1		3 Lowell		1			K		K								3	2	1	
6	4		4 H. B.		2													3	1	3	
2	0		5 R. S. C.		6	9-3		K		1-3								4	0	0	
0	1		6 Thurber		4	9-4			1-3		4-3	1-3						4	0	0	
0	0		7 H. T. K.		8		K		1-3									3	0	0	
0	0		8 Peirce		7				0-3		1-3							1	0	0	1
0	0		9 Shields		9		K				9-3							3	1	0	
			10																		
			11																		
18	7		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	3	0	0	0	2	0	1						27	6	6	2

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
				1	6	2-b. on errors.		1		



T.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
			1	D...	9	1-2-3		K		K		
			2	... Bond	8	K		2B		K		
			3	...	7	K						
			4	...	3		2-3					
			5	... C.	6		B.2		K		K	
			6	D...	5		K		K		K	
			7	...	2				K			
			8	D...	1							
			9	D...	4			1-3				
			10									
			11									
				Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	0	0	1/2	2	2		1

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
			1	Sawyer	8	1		K			K	
			2	Cark	6			3B			1-3	
			3	On Base	2	K			K		2-1	
			4	...mwell	3	K			K			K
			5	...	1		K		K			2-3
			6	Wrenn	5					3B		
			7	Crane	7		K					
			8	Greene	9		K			K		
			9	Haskell	4			K		K		
			10									
			11									
				Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	1	1/2	2	2	2	2	2

Fireworks were late, of course. That is one of the few difficulties about daylight saving. But when they came they were fine. We didn't try a bonfire this year, as it is still very dry, but we had rockets of allsorts and sizes, from little fellows that hardly got clear of the box, to great big ones that roared high up into the air, with golden rain or parachutes. The Roman candles were splendid, and so were the wheels. In fact it was a delightful show, and we enjoyed it all the more for having to put on coats in the breeze.

When the last spark was out, we came down for a big three-ring Taps, and so on to table-setting and bed.

Between baseball and supper, C.H.C., the last of our four dear graduate guests, went off to Bangor and his job. But Bangor is not so far as some places, and we hope to get another glimpse of him in the course of the summer.

TUESDAY July 5, B.29.24, T.62' S.W. Cool.

A great relief after our dreadful hot spell.It is sometimes a pleasure to be chilly.

We don't often comment on our butlers,but when we have such a team as Thayer,C.Richardson,and Stackpole they are worth noticing.Not large,but just watch them perform!

No swimming tests to-day.Shields can't go in yet,on account of a boil,and no one else feels quite ready.But three or four are swimming in from the float,and almost everyone can keep up a little.

J.G.W. had one of the singles out to-day.He is going to try them all,to see how they have stood the journey,and in what sort of shape they are.

To-day was Marshall Dodge's birthday.We wished him many happy returns at dinner,and in a brief but forcible speech he expressed his views of people who tell tales about other people's birthdays.

At afternoon reading we began "Woodstock."

SUNDRY STUNTS AND FISHING.

MEADOW BROOK.

H.H.R.	
A.M.R.	Lowell
Hines	Woodbridge
Thompson	H.Richardson
Carey	Hutchinson
Degen	MacLeod

YOUNG SCOUTERS.

H.R.	L.C.Z.
T.H.W.	J.T.L.
L.T.	S.B.D.
H.K.	R.S.C.
Birckhead	Hunnewell
Richards	Kelley
Sanger	Davis
Edwards	Driver
Payson	C.Richardson
Pierce	Orlandini
Albree	Shields
Cheever	Crane
Dalton	Dana
Dodge	Hale
Hakkell	Jencks
E.Putnam	S.Putnam
Stackpole	Thayer
	Williams

FISHERS.

M.P.	P.S.	J.G.W.
Batchelder	I.B.	Thurber
1 bass	Wrenn	4 bass
1 sunfish	1 bass	1 pickerel

Total number of fish,8

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) The fishers all took out their suppers, and the boat that stayed longest got the most fish. It was not a bad beginning for so small a number.

The Ouananiche went a little way up Meadow Brook, but having a light crew and a head wind home, did not try for the bridge. She leaks pretty badly, so we took cups along, and bailed a bit. Several of the younger boys had never paddled up the brook before, but we made our turns pretty well, and enlarged our experiences a good deal. We took a standing sprint as we came in, just by way of showing what we could do.

The Young Scouters went round the boundary of the scouting field, except for the west boundary, which is self-evident. They then played two short games, the first on the ridge, and the second on the shore, to get an different sort of terrain. The raspberries made trouble in more ways than one, but it was a good start. Of course we are not ready for a trial game yet, as we don't know each other well enough.

At supper we had the scouting letter, by way of emphasizing some of the wrong ways of playing.

Then everyone was ready for Games on the Hill.

"Spin the Platter" resulted in many forfeits, which were redeemed in great style. T.H.W. and Cheever performed brilliantly in the Russian ballet.

In the one-legged race H. Richardson beat J.T.L. by a small margin, with Davis a rather conservative third.

In the barnyard scene, MacLeod, the duck, was rescued from Dodge, the cat, by the spirited action of H. Richardson, the dog; while Stackpole, the rooster, crowed his sympathy.

In the wheelbarrow race Shields and Birckhead beat J.T.L. and

TUESDAY Hale.
(Cont'd.)

In the spider race Hunnewell had a long lead over Batchelder.

In the Hottentot Tackle it is hard to say that anyone wins.The performers were I.B.,J.T.L.,Hunnewell,and MacLeod.

There were two match races.In the first Thompson beat Richards.In the second E.Putnam beat Hutchinson;but his tactics were rather illegal,for he lay on his opponent's match and put his foot in his opponent's face.There was not time for the two winners to race it off.

We then made words out of "Stenographically".It is a fine word,and S is a wonderful letter.

WEDNESDAY, July 6, Cool, Foggy, S.W.

Either our weather-man forgot his report, or he was exhausted by the labor of making it once. We must stir him up tomorrow.

At morning reading Skipper began the story of the development of boat-building here, and then we started on "From Forecastle to Cabin."

Squad Notes.

A raspberry squad went out this morning, and made a good start. We hope to add enough tomorrow for all hands.

The steps to the Mammoth are being repaired. They were too soft wood in the first place, and are wearing badly.

Bushwhacking has also begun, in the birches below third base. If you are not very firm with grey birches, they get away from you.

Harry Patson caught a garter snake this morning, and installed it in a box, under wire netting, to try and tame it.

One of our three missing boys came this morning with his father. Mr. Hare could only stay to dinner, but it was pleasant to have a glimpse of him. J. M. Hare.

Three swimming tests passed this morning, Miss Boardman, Hare, and Sumner Putnam. Bruce Crane looks like the next candidate, if Dick Shields has to stay out of the water much longer.

Two of the shells were out this morning. (By the way, their house is done; a lean-to, just south of the boat-house.) I.T. and J.G.W. cruised round for a bit, and then S.B.D. tried it. He did not go quite so far; probably because it was nearly dinner time.

At afternoon reading we began "Marmion", reading a little of it instead of a short poem.

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) SUNDRY STUNTS.

BOG AND BICKFORD.

OWANAMICHE.

B.C.Z.

Crew A.	Crew B.
H.T.K.	S.B.D.
M.P.	A.M.R.
Shields	R.S.C.
Richardson C.	Albree
Richardson H.	Sanger
Woodbridge	Hines
S.Putnam	Payson
Lowell	Hutchinson
MacLeod	Jencks
Thompson	Kelly
Wrenn	Dana
Chesmer	Edwards

I.B.

BELGRADE HILL.

H.B.	P.S.
Thurber	Birckhead
Carey	Crane
Davis	Dodge
Driver	Hare
Pierce	E.Putnam

HAMILTON POND.

YAMMERSCHOONER.	IDENTICAL.	TERROR.	WILLIWAW.
T.H.W.	L.T.	J.G.W.	J.T.L.
Degen	Hunnewell	Orlandini	Batchelder
Cheever	Stackpole	Thayer	Hale
Dalton	Haskell	Richards	Williams

It seemed fairly cool till one began to walk along a dusty road.Then it seemed decidedly warm,and the Belgrade Hill party found their hill a good way off.In fact some of them did not reach the house where we have drinks.This was a pity, because the drinks are good,and the people pleasant.

The Hamilton Pond crew reached their pond without any trouble,but did not stay very long,because the mosquitoes were pretty ravenous.They report that the old "haunted house" which has been empty for so long is being repaired.We hope the new people will not find any ghosts there.

Crew A. of the B & B trip made a good landing,and struck across the bog in what may be termed a slantendicular south-east direction.They soon reached the edge of the bog,and a nice place it is.They got in touch with Crew B,by yelling, and crossed to the mainland by sheer wading,H.T.K. carrying Charlie Richardson through the deepest places,for fear he might not be tall enough to stick out above the deepest holes

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) They got directions from Crew B about finding the path up the hill, and after that their course was clear. They reached home in good form, ready for a swim.

Class B followed the usual course up Bickford Hill, and turned in at the usual place. There was a moment's hesitation as to which of two trails to take, but when we found that one led to a pig-pen we took the other. We followed the path right down to the edge of the bog, and after meeting Class A, kept on south for a little way. We found the old log crossing, a little dilapidated, but still perfectly practicable, and crossed it almost dry-shod. S.B.D. led, and R.S.C. guarded the dangerous rear and blazed the trees where they were big enough. We followed the path right out the the water's edge, and there S.B.D. set up a log, propping it with driftwood. Of course it may go down in the next wind. But we could not build a cairn, because there are no stones, and we could not blaze, because there are no trees more than an inch through. Payson found a pitcher-plant in blossom, and some calopogon. We ought to find white-fringed orchids before long.

FIRST SING-SONG PROGRAMME.

1. Overture, "Chopsticks.....P.S., Hines.
2. Songs, "John Blount", Widdecombe Fair". H.H.R.
3. Piano Solo, "Barcarolle".....T.H.W.
4. Choruses.....Voice of the Bell, Camp Chantey, Camptown Races.
5. Piano Solo, "Fra Diavolo.....A.M.R.
6. Stunt, "Hop When the Horn Blows"....A.M.R., T.H.W., L.T., Hines, Richardson, Carey.
7. Stunt, "Abdullah Bulbul Amir".....L.C.Z., J.T.L., M.P., H.H.R.
8. Choruses....."Drink, Puppy", Camp Song."

Years come and go, but the Fates are always kind, and we always have a chopsticks team. This time the little interlude that we are accustomed to, was played partly on the front of the piano, and partly

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) on Frog's head.It was wonderful how much alike they sounded.

H.H.R. has not sung for us for a long time,but we mean to make up for it this year,with all sorts of good songs.

T.H.W. gave us a lovely barcaroll,and then Grieg's Spring Song.We have further designs on him,too.

"Fra Diavolo" is getting to be almost as old an institution as Chopsticks.It is too bad the opera is not better known,because it is very pretty,and thrilling besides.

"Hop when the Horn Blows" is especially timely at the beginning of the year,and was rendered with force and feeling, though we miss Bud Farnsworth,who figured in it so long.The final chorus,with L.T. so far above his neighbors that he put his hands on their heads instead of their shoulders,was extremely fetching.

The tragic ballad of "Abdullah Bulbul Amir"was stirring in the extreme.H.H.R. sang it,with force and feeling.L.C.Z. and J.T.L.portrayed with superb dramatic fire the two brilliant but ill-fated heroes,and the Muscovite Maid,as represented by M.P.,was a sweet and pathetic figure.

And when the half-past eighters had gone to bed,we began "Out of Drowning Valley."It was written by nobody in particular,but he wrote a very good story.Think of a "mother lode",of gold as big as a man's thigh! It was like a great yellow python.

THURSDAY, July 7, T.70' B.29.05" Calm, Smoky.

Either Marshall Dodge, our weather man, likes it hot, or there is a fire-drake in the neighborhood. The sky was heavy all day with the smoke of distant forest fires, the sun looked as if it were made of copper, and we dripped at every pore.

A second raspberry squad did good work, in spite of getting stung a good deal by ground wasps.

Charlie Richardson swam out to the Pie-plant this morning, and then after a few minutes to breathe, swam back again.

By afternoon it was so hot that we went as we pleased till quarter of five. Most of the crowd went out in boats, and there was more or less fishing. S.B.D. got the only fish big enough to keep; two good bass.

Total number of fish, 2.

At 4-45 the Micmacs and Abanakis went out to the Point for Skowhegan. The Micmacs won both games on runs, as their rivals were not able to reach the goal line.

Ground wasps furnished a rather painful diversion, and Hare got very thoroughly stung.

After two games, there was a most welcome swim.

We have started a new plan for Thursday evenings this year. We have picnic supper, with paper plates, the kitchen force goes off duty, after washing dinner dishes and setting the supper table, and we get supper and clean up. It worked well the first time, though it was a very hot evening.

Boats, and then half-past nine boats occupied the evening. It was the first really hot night we have had, and we hope it will be the last.

| | | |

FRIDAY, Aug.8, B.29.00" T.76' Calm, Cloudy.

It bade fair to be an even worseday than Thursday, but fortunately the breeze came up,so we got along pretty well.

Shower at night.

The first navigating squad went out this morning in canoes,under command of J.G.W.

Class A swam to the Point,instead of the regular addy-humps,and Shields passed the swimming test.Stackpole swam in from the corner of the float to the boats,which is farther than straight in,C.Richardson swam half-way from the Ouananiche,and Crane swam out to the Pie-plant.

MINOR LEAGUE GAME.
CRYS VS. HUES.

This game,though not very close,was very exciting.For two innings the Hues led,but in the third the Crys got down to business, and brought in four runs.In the fourth the Hues tallied four,which gave them the lead again.In the sixth it was tied,8-8.Then the Crys began to pile up runs.The lucky seventh saw ten of their number at bat,and in the ninth nine were up.

P.S.pitched two innings,but then retired to left field,leaving the mound to Dana,who acquitted himself with credit.S.B.D. began behind the bat,but shifted with Richardson.

In the second inning Richardson made a spectacular catch,landing on the back of his head in the process.In the same inning Driver made an unassisted double play,retiring the Putnam brothers and the side.

In the third E.Putnam cut short the scoring party of the Hues by chasing Driver back toward third and tagging him with the ball before he could tag the base.

We so seldom have much happening in the outfield in a junior game that Orlandini's catch at centre,and Dana's assist from left field both deserve mention.

FRIDAY (Cont'd.)

Batting Stars.

S.B.D.	.666
P.S.	.666
Driver	.500
R.S.C.	.400
H.T.K.	.333
H.Richardson	.333

Cuyo vs. Hua of July 8 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
8	4		1 H. Richards	5	9-1					(K) 2-3			(K) 2-3				6	3	2
0	2		2 P. Putnam	1													6	5	4
2	4		3 S. B. D.	2				9-3									6	4	4
0	2		4 Dana	9	4-6 0		0-3	5-1		0-3							5	1	1
14	0		5 H. J. K.	3			0-3				K						6	2	2
1	3		6 Richardson	4	4-3				1-6		2 0						6	3	1
2	0		7 Driver	6		9-2	0 2		0-6			9-1					6	1	3
1	1		8 Orlando	8		K			K			9-3	0-3				4	0	0
9	0		9 Putnam	9		K		K		9-1	K	0-3	0-3				6	0	0
			10																
			11																
27	15		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	2	2	4	1	0	1	5	1	5				51	19	17
Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.											Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
	1			6	10	1-b. on errors.												5	1

Hua vs. Cuyo of July 8 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
0	0		1 J. Putnam	5		6-1				K		K					2	2	0
3	1		2 Woolbridge	6		9-5				5-3		K					5	2	1
9	2		3 E. Putnam	2	7-2	9-6				2-3							4	1	0
11	1		4 R. S. C.	3			9-8		*				4-3				5	2	2
0	4		5 Linen	4			4-3	4-3			5-2		0-3				5	1	1
4	4		6 Lowell	1				K			(K) 2-3		(K) 2-3				4	0	0
0	0		7 Hutchinson	9	0-3		0-3		5-3		(K) 2-3						4	0	0
0	0		8 Dalton	7	K			9-3	5-3								4	0	0
0	0		9 Elbert	8					K			K					2	1	0
			10																
			11																
27	12		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	4	4	0 4	0 4	4	8	0 8	0 8	1 9	0 9	0 9		36	9	4
Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.											Earn'd ruus.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
		1		3	8	1-b. on errors.				* Dana batted for Hutchinson								3	

FRIDAY
(Cont'd.)

BUG LEAGUE GAME.
RIPS VS. ROARERS.

This was of course a different line-up from last time, as so many members of the league were playing elsewhere. But the game was a close one, and full of excitement. Scoring was heavy, especially in the fourth, when the Roarers brought in six runs. Thayer's hit in the ninth, which scored Dodge and won the game, ended a really thrilling contest. (I see by the card that it was the eighth. They played only eight innings, as it was so near supper time.)

Rips vs. Roarers of ____ at ____

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
			1	1												
			2	3												
			3	4												
			4	2												
			5	6												
			6	7												
			7	8												
			8	5												
			9	9												
			10													
			11													
			Time of Game. Hours.... Mins....	Runs total.												

Roarers vs. Rips of ____ at ____

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
			1	9												
			2	1												
			3	3												
			4	7												
			5	6												
			6	1												
			7													
			8	8												
			9	4												
			10													
			11													
			Time of Game. Hours.... Mins....	Runs total.												

FRIDAY (Cont'd.) After supper, as it was pretty hot indoors and on the field, and breezy on the water, we had Digestion Club on the Point. We began "Rudder Grange", which we have not read for some time. Then we stayed right on, playing "Earth, Air, and Water" till half-past eight.

The half-past niners went on with "Drowning Valley."

We had blueberries for supper; a thing that has never happened before at this time of year since Camp started.

The Modern Lover.

Love, thou art fair of face;
Years cannot mar thy grace,
Nor time, nor even space
Thee from me sever;
Thy years are now just right--
Move but with speed of light
And always be a sprite--
Einstein forever!

Thy slightest accent heard,
Thine every spoken word
Moves, me, as that Greek bird
Moved Earth by lever;
But tell me XNO
VV'T'D
Equals L cosine E,
(Einstein forever)

And I will surely heed--
Move from thee with all speed
Following thine every lead,
Losing thee never;
And, though we move apart,
Nearer thou ever art
(I crave one hour's start)
Einstein forever!

But what's an hour to thee
Who knowest eternity
Is relativity
To him who's clever?
Far off through space we'll fly,
And when we get as high
As ether goes, we'll guy
Einstein forever.

L.G.Z.

(Personally we have not read Einstein, and do not expect to. But he is somesthing very mystic, about relativity.)

SATURDAY, July 9, B.28.92" T'74' Calm.

This report was made rather late, which accounts for the high temperature. It was also windy early in the day, with a good southwesterly breeze.

We have some new chairs for piazza and north parlor. We like them very much, but they are not suited for standing up in. When you have to stand up in a chair, get a wooden one; or if Mr. Terry is handy by, perhaps he will get the thing for you.

I may as well admit that I began the day by getting into the water instead of into the Sandpeep. The only advantage in doing this was that I have tested my water-proof matchbox, and it really is water-proof.

The scouting boundary was flagged to-day. It has to be done every year, of course.

Dicky Hale's trunk has come at last, and he is happy in khaki.

FISHING.

TERROR.	PANTASOTE.	IDENTICAL.	WELLEWAW.	YAMMERSCHOONER.
H.H.R.	L.T.	P.S.	J.G.W.	S.B.B.
Kelley	Sanger	Edwards	Wrenn	Birckhead
Richards	Crane	Driver	Hunnewell	Davis
3 bass		1 perch	1 bass	1 bass
5 perch			1 perch	

EREBUS.	ARKLET.	CHUB.	HORNPOUT.
Thurber	H.T.K.	R.S.C.	H.B.
Dodge	Pierce	Hale	Thayer
Payson	Shields	Thompson	Orlandini
	1 bass		Batchelder
			1 perch

Total number of fish, 14.

The rest of the crowd played soccer, after lining out the field. T.H.W. and J.T.L. were captains, and L.C.Z. referee. The game was very hot, in more ways than one. The final score was 3-1, in favor of T.H.W.'s side.

Just before the game ended Mr. and Mrs. Thayer came over for a look at their John. They are at Gleason's, and will be over tomorrow for service.

SATURDAY (Cont'd.)

CHARADES.

ANTIDOTE. We began with a rather disreputable scene, of drinking (H.T.K. takes his straight) and penny ante, which was broken up by T.H.W. Next came a hotel piazza, with the guests talking and rocking. T.H.W. confided to H.H.R. his hopes about his girl; "the little one." He was urged to "go to it, young feller", and when H.T.K. as the lady came in, he went to it. But alas! M.P., the stern mother, took her daughter home, as half-past seven was too late for her to be out. For the whole word Woodbridge was bitten by the most realistic rattle-snake we have ever seen or heard, but was saved by a timely dose of whiskey.

REFUSE. The word began with a gallant ship commanded by Lowell, with P.S. as lookout, making her way through billows and a howling gale. The lookout kept shouting "Rocks to stabbord," but the captain, being deaf, would only reply "How?" Finally they ran on a reef, and took to the boats. For thesecond scene L.T. set off a tiny pin-wheel. The whole word was extremely romantic. Wrenn, a lovely damsel, was sitting on the piazza, protected by her father (L.T.) who sat reading his paper and smoking. Enter H. Richardson, a dashing young lover with banjo, silk hat, and scarlet-lined cloak. He knelt at her feet and begged her to name the day. The maiden referred him to papa. But the stern parent would only look at things from a money point of view, and carried the unsuccessful suitor bodily off the premises.

ORIGINATE. This word began in Browning Valley; Scarlett (S.B.B.) and Halliday (J.T.L.) talking over their amazing luck, and Scarlett full of dark forebodings. Sabiel (L.C.Z.) came in and went to sleep, and Savarin, the Frenchman (Hines) tried to stab him, but was nicked in the ear by Scarlett's ready pistol. Then came scouting along the ridge, with heavy loss of life on both sides. For the third scene

Hutchinson,MacLeod,and Degen were making what they said was butter-milk.No,I apologize to Degen.Edwards was the third "buttermilk" maker.Degen was the stern officer of the law, who arrested them.We had only a brief view of the eight out for a practise spin,but they were wokking hard.For the whole word Dr.L.C.Z. was prescribing for his patients.His system was never to use a cure that he or anyone else had tried.It must be new every time.Hutchinson,who was color-blind,was told to catch three grasshoppers every morning before breakfast.S.Putnam's rheumatism was to be cured by getting his brother to hit him in the sorest place before meals with a baseball bat.Cheever,who wanted to reduce,first had the loose screw in his head tightened with a monkey-wrench,and then was to be finished at home with a draw-knife.MacLeod,who wanted to gain,was told to sit under water for five mintes a day.

NOMAD. The first scene was Snow White (I.B.) among the dwarfs. R.S.C. as the wicked witch cast the spell upon her,and she fell unconscious on the bed.But one of the dwarfs saw the necktie round her ankle,and suspecting something,untied it, restoring her to life.J.C.W. was very fine as the crazy uncle in the second scene.He was not raving,but decidedly queer. And when he got a chance at H.B.,he murdered him very neatly. The whole word was a scene in the desert,with peaceful merchants surrounded by Arabs and massacred.

After these excitements,as it was pretty hot,we were glad to settle down to Red Scarlett and his "Ethel girl." To be sure,he isn't his yet,but we have read enough stories to know that she will be some day.

SUNDAY, July 10, B.29.04" T.73' N.E. Rain.

A pretty wet morning, which will be much appreciated. The Thayers came over for the day, and went on the picnic with us.

Moab was launched to-day for the first time, with great rejoicing.

Crane and Cheever settled the question of which would pass the test first by both doing it.

Oh, Crane and Cheever passed the test,
Six non-swimmers to pass.
We cannot tell which was the best,
Six non-swimmers to pass.
Six non-swimmers,
There's six non-swimmers to pass it.
Six non-swimmers,
There's six non-swimmers to pass.

At afternoon reading we finished "The Tempest."

By picnic time it was plenty dry enough to go, with rain-coats, and the following list was posted, to the joy of all.

PICNIC TO WHITE ROCK.

H.R.	GOLLYWOBBLER.	PIE PLANT.	MOAB.	JUMBO.
Ouananiche	L.T.	Kelley	Sanger	Lowell
Worromontogus	Birckhead	Dana	Woodbridge	Degen
Ambroid		Dodge	Sanger	Orlandini
		Hun	MacLeod	W.Wilson
AQUARIUM.		Cross	MacLeoder	P.S.
HORNPOUT			MacLeodest	
Chub	WILLIWAW.			
	Haskell		ARKLET.	
	Thayer		Dodge	
		Newhall	Peters	
SLY FOX.		Terror	H.T.K.	
Collar		Dana	Hale	
Daniel		Abol	Copley Plaza	
H.H.R.		R.Roy	S.Peep	

Passengers
C.H.Richardson, Moab,
Pie-Plant

All others go by land.

SUNDAY (Cont'd.) When the excitement had cooled down, the real list was posted.

PICNIC TO HEMLOCK POINT.

TERROR.	YAM	SCHOONER.	WILLWAW.	EREBUS.	PANTASOTE.
J.G.W.	P.S.		S.B.D.	R.S.C.	H.B.
Batchelder	Woodbridge		Shields	Orlandini	Hunnewell
Dr.Thayer	Hale		Hare	C.Rich.	Dodge
Cheever	Wrenn		Haskell	Jencks	M.P.

IDENTICAL.	ABOL.	TOGUS.	CORKER.	EBEN.
H.T.K.	L.T.	T.H.W.	J.T.L.	L.C.Z.
Degen	Dalton	A.M.R.	Hines	I.B.
Payson	Thompson	H.Rich.	E.Putnam	Driver
R.Barber	Thurber	S.Putnam	Hutch.	Carey

OWANANICHE.

H.H.R.

Lowell	Davis
Edwards	Pierce
Crane	Sanger
Albree	Kelley
Dana	Macleod

Mrs.Thayer

Stackpole	Williams
Birckhead	Richards

Thayer

We found the Point a bit messy, but we threw all the cans into the swamp, and burned up the paper. Then we had two good games of "Wolf" up in the clearing.

After supper there was time for good singing, and we came home in a very creditable line.

After hymns we had "The Man Who Was", and "The Lost Blend."

MONDAY July 11, B.29.16" T.66' S.E. Cloudy

Not a perfect day,but a good one.We like Edwards's type of weather better than Dodge's.

This morning Johnny Thayer went home.His parents decided that he was really too ypung;and sorry as we are to lose him, we think they are right.

Navigation squad again this morning.Payson tried to do some independent navigation,instead of landing at the float when he was told to,and found that a canoe was less steady than he supposed.

W.R.S. has come over from the wilds of Long Pond to spend a few days.He was late to dinner,but we forgive him. William R. Swarlberger

FISHING.

ERIEWS.	IDENTICAL.	YAMMERSCHOONER.	TERROR.	WILLIWAW.	PANTASOTE.
Davis	J.T.L.	T.H.W.	L.T.	M.P.	F.B!
J.G.W.	Stackpole	Dodge	Sanger	Shields	Batchelder
Edwards	Thompson	Williams	Richards	Birkhead	Cheever
3 bass	Haskell	1 perch	C.Rich.	1 perch	
31 perch			1 bass		
			2 perch		

CHUB.	HORNPOUT.	WOBBLER.	ARKLET.
F.S.	Hunnewell	Hines	H.B.
Wrenn	MacLeod	Jencks	Pierce
Hare	Hale	1 bass	Payson
		1 perch	

Total number of fish,40.

It is worthy of note that the boat which caught all but six of the fish stayed out to supper.It really pays,you know.One or two people scheduled for fishing did not go out,owing to pains in the sash,but we give the list as posted.

MINOR LEAGUE GAME.

HOHENZOLLERNS VS. HAPSBURGS.

An exciting game,in spite of the uneven score.There were only eight men on a side,as Orlandini's blistered thumb balanced Albree's stomach-ache.So we got on without any centre fielders.

MONDAY (Cont'd.) Strange to say, the startling features of the game were mostly catches in the outfield. Degen pulled off three, the last a rather difficult one. In the sixth Driver got R.S.G.'s fly in right field. And in the eighth, Carey, also at right, ran for Woodbridge's fly and caught it, bringing the house down.

Dana was not up to his best form, but the score was close till the ninth. Then the Hohenzollerns began piling up runs, till S.B.D. took the mound, and put the last man out.

BRILLIANT BATTERS.

Driver	.500
S.B.D.	.400
W.R.S.	.333
Dewell	.333
Thurber	.250
Dana	.250
Hutchinson	.200
H. Richardson	.200

For convenience we put the score card on the next page.

Andrew Peters, who has been missing on account of a heavy cold, arrived this afternoon. Andrew J Peters

Now when Newhall gets over his whooping-cough, we shall feel complete.

By the same train arrived two very welcome guests.

Helen Peabody. Betsey Peabody

After supper we had boats, and then a brief interval of "Monkey in Sight" before bed.

As for the half-past niners, Scarlett and his affairs are so absorbing that we find it hard to keep away from Drowning Valley.

There was a real moon tonight. Nearly half moon, and it is the first time we have seen it.

Hohenzollerns vs. [illegible] of July 11 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base bits.
5	5		E. Putnam	2													6	3	0
4	1		[illegible]	4													5	2	1
4	0		3 W.R.S.	5													6	1	2
1	5		4 Lowell	1													3	5	1
2	2		5 E. Putnam	6													6	1	0
10	0		6 R.S.C.	3													6	1	1
0	0		7 Dalton	7													6	0	0
1	0		8 Carey	9													6	1	0
			9																
			10																
			11																
27	13		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	7	4	0	4	2	6	1	7	1	8	0	8	1	9	1	10	4	14	34	14	5

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	1-b. on errors.	Earn'd runs.	2-base bits.	3-base bits.
				4	8				3	

* S.B.D. • Dana

Hahobrinza vs. Hohenzollerns of July 11 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base bits.
1	1		1 Driver	9													4	3	2
3	3		2 N. Richards	2													5	1	1
5	0		3 S.B.D.	5													5	1	2
2	3		4 Woodbridge	6													5	0	0
13	0		5 H.T.K.	3													5	1	0
0	4		6 Dana	1													4	1	1
3	3		7 Plumber	4													4	1	1
3	0		8 Dagan	7													3	0	0
			9																
			10																
			11																
27	17		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	2	2	0	2	3	5	0	6	2	7	1	8	0	8	1	9			35	8	7

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	1-b. on errors.	Earn'd runs.	2-base bits.	3-base bits.
	1			4	3					1

TUESDAY July 12, B.29.14" T.66' S. fair.

The day began with a white fog,that cleared and rolled up fairly early.It was so lovely that J.G.W. took a spin round Oak Island in one of the singles before breakfast.

This morning Skipper began to tell us about the development of boats,beginning with the dug-out.

Stackpole swam to the Pie-plant to-day,and Richards and Jencks swam to the Ouananiche slip.Jencks rested a few minutes and then swam back.It looks like more swimming tests soon.

We regret to tell of the first pig.Sanger was the sinner,but we hope he won't do it again.

DOUBLE HEADER EXPEDITION.
BLUEBERRY HILL & TRACY'S BLUFF.

ABOL.	OUANANICHE.		TOGUS.
S.E.B.	L.G.Z.		J.G.W.
Hutchinson	T.H.W.	Pierce	H.Richardson
Carey	Davis	Jencks	Thompson
Hines	Kelley	MacLeod	Woodbridge
	Sanger	Dana	
CORKER.	A.M.R.	I.B.	EBEN.
L.T.	R.R.,K.P.		W.R.S.
M.Putnam	Stackpole,Williams		Driver
Wrenn	Haskell,Birckhead		S.Putnam
Degen	Hale,C.Richardson		Thurber

TERROR.	YAMMERSCHOONER.	WILLIWAW.	EREBUS.	PANTASOTE.
J.T.L.	R.S.D.	F.S.	H.T.K.	M.P.
Hunnewell	Dodge	Orlandini	Peters	Lowell
Crane	Hare	Dalton	Payson	Batchelder
Edwards	Albree	R.R.	Richards	Cheever

The Abol,Togus,Erebus,and Yammerschooner went to Blueberry Hill,the rest to Tracy's Bluff.(I like that name better,as it is the real one,in spite of the map.)

The Blueberry Hillers got away first,and made their landing in good time.They were pretty hot,having worked hard with a following wind,but they were soon all ready to go up the hill.Perhaps climb is too big a word for it,but is it a very pretty walk,both on the way up,and when you reach the

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) northwest field. Of course the view was a little dim, but none the less it was beautiful. Having reached the top, like the good old Duke of York in the song, they marched down again, took to their boats, and came over to the Tracy's bluff landing for supper.

The Tracy's Bluffer's had a bit farther to go, and they also were warm when they started to climb. Most of the party went up, at a good pace, Charlie Richardson's red jersey in the very front rank. We stopped once to cool off a bit and look back at the pond. On top the view was fine, though dim. We ate raspberries, and some of us went down to the steep place, and swung our legs over the edge. It was hard to keep Sidney Williams from exploring too far, and Phil Wrenn also wanted to get into places from which he would have had to be hauled back with a rope. But we kept them out of mischief, and finally came gaily down, to find our friends there, and food already going round.

R.R. took a stroll over to Balsam Brook, and reports that the bridge has been repaired.

As we passed Ram Island Dick Albree's cousins waved at us, so L.G.Z. and L.T., instead of climbing, took Dick over to call. They were a bit late to supper, but we hadn't eaten it all. We had a were crate of raspberries, instead of jam, and after the hot walk they tasted very good. To be sure, some of them had begun to rot, but you could throw those away.

We came home against a good breeze, in fairly good time, though some of us were rather wet.

H.B. and Shields had a private expedition to Waterville, where the latter had the horrid boil that has been bothering him attended to. We hope it will heal up quickly.

After the half-past eighters had gone to bed, we went on with Scarlett, and left him roped and helpless, in Eldon's hands. Pretty fierce

WEDNESDAY, July 13, B.29.02" T.66' S.W. Cloudy and misty and nasty.

We quote our weatherman in full; but it cleared more or less by the middle of the day, and though a muggy day, it was not so bad as some we have had.

This morning who should arrive but Howard Corning jr., the original Buggins. We had told him to come along when he could, so here he is.

Howard Corning jr.

This morning the aquarium was cleaned, and later min-waxed. Now we'll see if it is tight enough.

A splendid eagle, with snow white head and tail, was seen on a dead tree in the swamp this morning.

Gardiner Jencks paased the test this morning. He tried it along shore, by way of experiment, but stubbed his toe and stood up a few feet from the finish. So then he rested a bit, and did it nicely, from point to float.

Oh Gardner Jencks he passed to-day,

Five non-swimmers to pass!

He saw no reason for delay,

Five non-swimmers to pass.

Five non-swimmers,

There's five non-swimmers to pass it.

Five nan-swimmers;

There's five non-swimmers to pass.

FIRST TRACK AND FIELD PRACTICE MEET.

CLASS I.	CLASS II.	CLASS III.
Batchelder	Albree	Birckhead
Degen	Carey	Cheever
Hines	Crane	Dodge
Hunnewell	Dalton	Edwrds
Hutchinson	Dana	Hale
Jencks	Davis	Haskell
Lowell	Driver	MacLeod
Orlandini	Hare	Richards
Pierce	Kelley	C. Richardson
E. Putnam	Payson	Stackpole
H. Richardson	S. Putnam	Williams
Thurber	Sanger	
Woodbridge	Thompson	
	Wrenn	

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) The reason for the numerals, instead of our usual letters, was that with so many unknown quantities it seemed better to use a temporary classification. Shields was not competing this time, and Hines was entered only in the shot put.

Class 1 High Jump.

Lowell	4'3"
Degen	4'2"
H.Richardson	4'2"
Thurber	4'2"

A very close finish. Batchelder and E.Putnam also cleared four feet.

Class I Broad Jump.

Lowell	15'1 1/2"
Thurber	14'
E.Putnam	13'2 1/2"

Rather more open order here. Lowell gained on every jump.

Class I Shot Put.

Lowell	26'2 1/4"
Hunnewell	20 1 1/4"
Thurber	17'5 1/2"

In this event Lowell outclassed the rest.

Class I 100.

First Heat.

Hunnewell	13 2/5 s.
Degen	
Hutchinson	

Hunnewell led Degen by about three yards at the finish, while Degen had a slightly longer lead over Hutchinson.

Second Heat.

Lowell	13 s.
Orlandini	
Jencks	

A faster heat, with about three yards between the runners.

Third Heat.

E.Putnam	13 4/5 s.
Thurber	
H.Richardson	

A slower heat, but closer at the finish. Thurber was not more

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) than a yard behind at the tape, and Richardson almost as close to Thurber.

Final Heat.

Lowell 12 2/5 s.
Hunnewell
Orlandini

Lowell cut his former time by three-fifths of a second. Hunnewell was a scant five feet behind. Orlandini was about seven feet behind Hunnewell.

Class II High Jump.

Driver	3'10"
Dalton	3'9"
Carey	3'8"
Thompson	3'8"
Wrenn	3'8"

Another extensive tie.

Class II Broad Jump.

S.Putnam	12'5"
Driver	12'1 1/4"
Carey	11'4 1/2"

Payson was the only other man over eleven feet.

Class II Shot Put.

Driver	21'8"
Carey	20'7"
Crane	19'6"

Dalton, the next man, made eighteen feet.

Class II 100.
First Heat.

Dalton 15 s.
Carey
Albree

A very open finish, with some yards between the runners.

Second Heat.

Davis 15 s.
Driver
Payson

Driver made Davis work for his place, and was close behind him at the finish. Payson was not so close.

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.)

Third Heat.

S.Putnam 15 s.
Thompson
Wrenn

Thompson was about six feet behind at the tape, with Wrenn a close third.

Final Heat.

Dalton 15 s.
S.Putnam
Davis

You don't often see three preliminary heats and the finals all run in the same time. This was a very close finish, Dalton sprinting at the last minute into first place, with a lead of a few inches. Davis was a good third.

CLASS III High Jump.

Hale 3'5"
Williams 3'5"
Birckhead 3'2"
C.Richardson 3'2"

Ties again. It looks as if our high jumping was going to be lively by the end of the season. Four in this class could not clear the lowest height, but we hope to get them all over next time.

Class III Broad Jump.

Hale 10'4 1/4"
Cheever 10'
Edwards 9'6 1/4"

A good deal of fouling, as was to be expected, but many of the contestants improved noticeably as they went on.

Class III Shot Put.

Edwards 16'11 1/4"
Hasfell 14'10 1/2"
Hale 13'10 1/2"

Rather open order. Several others did better than thirteen feet.

Class III 100.

First Heat.

Cheever 16 3/5 s.
Edwards
Birckhead

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.)

Second Heat.

Hale
Haskell
MacLeod — 17 s.

A dead heat bewteen Hale and Haskell. MacLeod was a very conservative third.

Third Heat.

Stackpole
C. Richardson
Williams — 16 4/5 s.

Richardson led more than half way. Then Stackpole sprinted, and won by about four feet.

Final Heat.

Cheever
Hale
Edwards — 16 1/5 s.

This heat finished in two groups. Hale was about two yards behind Cheever, with Edwards very close. Stackpole led the second bunch, with Richardson close behind him.

It was a very successful afternoon, and gives promise of much good track work in the course of the summer. Some need a good deal of coaching, but almost everyone was attending to business, and there were some very close events.

While the meet was in progress arrived two guests whom we had been looking for all the afternoon. They don't come often, or stay long, but we are glad of every minute.

Endicott Peabody
Fannie Peabody.

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) We are very apt not to do anything between supper and singsong, but as we got through rather early, we went out to the Point and had some "Rudder Grange."

SECOND SINGSONG PROGRAMME.

1. Overture, "Chopsticks".....P.S., Wrenn.
2. Song,.....L.C.Z.
3. Dramatic Scene.....T.H.W., W.R.S., H.T.K.
4. Choruses.....My Heart's in the Highlands, Rio, Scouting Song.
5. Piano Solo.....P.S.
6. Stunt, "Lord Ullin's Daughter".Lowell, Hines, Thurber, &. Co.
7. Stunt, "When I was a Bachelor".L.E.R., J.G.W., & Co.

Camp Song.

It looked at first as though we were not to have our overture, but two strange men appeared, announcing themselves as the piano tuner and his assistant. When we heard them play we recognized their touch, and felt that the programme was properly started.

L.C.Z.'s song was of a highly personal nature, so we give the words farther on. (He wrote it between track meet and supper.) For an encore he gave us the cowboy song that some of us know so well.

P.S. gave us two delightful piano solos. I don't know the name of either, and as he is off getting the mail I can't ask him.

The dramatic scene was one of the most thrilling episodes in Captain Samuels; the rescue of the lady from the harem. W.R.S. was most sympathetic as the gallant Captain, T.H.W. a romantic figure as the lovelorn Swede. As for H.T.K. as the lady, he justified all that Captain Samuels says about the vision that they saw at the window, and we fully understood why the Swedish captain had remained faithful ever since he was twelve.

"Lord Ullin" is familiar, but its tragic intensity never palls.

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) The parting of the curtain revealed H.Richardson a gallantly nautical figure in his sturdy vessel.Thurber was a chief whom any lady would be glad to elope with,and Hines as the lady was a thing of beauty and a joy forever.Lowell was most impressive as the too-late repentant father.As for the armed men,Hunnewell,Hutchinson,Paysen,and Woodbridge,they were worth an army.We must not forget to mention the wave committee,S.B.D. and Corning,who raised a magnificent storm.

The last stunt began with the lonely housekeeping of J.G.W.He was enjoying himself till the rats,ably represented by C.Richardson,Richards,Stackpole,and Wrenn,began to eat his food,and squeak and scrabble all about him.Not having a Pied Piper handy,he went up to London,to a matrimonial bureau,kept by L.E.R.,who gave him a wide choice of wives. But he was mighty hard to please.Susie (Orlandini) was too thin.Jennie (MacLeod) was too stout;his house was small,and he couldn't feed her.He wanted a woman who could do a man's work;but when he saw Susan (S.B.D.) he was afraid.Fortunately when Susan heard of the rats she was afraid too.Dotty Dimple (Driver) filled the bill at last,and though the price was high,he had to have her.No wonder.The last scene was the fall of the wheelbarrow.

As it seemed a little hard on our guests to go on with a story which they had not read,we played Limericks.It is a bit sprsining to the brain,but we got some very good ones.We give a selection of the best,also L.C.Z.'s song.

There was a bold prefect named Stack,
Who loud the piano did whack.
He made such a noise

That the poor dear young boys
Were carried away in a hack.

There was a young fellow named Smeddy,
Whose head was never more steady.
Whenever he went
Out on pleasantry bent,
He usually took a young leddy.

There was a bold master named West,
Who of all sports loved rowing the best.
But also he wrote,
On Priscilla he'd dote,
That jolly old snake named T.West.

There was a young feller who thought
His mental equipment too short.
So he went to St.Mark's,
Which is good for such sparks,
And had his brain boiled down to naught.

There was a young man named Tom West;
We admit he is one of the best.
He's the <u>loveliest</u> thing--
And he has on his string
A lady who's surely due west.

A gallant young prefect called Ox
He had monstrous holes in his socks.
But his feet are so big
That he don't care a fig
When he meets up with big Jabberwocks.

L.C.Z.'s Song.

To hear the Skipper wake the Camp,
You'd think it was a zoo.
He says,"Come on there,Hare and Wrenn,
Frog,Ox,and Monkey too."

Now way out west they've found a nest
Of forty loop-the-loop snakes;
And Payson says he knows it's true,
Because he's seen some hoop-snakes.

Speaking of Payson,Wiggins says
He'd rather not have <u>him</u>
On navigation squad,because
He turns it to a swim.

About a man and monkey,old
Charles Darwin knew it all;
But in table games he's famous
For the way he plays baseball.

This playing game at table
Is with Charlie R. a habit.
In Animals he gets away
With giving a Welsh Rabbit.

Sometime we'll every one of us
Be writ in Fame's bright halls.
But Dick Albree's famed already
For formal social calls.

Old Reuben Lowell says he's not
Quite yet upon the shelf.
But next time he had better have
A track meet to himself.

The way Ox fell out of his shell
Completely got his goat.
So now he plays it very safe,
And paddles on the float.

The eloquential heights that old
Demosthenes could reach
Are nothing if they are compared
With Birckhead's boat-house speech.

Chorus: Yes,there is rest,
Yes there is rest,
In this camping life,
In this campinglife,I tell you
Yes,there is rest,yes,there is rest;
In this camping life there is rest.

(Chorus after every stanza.)

L.C.Z.

THURSDAY, July 14,
B.28.90"
T.70'
S.W.
Foggy.

When it is seventy at breakfast time, it is a hot day. Question is, which is giving us worse dog-days, Edwards or Dodge?

The Peabodys left us this morning, bag and baggage. It really looked as if they couldn't get in everything, but at last it was done, and the car took the hill in fine style.

W.R.S. and Payson put the sand in the aquarium this morning. Navigating squads continue to go out every morning.

Richards swam to the north end of Wall St. this morning. It might be well to explain that Wall St. is the place where C.F.B. reinforced the bank some years ago, and saved our path from going down into the pond.

FISHING.

IDENTICAL.	ARKLET.	FANTASOTE.	YAMMERSCHOONER.
J.C.W.	J.T.L.	H.B.	M.P.
Richards	I.B.	Pierce	Hines
Thurber	Wrenn	Thompson	Hunnewell
6 bass	3 perch	4 perch	2 bass
28 perch			20 perch

Total number of fish, 63.

EXPEDITIONARY PROMETHEANISM.		
EREBUS.	TERROR.	WILLIWAW.
T.H.W.	S.B.D.	Lowell
S.Putnam	H.Rich.	Degen
Edwards	Carey	Dalton
Williams	Driver	Stackpole

AQUARIUM FILLERS
YAMMERSCHOONER.
W.R.S.
Payson
Albree
C.Richardson

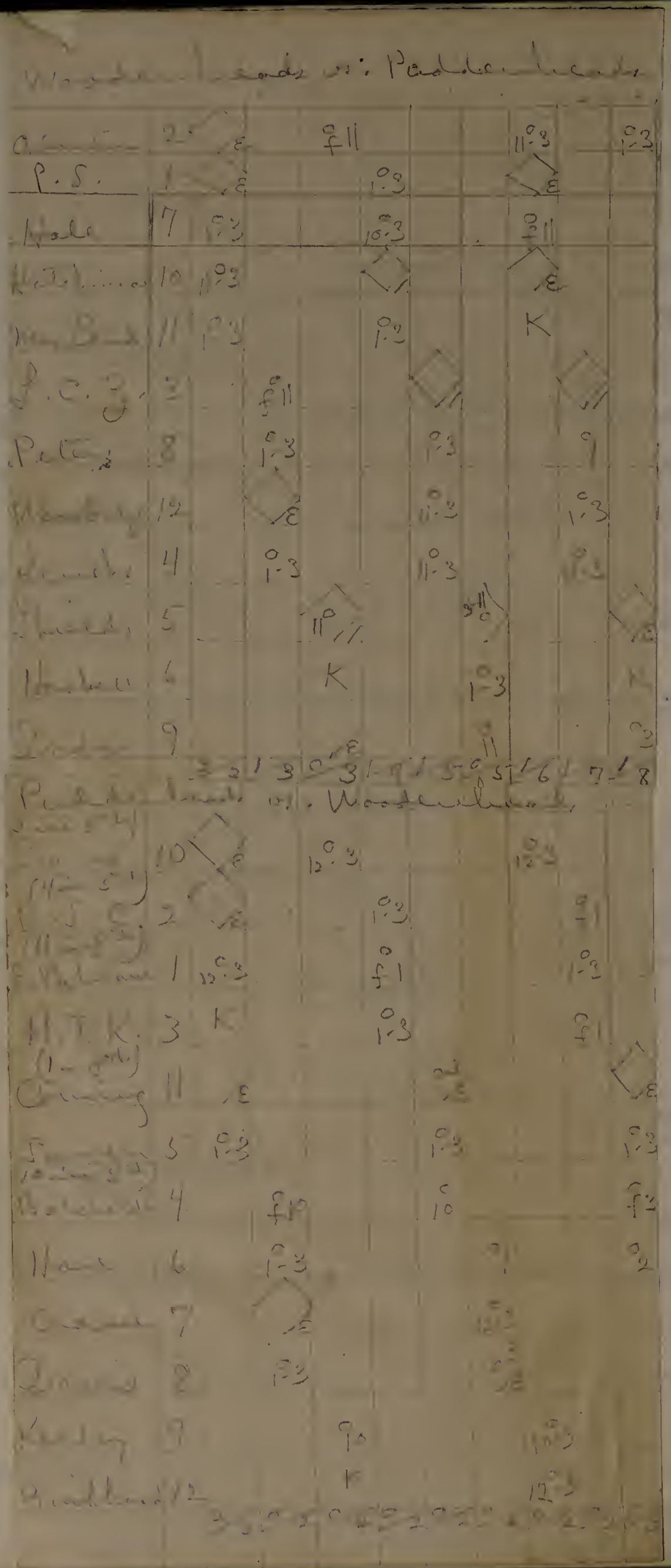
GREAT PUDDING-BALL GAME.
WOODEN-HEADS VS. PUDDEN-HEADS.

This game was as hot as the weather. There was much fine fielding, especially on the part of Corning, who was fairly professional in his style. The score was uneven, but it was a thriller from start to finish.

The aquarium fillers brought home a nice family for the aquarium.

In the evening we played dumb crambo, and then Boston.

The first Pointers went out to-night.



FRIDAY, July 15, B.28.73" T.70' Rain a.m. N.W.

The rain began last night, and drove the pointers in to tent and north parlor. It was a dark morning; so dark that we had to have one lamp at reading.

The Prometheans came back in fine for. They camped on Otter Island, and found it first-rate, except for the ants.

As it rained most of the morning, squads were chiefly under cover. But there is always plenty to do.

In the afternoon there were two games of soccer, divided according to size. The senior game went to T.H.W.'s side, 4-3. The losers shot their last goal at the very last minute of play, in a spirited rally.

The junior game was even more hotly contested, Albree's team finally beating Dalton's 1-0.

By evening it was fair and quiet, so we went a-boating. The only advantage of this hot weather is that we have been able to have evening boats so often.

And then, with one consent we went on with "Drowning Valley." Things look better, but it is still so lively that not even the ant-eaten Otter Islanders went to sleep.

SATURDAY July 16, B.28.85" T.60' N.W. Clear.

We had almost forgotten what it was like to be cool in the morning.Think of wanting a fire at breakfast time!

Blankets went out on the hill,for the first time in many days.We have this year the most gorgeous pair of blue blankets ever seen.Some day I mean to take wide white tape,and put a big Y on each of them.

We had our first wrestling to-day.Only two bouts,but we hope for more next time.

Dana sat on top of MacLeod,and wholly prevented him from getting up,but could not get him turned over with his shoulders down.As someone said,Donald is a good deal to turn.

The bantam weight bout between Stackpole and C.Richardson was a hot one,Richardson finally winning.More next time.

Mr.Rawle arrived this morning.From his account Philadelphia must have been pretty hot during these dog days.And no pond to get into three times a day. Francis Rawle, Jr

Richards swam to the Point to-day,finishing strong.

And now it's Richards in the swim,
Four non-swimmers to pass.
The test no terrors had for him,
Four non-swimmers to pass.
Four non-swimmers,
There's four non-swimmers to pass it;
Four non-swimmers.
There's four non-swimmers to pass.

Our northwest wind rather faded out by noon,but still it was so much better than any day we had had that we all knew it was almost sure to be trial scouting.And sure enough,at 2-45 Skipper broke up reading.

Nipmunks

	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
J.G.W.	X	•		✓			X	•••	
H.H.R.	✓			X	•		X		
L.T.		••			•		X	•	
H.B.		••			••	/		•	
S.B.D		•			••			•	/
H.T.K.	X			✓			X		
W.R.S.		•			••			••	
Albree	X	••		X			X		
Birckhead	X			✓			X	•	
Cheever	X	••		X	•		X		
Davis	X			X			X		
Hale	X			X			X		
Haskell				✓			X		
Hines	X	••				/		••	
Hunnewell	X			X	•		X		
Jenecks	X			X				••	
Lowell		••		✓			✓		
MacLeod	X				•		✓		
Orlandini	X			X	••		X		
Payson	X			X			X		
Pierce	✓			X			X		
Putnam, E.	X	•			•		X	•••	
Richardson, H	✓	••			•••	/	X	•	/
Sanger	X			X			X	•	
Stackpole	X						X		
Williams	✓					/	X		
Woodbridge		•			••		X	••••	
	16	19		11	18	4	20	22	2

Wabbaquassetts

	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
L.C.Z.	X			✓			X		
J.T.L.		•		X		/	X	••	
T.H.W.	X			X	•		X		
R.S.C.	X			✓			X		
P.S.	✓			X				••••	
A.M.R.	X	•		X			X		
Batchelder	X				•		X	•	
Carey.	✓			X	•••		X		
Corning	X			✓			✓		
Crane	X			X			X		
Dalton	X	•••		X				••••	
Dana.	✓			X	•		X	••	
Degen	✓				•		X		
Dodge	X			X			X		
Driver	X			X			✓		
Edwards	X	•		✓			X		
Hare	X	•		X			X		
Hutchinson		•		X			X	••	
Kelley.	✓				•		X	•	
Peters.	X			X			✓		
Putnam, S.	X	••			•		X	•	/
Richards	X			X			X		
Richardson, C.	X	•		X			X	••	
Shields	X			X			X		
Thompson		••••		X			X		
Thurber	X	•		X			X		
Wrenn	X						X		
	19	16		18	11	1	22	19	1

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) By the time we began to play it was pretty hot in the sweet-fern, but the shore was delightful.

The Nipmunks won all three games, the first by a margin of three deaths, the last two by a small number of runs. A run was reported for the Wabbaquassetts in the first game, but it turned out to be a mistake.

Of course the play of the new boys varied very much. Some are keen as mustard, and have got the idea at the start. Others don't quite know what it is all about. But taking it altogether, it was a good afternoon, and promises a good season.

P.S., Dalton, Thompson, and Woodbridge each made four shots in one game. Dalton and Woodbridge had each a total of seven shots for the afternoon; and H. Richardson, with six shots, two runs, and only one death, made a good score.

Right after supper W.R.S. loaded up his canoe, and started for home. He was to have gone before, but his share of Peters's cold gave us a day or two more. He will be back again later.

CHARADES.

ARSENIC. For the first scene, (arson), two sinister figures, P.S. and Davis, came slinking in with materials for lighting a fire. They accomplished their fell work, and slunk out again. We did not see the flames, but they must have spread fast inside the house, for in a moment H. Richardson came sliding down a rope from the upper story, shouting "Fire!" There was an alarm handy by, and he had not been ringing it long before the fire-engine, a masterpiece of construction (Batchelder built it) came thundering in. The firemen went to work, and soon the children were rescued from their perilous plight. For the second scene, P.S. appeared as the father of the family, A.M.R. as the mother. It was Christmas Eve, and the children,

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) Wrenn, Richards, Williams, and Thompson, hung up their stockings and went to bed. Suddenly there came the sound of hoofs, and in came St. Nicholas, (Corning), with his loaded pack on his shoulders. He filled the stockings, and then we heard once more the hoofs of the reindeer as he galloped off. The whole word took us far from such domestic scenes. A.M.R. received all her relatives, with whom she had not been on friendly terms, and poisoned them all.

ASPIRIN. The first scene revealed Cleopatra (H.T.K.) in calm and massive majesty among her slaves. Driver, the dying Antony, was brought in, and then came the trumpets of Octavius. The "serpent of the Nile" felt that death was the only way out, and Charmian (M.P.) brought the asp. "Erin" was a brief but exciting scene in Ireland, perhaps in Kilkenny, with Sinn Fein and Black and Tans going for each other hammer and tongs. Last came a camping trip, on whihh Hefty, who developed a cold, was given a terrific dose of aspirin.

CANNIBAL. The first scene was tragic in the extreme. L.C.Z., in command of the British forces in --say Hyderabad--was discussing the situation with his aide, S.B.D. Starvation stared them in the face; relief was many days away. They could not let the ladies fall into the hands of the enemy. Rather end it now. There was one can of caviare, which had been saved for a feast when the relief should come. That would be the means of escaping a horrible fate. So the caviare was doctored, and the company assembled. The fatal can did its work only too well, for just as the general, the last survivor, staggered back against the wall, the relief arrived--too late. With a gasping "Don't touch the caviare", the devoted commander expired. The #

The next scene gave our strained feelings a respite. J.T.L.

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) and S.B.D. appeared in the good craft Moab, fishing. But no matter what they did, the crafty fish would only nibble. The last scene was brief and terrible. A band of howling savages, armed with every kind of prehistoric weapon, put Degen into a cauldron, and stirred him up into stew.

TAPESTRY. For the first scene we had a haunted house; the only place where I.B. and her party could get a night's lodging. They were not afraid, and went to sleep at once "(How sudden is the slumbering of the innocent!") But when thunder began, and wails, and every kind of spooksome noise, and a pale and ghastly face was seen atthe window, they fled. (N.B.; this was tap, but the ghost seemed to make almost every other kind of noise but that.) Then came tragedy again; R.S.C. and his family, all writhing in anguish, and strangely spotted with black. At last the doctor came in, but could give them no hope; he could only ease their sufferings. As he administered the last dose he felt himself sgricken, and went home to die, while the rest died then and there. The third scene was cheerful, for a wonder. C. Richardson, in a cocked hat, cut sown the cherry tree, and was duly praised for his truthfulness by his father. As a matter of fact he had to tell the truth, for his father had obviously seen the whole thing. Last came a scene in an antique store, with J.G.W. as a Jewish merchant, dealing with various customers.

After all these harrowing scenes it seemed quite peaceful to go back to "Drowning Valley."

Miscellaneous Information.

Lloyd George is king of England.

Famous men in one syllable: St. Mark, St. Paul, Groton.

SUNDAY, July 17, B.29.09" T.62' S.W. Fair.

Skipper's birthday;and we gave him our good wishes at breakfast,with right good will.

Hefty celebrated the occasion by appearing in the most amazing plaid shirt that ever was seen.It really deserves to be mentioned in verse,so here goes:

There are many wondrous garments,
Whose hue the gazer shocks;
There is Stackpole's spotted nedktie,
And Bancroft's purple socks.

There are articles that dazzle us
Till mellowed o'er with dirt;
But they pale before the glories
Of Hefty's tartan shirt.

I should have said yesterday that we began "Grizzly Adams" at morning reading,but I was sorting the wash,and did not know about it.

Stackpole swam to the Ouananiche this morning,and after a rest swam back to the slip.He ought to make the Point in a day or two.

We had three shells out to-day:J.G.W. and H.T.K. in the pair-oar,L.T. and R.S.C. in singles.It was pretty fine.Now if we can get someone out in the third single,we shall have a fleet to be proud of.Perhaps it would be hard to combine them with the other boats on Noah's birthday,but they might celebrate Shem's birthday by themselves,while the rest of us watched from the shore.

At afternoon reading we began "Henry V".

SUNDAY (Cont'd.) PICNIC TO SOUTHWEST BEACH.

ADELE.	TOGUS.	OWANANICHE.		CORKER.
L.C.Z.	S.B.D.	H.H.R.		J.G.W.
E.Putnam	Dalton	A.M.R.	P.S.	H.Richardson
Carey	Driver	Batchelder	Rayson	Wrenn
Hines	M.P.	MacLeod	Kelley	Thurber
		Davis	Dana	
IDENTICAL.		Pierce	Jencks	
H.T.K.		L.E.R.		
Degen		Crane	I.B.	
Haskell		Birckhead	Paters	
Mr.Rawle		Edwards		

EREN.	TERROR.	YAMMERSCHOONER.	WILLIWAW.	EREBUS.	PANTASOTE.
L.T.	R.S.C.	T.H.W.	J.T.L.	H.B.	Corning
Thompson	Hutchinson	Orlandini	Hunnewell	Woodbridge	Shields
S.Putnam	Williams	Dodge	Cheever	Sanger	Stackpole
Lowell	Albree	C.Richardson	Hare	Hale	Richards

We had a pretty strong head wind, but we made fair time, and landed in good order. There was time for much Skowhegan. We have no score card, but the excitement was hot. The swamp is drier than usual, so there were swamp parties as well as shore parties.

After supper we sang for a while, and then came coasting home, the wind having stood by us nobly. In fact we got home in half an hour; twenty minutes better than our time down, with half the work. We had time to finish our whole list of hymns, and a couple of extras, which does not often happen.

Our story was "My Lord the Elephant."

MONDAY, July 18, B.29." T.67' S. Fair, Smoky.

This morning J.G.W. began telling us about the different tribes of Indians. The Wabbaquasetts appear to have been most unpleasant people, living on eels, which they kept till they were nice and mellow. The eels were lampreys, too, which are squashier than the ordinary ones.

The Doctor has taken the fat men, and one or two others, and is giving them special exercises, to get them fitter physically.

We have this sad lament, from a scout of long experience:

With rue my heart is laden,
For scouting clothes, and that;
For many a shirt I've played in,
And many a khaki hat.

To heaven's four winds scattered
The hats to rest are laid--
The olden shirts are tattered,
And past all mending frayed.

L.C.Z.

We admit that his scouting shirt is not so young as it was. But just wait till there is a good khaki patch in each elbow.

MAJOR LEAGUE GAME.
REMORAS VS. FIRE-DRAKES.

This looked like a very uneven game at first, when the Remoras ran through their batting order for five runs at the very start, and the Fire-Drakes could not score for two innings. But in the fourth the Drakes scored three, and after that the result was in doubt till the last half of the ninth, when, with a man on second and one on third, S.E.D. fanned three men in

MONDAY (Cont'd.) succession, winning the game 7-6.

The chief activity in the field was at centre, Lowell making a good catch, and Hines two assists. P.S. caught a hard fly in left field. In fact it looked so safe that it took some time for Corning to discover that he was out, instead of safe on second.

Corning also had a hard time in the second half of the seventh, when he put H.B. out, but got the latter's head on his leg so hard that he had to stop and consider a bit before he could go on playing.

In the eighth, when the Drakes needed only one run to tie the score, S.B.D. ended the inning by a spectacular one-hand catch.

BATTING HONORS.

H.B.	.800
L.T.	.800
T.H.W.	.600
J.T.L.	.600
Shields	.500
P,S,	.400
S.B.D.	.250
H.T.K.	.250

BUG LEAGUE GAME.
COCA-COLAS VS. MOXIES.

This game was also a thriller, from the first inning, when Dana fanned three men in succession, to the last half of the ninth, when Degen scored the seventh run for his team. If Mr. Einstein could only develop his theory into something practical, we might be able to watch both games at once, but so far he doesn't seem to be able to fetch it.

An energetic aquarium squad, under leadership of Payson, got more fish, including salmon. The rock has been planted with moss, so our private pond is very pretty.

J.G.W., Mr. Rawle, and Richards went a-fishing, staying out to supper, and caught the following:

2 bass
29 perch
1 sunfish
4 chub (or chavender)

Total number of fish, 36.

Reserves vs. Fire Drakes of July 18 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
3	1		1 E. Pulman	6	K	K		0 1-3									5	0	0
0	2		2 Hunter	8	0 1-3	0 1-3		(K) 2-3		K							5	0	0
3	5		3 S. B. D	1													4	3	1
10	0		4 L. T.	2													5	1	4
1	2		5 J. T. L.	4				K									5	1	3
0	0		6 Dunn	9													5	1	1
3	1		7 Canning	5													5	1	1
7	0		8 R. S. C.	3													5	0	0
0	0		9 Hutchins	7													5	0	0
			10																
			11																
27	1		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.													44	7	10

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				4	9	1-b. on errors.		4	

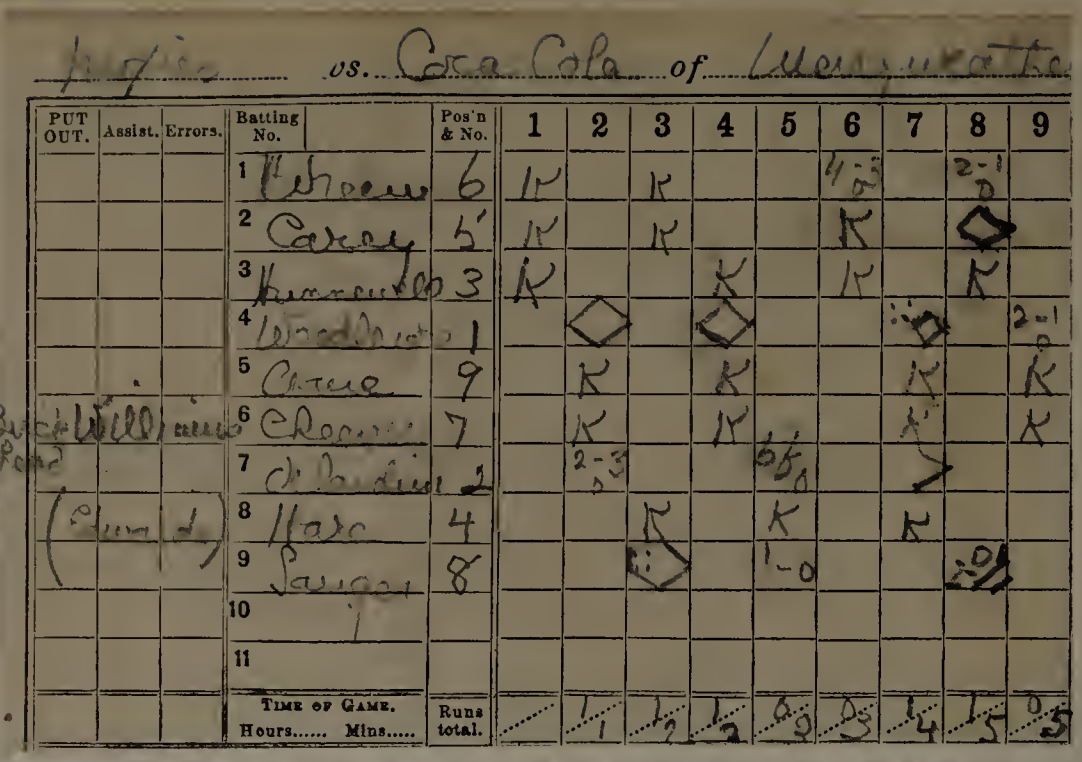
Fire Drakes vs. Reserves of July 16 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
1	0		1 P. S.	7	0 1-3		K										5	0	2
9	3		2 L. C. J.	2				K									4	0	0
14	0		3 N. J. R.	3			K										4	1	1
0	8		4 H. B.	1													5	0	4
0	3		5 T. H. W.	4													5	2	3
0	0		6 J. Pulman	6													5	1	0
1	0		7 Lowell	8													3	1	0
1	0		8 Hunter	5													5	0	0
0	0		9 Shields	9													4	1	2
			10																
			11																
26	14		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.													40	6	12

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				1	12	1-b. on errors.		1	1

Coca Cola vs. Hockey of

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
			1 [illegible]	4	K								
			2 Richa[illegible]	C. 5									
			3 P [illegible]	3									
			4 [illegible]	7	K				K		K		
			5 [illegible]	1									
			6 McCloud	8	K			K		K		K	
			7 [illegible]	2		K		K		K		K	
			8 [illegible]									K	
			9 [illegible]	6		K		K					
			10										
			11										
			Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.									



Fish vs. Coca Cola of Lucy Watte

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
			1 Chase	6	K		K			4-3		2-1	
			2 Carey	5	K		K			K			
			3 Hancock	3	K			K		K		K	
			4 Woodbridge	1									2-1
			5 Crane	9		K		K			K		K
Buck Wells			6 Chase	7		K		K			K		K
Pond			7 Davis	2		2-3							
(Chase	1	)	8 Hare	4					K		K		
			9 Savage	8					1-0				
			10										
			11										
			Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.		1	2	3	0	3	1	1	0

To go back from score cards to fishing, chavender is an old English name for chub; and in "Punch" some years ago there was a poem on the two names. More of this hereafter. By the way, this was the best performance for any single boat this year.

Elizabeth Shaw arrived this afternoon for a visit. We had hoped for Harry too, but he has some tutoring to do. Elizabeth Shaw

After supper we had Digestion Club, and then Towel. The latter game seems to have gone rather beyond the limit of what can be regarded as a reasonable game. It has to be noisy, of course, but it should not degenerate into a free fight.

Davis, Thurber, and Woodbridge have been promoted, on trial so to speak, to the ranks of the half-past niners. Congratulations, gentlemen.

Sidney Williams, whose eyes had been bothering him all the afternoon, was put in the infirmary to sleep, on suspicion of pink-eye. We hope he hasn't really got it, for it is very uncomfortable, and almost as good a spreader as our horrid little friend of last year, Impetigo Contagioso. By the way, Camp Mowglis had such a time with I.C. last year that they are trying paper towels this year. Think what a job to pick up all the wet pulp off the boat-house floor afterwards! And how little stimulating power a paper towel

MONDAY would have on a chilly day.
(Cont'd.)

"Drowning Valley" is getting terrific. The rain still falls, and the waters of the lake hunch themselves under the canoe.

DRAVENDERING THE CONJUNCTIVITIS.

(Apologies to Messrs. Walton and Punch.)

A bug came up from Havender,(
(The Havender, or Hub)
Attacking noses snavender
(The snavender is snub)
Until its prey must ravender
His eyes (i.e. must rub).
It's hit a husky cavender
A cavender, or cub).
But Doc, he says he'll clavender
(He'll clavender, or club)
The bug, or he's a davender--
A davender, or dub).

L.C.Z.

TUESDAY, July 19, B.28.85" T.71' S.W. Light rains. Heavy shower at night.

This morning R.R. went in to Gardiner, to do various errands. With her went Cyril Ward, who has been helping us in the kitchen for a few days.

The Rob Roy is in dry-dock. If we can get her in good shape again it will be fine. She is not so young as she used to be.

A squad of cave-dwellers put the cellar of the shop to rights, so that one can get a basket without first climbing over the wheel-barrow, and vice versa.

Just as we were finishing dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Dana, and Richard Dana, came for a look at Bobby.

Andy Peters is in swimming at last. Per contra, Sidney Williams is secluded with a mild case of pink-eye.

ASSORTED AFTERNOONINGS.

OWANANICHE, TO MILLS.		RUN A.	RUN B.
L.C.Z.		J.G.W.	J.T.L.
L.T.	A.M.R.	T.H.W.	P.S.
I.R.	Lowell	R.S.C.	Cheever
Hines	Davis	Albree	Dana
Corning	Hutchinson	Degen	Dalton
S.Putnam	Thompson	Driver	Dodge
E.Shaw		Orlandini	Hale
		Sanger	Hare
AQUARIUM TRIP, TO BOG BROOK.		Shields	Kelley
S.E.B.		Woodbridge	MacLeod
E.Putnam		Jencks	Pierce
H.Richardson		H.B.	C.Richardson
Payson		Birckhead	Stackpole
			Carey

The Ouananiche went chiefly to engage the barber, for some of us are finding it hard to keep our hair out of our plates. Aside from this we had a very good paddle, ate assorted foods, and saw in the shop the most amazing bathing-suits that ever were. There was a black and orange garment that will haunt my dreams for many weeks.

The Bog Brook trip was not made in the aquarium, though the

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) list reads like it.They took a canoe,and had a lively paddle down,in the teeth of the booming gale.They found the brook in great need of sapping and mining,but went up far enough to carry over two obstacles.They got a lot of bladder-wort,and came sailing home.

The A. runners went over to Goose Beach.Most of the bunch did well.Driver,Albree,and Woodbridge were particularly agile.

The B. bunch went out along the road,their distance being shortened for the heavy-weights.Hale was the first man in,of those that covered the whole distance,Carey second, Hare third,and Pierce a bare fourth,just nosing by Stackpole, who was fifth.

SELECT FISHING.

ERRUS.	WILLOWAW.
M.P.	Thurber
Batchelder	Crane
Wrenn	Edwards
6 perch	2 bass
	24 perch

J.G.W.,in twenty minutes on the Point,caught the following:

1 bass
1 perch
5 chavender,or chub

Total number of fish,39

After supper,as the feet of some of the young men were rather weary,we had Digestion Club;in the shop this time,as it was damp.

Then came the Observation Game,with the usual great range between good lists and bad ones.We give some of the best totals:

Three Seconds.	
T.H.W.	27
S.B.D.	26
P.S.	22
H.T.K.	20
J.T.L.	20
A.M.R.	19
Crane	19
Orlandini	19
Hale	18
Hines	18
Woodbridge	18

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) The articles were all rearranged before the thirty second trial.This did away with the difficulty of "carrying over" what you had seen before.

Thirty Seconds.

T.H.W.	52
H.T.K.	46
Woodbridge	44
S.B.D.	42
P.S.	41
A.M.R.	40
Dalton	40
Batchelder	40
Orlandini	40
Carey	37
Driver	36
Davis	36
Kelley	36

It would be mean to give the other end of the list,but we must give a few of the funny spellings:

gouch.This combines "gouge",and what you say when you stick it into yuur thumb.
siccors,or siscors,or sicars.Nothing like variety.
panceal. Possibly pencil?
pine comb. Not very nice to do your hair with.
skro and nale were screw and nail.
spoop was probably meant for spoon.

As for the man who put down pie,we don't know what he meant. There certainly was no pie on any table.

Speaking of pie,though,I must not forget Meredith's cake,a fine three-layer one,which he passed round at supper.There were cookies too.

We finished "Drowning Valley",most satisfactorily.Hero and heroine united,villains drowned.What more could you ask?

I forgot to mention the fat men's observation test.They were given a table of "very small objects" to work on.They tried their best,but finally realized that there was nothing there.

A roaring thunder shower concluded the evening's adventures.

WEDNESDAY, July 20, B.28.60" T.69' N.W. Fair. Slight showers.

Though the ground was a bit damp, we had much wrestling this morning.

E.Putnam got Driver down, after a very lively tussle.

Pierce downed Albree, but only by greater weight and longer reach.

Thurber got Woodbridge down on his face, and sat on him, but Hefty clung to the ground like a limpet, and Dick could not turn him over.

Cheever settled Birckhead in fairly quick time.

The bout between Dalton and S.Putnam ended without a decision. Dalton threw Putnam, but Putnam finally got on top. After that, however, he scratched his head, and didn't quite know what to do next.

Stackpole got Richards down before the full time was called.

Mrs.Hare came over this morning, and spent a good part of the day.

The beach-combers, under Woodbridge, got a big boat-load of drift-wood, including one very large log.

Buggins left us this morning; but we hope that we may have the other Buggins before long.

The aquarium squad found a perfectly good boat drifting south of the Point. They brought her in, and she is waiting for her owner.

The spring-board is out at last, and there was much diving off it.

Both classes swam to the Point this morning. That is, all who had passed the test swam to the Point, and those who had

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) not were instructed to swim as far as they could. Each had a coach alongside. Consequently Charlie swam to the Ouananiche, which is by far his best distance, and Stephen reached the Point.

And Stephen Stackpole's passed it too,

Three non-swimmers to pass.

He thought it was not much to do,

Three non-swimmers to pass.

Three non-swimmers,

There's three non-swimmers to pass it;

Three non-swimmers,

There's three non-swimmers to pass.

Peters is not swimming far yet, and Haskell was out with an attack of peculiar spots. They had practically gone by swim time, but it seemed best to let them go entirely.

First Scouting Afternoon.

This rather fooled the dopesters, because there had been no posting of the final lists. This is generally done after a long and harrowing session, at which the merits and demerits of each boy are weighed. This time They have simply taken the two sides as they were for trial scouting. If it works well, and it certainly started well, it will save much spraining of brains. Haskell and Williams were not playing.

The first game went to the Iroquois, one run to two. The score in shots was equally close, with a margin of one in favor of the Algonquins.

In the second game no runs were made. The Algonquins led by one shot.

In the third game the Iroquois had an advantage of one shot, but four Algonquins got through for a run apiece.

Algonquins

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
J.G.W.	X	•••		X	•		✓		
H.H.R.				✓			X		
L.T.	X	•			••			•••	
H.B.	X			✓			X	••	
S.B.D.		••		X			X	•	
H.T.K.	X			X	••		X	••	
A.M.R.	✓			X			X		
Albree	X			X			X		
Birckhead	✓			X			X		
Cheever	✓			X			X		
Davis	✓			X			X		
Hale	✓			X	••		X		
Hines	X			✓			✓		
Hunnewell	✓				•		X		/
Jenecks	✓			X	•		X		
Lowell		••		✓			X	••	
MacLeod	✓			✓			X	•	
Orlandini	X			X	•		X		/
Payson	X			✓				••	
Pierce	X						✓		
Putnam, E.	X	••		X				•	
Richardson, H		•		X			X		
Sanger	X			X			X		/
Stackpole	X			X	••		X		
Woodbridge		••		X	•••••		X	••••	
	12	13	1	16	17		19	18	4

Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
L.C.Z.	X		/	X	••		X		
J.T.L.	✓			✓			X		•
T.H.W.	X			X			X		
R.S.C.				X			X		
P.S.	X						✓		
Baldwelder	X			X			X		••
Carey	X			X	•		X		••
Crane	✓			X			X		
Dalton	✓			X					
Dana	X				•		X		
Degen		••		X	•		X		
Dodge	X			X			✓		
Driver		•••		X	•••			•••	
Edwards					•		X		
Hare	X			✓	••		X		
Hutchinson		•••		X				•••••	
Kelley	✓			✓				•	
Peters	X			X			X		
Putnam, S.			/				X	•	
Richards	✓			X			X		
Richardson C.	X	•		X			X		
Shields	X			X			X		
Thompson	X			✓			X		
Thurber		••		X	•			••	
Wrenn	X	•		X	••••		X		
	13	12	2	17	16		18	19	

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) This gives the afternoon to the Algonquins, 2-1. But remember that the final count goes by number of games; also that there are fifteen more games to play.

For shots in one game, Hutchinson leads, with seven. Woodbridge is second, with five, and Wrenn tied Woodbridge's next best score with four. For the afternoon Woodbridge leads, with eleven, Hutchinson a close second, with ten, Driver a steady third, with nine, three in each game.

To paraphrase the song,

The cup's to be won,

And the game has begun,

and it looks as if we had a very keen and close season ahead of us.

SING-SONG PROGRAMME.

1. Overture, "Cockadoodle Duett".....A.M.R., H.H.R.
2. Song, "The Irish Christening".....H.H.R.
3. Stuntlet.....Lowell, H.T.K., Orlandini, Shields.
4. Churuses.....The Cameron Men, John Peel, Renzo, A Capital Ship.
5. Piano Solo.....A.M.R.
6. The Watermelon Warblers.....J.G.W., L.T., L.C.Z., S.B.D., P.S.

Camp Song.

The Cockadoodle Duett is almost as old an institution as the more familiar Chopsticks, dating, I think, from 1902. Variety is the spice of life.

H.H.R.'s song, "The Irish Christening, is one of the best Irish songs, and for an encore he gave us "Tomorrow will be Friday", which is also great fun.

The stuntlet was a couple of scenes from the adventuers of

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) our friend Grizzly Adams, Lowell taking the part of the old hunter, and H.T.K. his faithful steed. Shields was fine as Lady Washington, and Orlandini looked very Indian as Tuolumne.

A.M.R. played Grieg's Norwegian Wedding March. It must be an out of door affair, for it sounds altogether too lively to be played in a church.

The Watermelon Warblers were a joy, from the first appearance of S.B.D., to announce the event, to the last glimpse. L.T. had a banjo, and the biggest hat of all. P.S. was superb in the red and white waistcoat, and munched a hunch of bread all through the performance. L.C.Z. was a most impressive parson, in dress coat, silk hat, and white choker. J.G.W. was right off the old plantation, in a flapping straw hat, and a waistcoat beyond my pen--or rather typewriter--to describe. As for Joe, sitting in the middle of this sable row, he was a perfect specimen, from the smooth polish of his hair to the toes of his shoes; not to mention his white flannel trousers, and the unspeakable coat.

I cant' remember all the jokes; but J.G.W. was late because he had been cleaning S.B.D.'s pants. "Did you try 'ammoniaf'" "Yas, I tried 'em on, an' they fitted fine."

He also thought he could get a jew's harp at the post-office, as it was so near Camp Kennebec that they would naturally be stocked up with jew's harps.

They sang two topical songs, which we shall give below, and "Hard trial", which some of us remember from the days of our Hampton friends. Last came the sad tale of the breaking up of S.B.D.'s home, beginning with the death of his dog, and

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) leading on step by step, through the burning of the barn and the house, and the death of his mother-in-law, to the elopement of his wife with the chauffeur. Never was a thing "broken" so thoroughly.

And then such as were not too eager for bed listened to "Spit-Cat Creek", and "The Count and the Wedding Guest."

A select party spent the night up in the Pine Parlor, and said it was wonderful.

Let us close the account of an eventful day, by the arrival of the original Payson,

William R. Payson

He has come to see how Henry is behaving.

SONGS.

Good morning, Mr. Reuben Lowell,
And are you out of bed?
Till six-fifty-five
You might as well be dead.

Good morning, dear old fat MacLeod,
I hear you're losing weight;
And if you keep it up,
You'll weigh 195.

Oh Andy Peters he would really
Be the best of boys,
If he only could be quiet, but
I cannot stand his noise.

Good morning, Mr. Dodge, you got
A build just like a Turk.
And I guess they named you right,
'Cause you allers dodge the work.

Some folks say dat a tutor don't work,
Way down yonder in de camp-ground.
But I saw two in my camp-ground,
Way down yonder in de camp-ground.

And one had Sanger and tother had Shields,
Way down yonder in de camp-ground.
And they had to scratch gravel for to earn thèir meals,
Way down yonder in the camp-ground.

(I am sorry I had to trim the lovely poster which announced the Watermelon Warblers.But it wouldn't go in otherwise,so what was a poor editor to do?)

The Watermelon Warblers
will present "Down on the Levee"

THURSDAY, July 21, B.28.94" T.65' N.W. Clear.

A perfect day for the first campers, who went off right after reading, heading westward.

Good luck to them in their wanderings.

Camping Trip
July 21st

Cheever
Dalton
Degen
Jeneks
Thurber
T.H.W.
Williwaw
Yammerschooner

Skipper took the first tree squad out this morning. It is time we all knew a red pine from a white pine.

Mrs. Hare was over again this morning, and Mr. Dodge came too, with his daughter Pauline.

TREASURE HUNT.

BLACK BARTLEMIES.	LONG JOHN SILVERS.	FLINTS.
#H.T.K.	#R.S.C.	#P.S.
Woodbridge(Capt.)	Hines(capt.)	Lowell(Capt.)
E.Putnam	Driver	Albree
Batchelder	Davis	Edwards
Dana	Dodge	Birckhead
Hare	Hale	Carey
Hunnewell	Sanger	MacLeod
Hutchinson	Kelley	Payson
H.Richardson	S.Putnam	Peters
Stackpole	Orlandini	Richards
Crane	C.Richardson	Thompson
Pierce	Shields	Wrenn
		Thompson

Ghosts of Captain Kidd

S.B.D., Ben Gunn The Wild Man of Oak Island.

This was a different scheme from our usual "Robinson Crusoe" hunts, where the game was to have very difficult clues, and cover very little ground. This time the clues were pretty simple, but widely spaced. It took J.G.W. and L.T. the better part of the morning to get the clues laid out, and they covered a good many miles before they got through.

We will begin with the adventures of the Black Bartlenies. Their first clue read, "And I think of the Bishop of Bingen,

In his mouse tower on the Rhine.

This was correctly interpreted to mean the Mouse-trap, and

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) all hands took to the boats.Crane found the next paper, under a little cairn.It was a map of the road out past Cook's,with Bartlett's camp indicated.They found their third all right,"Look for your lobster pots off faculty coffee," but unfortunately on their way back they also found their sixth:"There is a fine stuffed chavender,a chavender or---." Not feeling sure what to do,they brought it in,and were told that they might use it as fourth.So when they looked in the Chub,they found "Landslides are very instructive." (Their real fourth,which would have taken them to the lagoon,was not used.) The only trouble about the landslide was that there are now many landslides along the shore above Fourway,and the original landslide is a good deal obscured by trees.They explored all of them;in fact Larry Batch explored one so thoroughly that he had to slide to the bottom,and wade to Fourway.But eventually they found their paper,which had been sent up hastily by W.L.P.,and it read,"Go back to the Chub",or words to that effect.By the time they got back it was so late that they did not "Hunt for ye old Man Umbazookus" till after supper.They knwe where he was,and had their treasure as a sort of extra supper.

John Silver and Company were started with "Now the Fourway Lodge is open."They went up at a run,and Driver found the second clue:a map sending them to the south tip of Oak Island.They took to their boats,but not content with the south end,some of them tried the Mouse-trap,which was a mistake.Shields found the next clue:

"Still stands the schoolhouse by the road."

This puzzled them,because they did not know there was a schoolhouse anywhere round.Some thought of the tutorium.But they were given a hint,and went off gallantly across the scouting field. Once they found the schoolhouse,the clue was an easy matter.It read,"Look to your lobster pot toward Pickerel."

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) The lobster pot revealed, "Can you see the point to this?" They found the Point all right, and were thrilled at the sight of a tin can. But it was empty; and though Kelley then spotted the basket up a tree, he did not realize at first that it was the treasure.

Captain Flint and his men were given this: "Do you remember that in Drowning Valley a land slide opened up the way to treasure? There is a moral to this."

They had the same difficulty about slides as their friends had had, but in time they reached the right slide and found a map of Oak Island, with the north tip marked. The only trouble was that they were told to go S.E. by E., instead of S.W. by W. If they had done according to directions they would have gone somewhere near Damren's Stream. Just why they wanted to try the south end of Oak was not plain, for their map was clearly marked. But they got the right place at last, and came back with "Fish at the pond on the hill."

They didn't know there was a pond on a hill, but a very little hinting set them straight. When they were asked in what direction to go for hills, Edwards at once pointed north-east; then they were told to look out for a tall larch. That was enough, and they were soon at their goal.

The fourth clue sent them after their lobster-pot, which was off the point. There they found, "Where icy winds hang fetid." Rightly judging that this meant the ice-house, they found their treasure; the first to do so. To be sure, they had the shortest distance to cover.

As for Ben Gunn, he stayed on Oak Island till all clues there had been retrieved, in case any group got too far astray.

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) After supper, as the wind had gone down, and some, especially those who had been to the schoolhouse and Bartlett's, were stiff in their legs, we had boats. And at half-past eight, as it was lovely, and the moon was rising, we mostly continued boats.

Our missing Newhall arrived this afternoon. We are glad to see him, and glad that he left his whooping-cough behind him.

Beaumont Newhall

Sidney Williams and the Doctor spent the afternoon on the scouting field, testing guard places. Sidney is to be back among us tomorrow.

With the change in weather out of door sleeping has become popular. This evening J.T.L. and a select trio went up by water to the pine parlor, and R.S.C. took three more out on the point. But why a cot bed?

Later J.G.W. and L.T., with provision of tea and doughnuts, boarded the Hecuba, and started off round the Horn.

FRIDAY, July 22, B.29.09" T.64' N.N.W. Fair.

A lovely morning when the Hecuba came home from her trip. They had had a good fog, but had kept out of the branch that has sometimes made trouble. Their only accident had been running on a stump, which made a small hole in the boat, but they patched it with a leaf and a stick, and kept pretty dry.

Point and Pine Parlor had no accidents at all, and were all in good time for breakfast.

This morning the first swim to Pickerel came off.

SUNDRY SUPPERS OUT.

HAMILTON POND.

OUANANICHE.

W.L.P.

H.B.	Mr.Rawle
Batchelder	MacLeod
Davis	Dana
Pierce	Kelley
Newhall	Orlandini

A.M.R., R.R., I.B.
Williams, Haskell, Birckhead, Hale

TIBER AND LITTLE POND.

IDENTICAL.	PANTASOTE.	CORKER.	EBEN.
H.T.K.	R.S.C.	L.C.Z.	J.G.W.
Hutchinson	Hunnewell	E.Putnam	H.Richardson
C.Richardson	Hare	Thompson	Albree
Sanger	Crane	Woodbridge	M.P.

CAVES.

TERROR.	EREBUS.	ABDL.	TOGUS.
P.S.	J.T.L.	S.R.B.	L.T.
Payson	Shields	S.Putnam	Wrenn
Dodge	Richards	Carey	Driver
Edwards	Stackpole	Hines	Lowell

The Ouananiche trip was good fun, though not at all strenuous. We made our landing easily, though the old wharf is not improving as time goes on. We found rather a mess of leavings, so then the first thing to do was to clean up. We burned all the fish skins, potatoes, old papers etc., and felt tidier. Most of the party went over to Hamilton Pond for a swim, but A.M.R.

FRIDAY (Cont'd.) and Elizabeth took a look at Pitcher Pond, and R.R. and I.B. walked along by the high shore above Hamilton. Mr. Rawle stayed at the landing, and protected our grub from possible cows or other marauders.

After supper we had a round of loading our ship, and then some singing. The wind had come up from the south, so we came home in much faster time than we went down.

The Cave men landed about three-quarters of a mile north of the landing where they are so grumpy. They went straight up to the Devil's Den, and as the devil was not at home they rested there. Then they struck across to the Caves, which they explored to a discreet extent. We have never got stuck in those holes, and we don't mean to if we can help it. They swam and fed at their landing, and came home in good time, in spite of a fairly lively cross wind.

The Tiber party found their noble river all right, and went to the head of navigation. There they left Hunnewell, who had developed an earache, and took the road. That part is all right, but when they got into the woods it was another story. It was a forest primeval, and a horribly tangled one at that. There were wood roads, but too many and too mixed to be any good. At last they struck the bed of what had once been a brook, which brought them right out where they wanted to be, on the Little Pond beach. Pretty good steering. They swam, and then had the same kind of walk back, again hitting the exact point that they wanted. And Hunnewell's ear was all right. But the wind had got up, and was roaring in their faces in no uncertain manner. It took them an hour and forty minutes to get from the Tiber to the Pine Parlor, which is going some. It was really doubtful whether the canoes could get all the way without swamping. But they did it, and landed in the Pine Parlor, very wet and sufficiently weary, and had their grub. They had earned it.

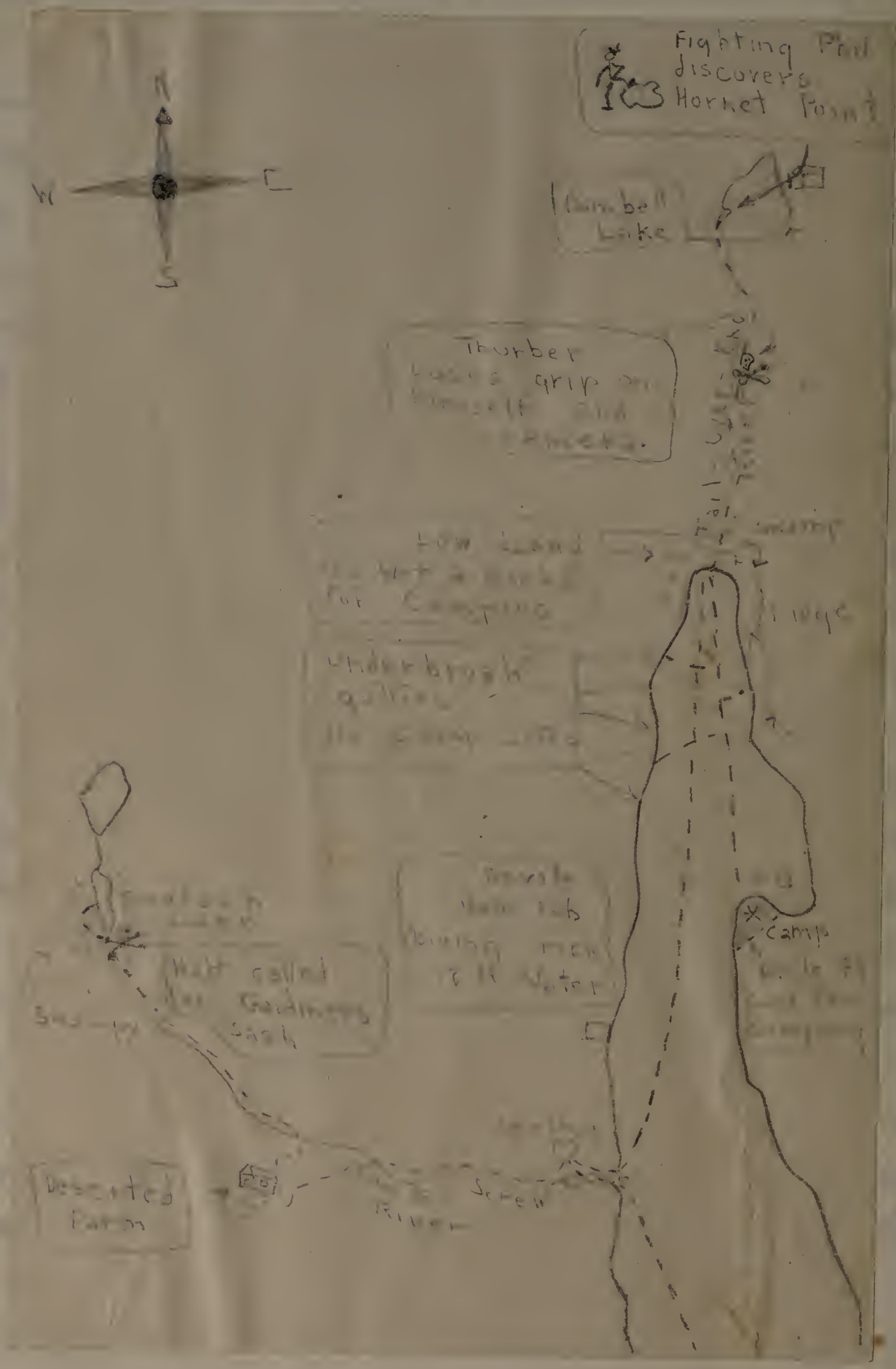
FRIDAY, (Cont'd.) When the Tibrenians got in they were so wet and chilly that they had hot cocoa all round, as a preventive measure.

The stay-at-homes had a peaceful afternoon, especially Andy Peters, who put in most of the time sleeping.

Late in the afternoon a Pine Island canoe put in, not daring to go home. They were stayed with milk and comforted with crackers, and when the wind went down they paddled along. Frankly, if we paddled the way some Pine Island people do, we should be afraid to go out in a wind too. As it is, well, our Tiber canoes did land once, but it was only to dump and go on again.

Our campers came back in good form, after a most successful trip. We shall have their adventures by and by. In the mean time we give T.H.W.'s map, which makes clear the general scheme of things.

We had meant to play a game, but after our "rather peaceful" afternoon some of us were in no state for anything but reading. A good few had gone to bed, so we had a couple of short stories from "Red Saunders." J.G.W. , though he smoked steadily, and looked as determined as Napoleon, was heard to snore at one time; it is not every man who can smoke and snore at the same time. As for Dick Thurber, he was dead to the world, and not even taps stirred him. Finally he was picked up by two of the faculty, which got him sufficiently alive to go to bed. Only the trump of doom would have waked him thoroughly.


N
W
E
S
Fighting Paul discovers Hornet Point
Campbell Lake
Thurber
Low land
Underbrush
Ridge
Camp
Detected Farm
Fox
River
Screw

Camping Trip July 21st 1921

The forces got into action unnaturally near to 9:30 sharp with Sargent Cheever, Jack Hagen and Dick Thurber in the "Williwaw" and Gardiner Jencks and Phil Hatton as passengers in T.H.W's "Yammer". There was a brisk S.E. breeze blowing as we pulled over to the "Mills" but we made good time and negotiated the carry over to Long Pond without difficulty. Then there was one round with Beam's soda fountain in which all immerged victorious (at least temporarily so). We pulled north in Long Pond up to the the little stream on the east bank which runs down from Beaver Lake, but found it too civilized for camping. An exploration of the north end of the lake, where another stream runs in, revealed low marshy land with an abundance of mosquitos. Both near-by shores for some ways along also proved too rough and over-

ground for camping, but the point shown on the map preceding was ideal: high ground & good open smooth spots for the tent. The "Devil's Bathtub" as we christened our diving rock, shown also on the map, made an excellent spot for swimming. We took one immediately and enjoyed the basket lunch supplied from camp. By this time it was after two o'clock and nearly four before we had the tent successfully pitched, the fire-place built, and wood gathered up.

To fill out the afternoon we rowed back to the entrance of the stream at the north end of the lake and made our way, largely over the rocks of the bed of the stream itself, up to a little lake, perhaps a mile and a half from Long Pond. Dickie Chamber had picked moccasins for the trip ~~and~~ which when they got wet functioned like banana-boats. So we named the stream "Tail-over-end" River and took turns carrying his camera.

The lake we christened Dumb-bell Lake after the person who had built a house in such an excluded spot.

We were back in camp at 5:30 and after a good swim cooked a big supper. The feature dish was boiled rice and corn, but everything else was a success too after so much exercise. We had enough mosquito-netting to go around all three sides of the bed so the tent looked like a millionaire's outfit.

Toasted marshmallows and ghost stories were the order of the evening with a wonderful moon to give the proper effect. We slept an unusual part of the night in spite of a cold wave early Friday morning, which almost carried away Sargent Cleaver. By 7:30 we were ravenous for ~~the~~ breakfast of beans, rice, cocoa and bacon; there were very few lamentations over the lack of bread due to last-minute brain-storm on the part of L. T.

The three unambitious one's : Phil, Jack, and Dick were left in camp during the morning to clean up and get everything packed, while the other three took one of the boats to the stream on the eastern shore and followed that up for some two miles to the little lake just before Beaver. Still smitten with a fever for naming things, the stream was dubbed "Corkscrew" and the lake "Goulash" after certain characteristics of its surface. We crossed[2] two farms apparently deserted. Gardiner thought the bolt the effect of his yesterday's potations but by the end of the walk had recovered.

We were back in camp by 12:00 — the day was very hot and we took a long swim. Our last meal was uneventful except for Gardner's difficulty in securing "a heaping cup-full of water" for the cocoa.

At 3:30 we had got under way for home. It was very hot indeed for rowing but we took it easy and

were very much refreshed again at the "Mills". We tried the worry by the dam this time and found it much shorter and on the whole easier than the regular one. We arrived at camp at 5:30.

SATURDAY, July 23, B.29.07" T.65' S.W. Fog a.m., Fair

Good work was done this morning on the ball field, leveling round the bases and pitcher's box, and painting home plate.

Charlie Richardson lengthened his distance a good deal this mornig. We shall see him at the Point very soon.

FISHING.

TERROR.	EREBUS.	YAMMERSCHOONER.	WILLIWAW.	PANTASOTE.
J.G.W.	I.B.	E.Shaw	J.T.L.	W.L.P.
Mr.Rawle	Davis	Batchelder	Orlandini	Payson
Richards	Haskell	Cheever	Jencks	Sanger
			1 bass	1 perch

Total number of fish, 2.

Not a very successful afternoon. Perhaps the fish had gone for a visit.

MINOR LEAGUE GAME.
CHUBS VS. CHAVENDERS.

A rather dull game, it is hard to tell why. Whether it was the exertions of Friday afternoon, or excessive watermelon, a good many people were evidently not feeling very keen. The Chubs began by scoring six runs, and sending upeten batters in succession before they could be retired. This gave them a lead which the Chavenders could not overcome, even though they ran in four men in the seventh, and went through their batting order. S.B.D. wanted to go in to pitch, but Dana was finally able to retire the side. Only seven innings were played, or to be exact, six and a half, as it was late, and innings were running pretty long.

Batting Honors.

Shields	.666
Dana	.666
S.B.D.	.500
Lowell	.400
Dalton	.333

clubs vs. Chamberlain of June 23 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
0	0		Driver	9	K		2-6 0 1-0		6 0-3								3	1	0
8	1		2 P. Richardson	2		0 3		K	4 0-3								4	1	0
0	2		3 S. B. D.	6													2	4	1
1	0		4 Woodbridge	5		4 0-3				K							3	2	0
0	5		5 Chamberlain	4		3 0-3				2-6 0							4	1	1
11	0		6 N. J. K.	3				K		K							4	1	1
0	0		7 Dallin	8			1-3	K									3	0	1
0	0		8 Dazen	7	K 2-3		K		K 2-3								4	0	0
1	5		9 Dana	1	K												3	2	2
			10																
			11																
21	13		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	6	7	8	10	11	12							30	12	6

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	1-b. on errors.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				2	6				1	

Chamberlain vs. clubs of June 23 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
2	1		F. Putnam	6				4 0-3		2 0-3							4	3	0
8	4		2 E. Putnam	2	4 0-3			K			6 0-3						6	1	1
0	1		3 Lowell	1				0 3		K							6	1	2
2	0		4 P. S.	8	1-3					K							5	1	1
7	1		5 R. S. C.	3		K			6 0-3		4 0-3						4	0	0
0	2		6 Putnam	4	0 1		1-3		4 0-3		4 0-3						4	0	0
0	0		7 Shields	7		6 0	K										3	1	2
0	0		8 Carey	9					K								4	2	0
1	0		9 Hurd	5		1-3	1-3										4	2	0
			10																
			11																
18	9		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	2	3	5	5	5	6	7	11					38	11	6

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	1-b. on errors.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
	1			3	11				2	

Of the pudding-ball game, in which the Bread Puddings beat the Rice Puddings, we have no particulars, beyond the final score, 6-7. But judging from the yells that resounded it was a hotly contested game from start to finish.

I should have mentioned before that Dr. and Mrs. Newhall came over this morning, and stayed till baseball time.

CHARADES.

SIREN. Never was a king in a worse temper than J.G.W. Like Old King Cole, he demanded pipe, bowl, and fiddlers, but nothing that anybody did or said could please him. When it was finally suggested that he might like to play a game, to show his intelligence, he exploded so violently that the scene had to end, or his

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) courtiers would have died of fright.Next came R.S.C.,in the dress of olden days,very busy over some plans. We didn't get all the details,but it sounded very fine.When the drawings were ready to be printed,he went out,telling his clerk to inform any callers that he was designing St. Paul's.(This is from "Biography for Beginners:"

Sir Christopher Wrenn
Went to dine with some men.
Said he,"If anyone calls,
Tell them I am designing St.Paul's.")

The whole word was divided into two scenes.First we saw H.B., very fine as Ulysses,on board his ship,giving his sailors instructions as to how to get by the sirens.Then we saw (and heard) the siren,a vision in blue and white,singing "My Bonny lies over the Ocean."No wonder the susceptible monarch besought his sailors to let him go.(We hear that the voice was E.Putnam,artfully concealed among the scenery.

BONAPARTE. First we had L.C.Z.,J.T.L.,and S.B.D.,out digging for fossils.After some good hard work they unearthed a perfect specimen of prehistoric man (Cheever),remarkable for his low skull.A few moments later a lucky stroke of the pick revealed andevan more startling find;Dinosaurus Hippo-potamus.(MacLeod.) The second scene was in the Catskills, where Henry Hudson and his men were disporting themselves, while the thunder rolled round the tops of the mountains. Hunnewell appeared as Rip Van Winkle,and took the proffered drink.A brief interval represented the twenty years,and when we saw him again he was old,feeble,and bearded.The third scene was a hair-brushing raid at breakfast.Man after man was sent out to brush his hair,and came back in a state thst

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) would have done credit to any barber.The whole word was brief but superb.We heard the sound of guns,and on a mound, with arms folded,stood Napoleon,(S.Putnam),pondering on what would happen if he failed.Suddenly the messenger of victory(Dalton) galloped in,gave the news,and fell dead.

ANTIETAM. First came A.M.R. as an amiable but ineffective aunt.She tried to keep her nephews quiet,but finally had to call in W.L.P.,to deal with them with a slipper.The last two syllables went together.H.Richardson,a fine young sailor,came in with his sister (Wrenn).They were wrecked on a lonely shore,and had had nothing to eat for two days.As the damsel fainted from exhaustion, a band of horrible howling savages came prancing.Henry drew his knife,and struggled gallantly,but they were overpowered;and from the sounds that followed,we fear that the cannibals had a good dinner.The whole word was a desperate battle.Lowell and his men defended the rebel intrenchments,with "the bonny blue flag" above them,(it was blue,even if we did not see the star),while ~~while~~ Richardson led the attack.Finally P.S. planted the Stars and Stripes on the parapet,with his last strength,and the trench was won.(I doubt if they had trenches at Antietam,but never mind.)

ANTARCTIC. This time we began with scouting.Woodbridge was much annoyed by ants,and sat up higher than was safe.He was immediately shot,and retired to the bone-yard,saying,"You mean thing.") Next came the finest ark we have ever had,with H.H.R. and M.P. as Mr.and Mrs.Noah.He whistled the tune gaily as the "animals came in two by two!Finally there was some congestion along the line,and Shem was ordered to hold them back.Then appeared the big hippopotamus (H.T.K.) and stuck in the door.For the third scene we had H.H.R. and T.H.W. as dark and deadly conspirators,planting an infernal machine in the throne room.They did their fell work,and

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) slunk away.Then appeared H.T.K. and Elizabeth Shaw as king and queen,with Dana as herald.He announced the arrival of the archbishop (Crane) who entered with his train, very grand in scarlet robes.But someone noticed a queer sound under the throne.Before theycould investigate the crash came,and everyone was killed.Last came a scene in the South Polar regions.H.H.R.,T.H.W.,and H.T.K. were discussing their hardships,when someone found a log of wood.Horrors! It was the South Pole!And having once moved it,theycould never get it back in the right place.

After these excitements we had a round of Compendium, taking S.It is one of the best letters.

The Pine Parlor was again a dormitory tonight.

SUNDAY, July 24, B.29.12' T.61' Fog a.m. S.W.

This morning we saw the latest thing in canoes; a sky-blue beauty, with orange sponsons. We are thinking of repainting the Ouananiche in that combination, and then getting a set of plaid shirts like Hefty's for her crew. Wouldn't it be sweet!

Charlie Richardson passed the test in fine style this morning.

And Charlie Richardson has passed,

Three non-swimmers to pass.

He had no mind to be the last,

Three non-swimmers to pass.

Three non-swimmers,

There's three non-swimmers to pass it.

Three non-swimmers,

There's three non-swimmers to pass.

The reason that the number is still three is that Beaumont Newhall is not a swimmer yet, though we hope he will be one soon.

The Rob Roy is mended, and in active service once more. Good old boat! We have missed her.

Much single sculling this morning. J.G.W. went round Oak in 17 m.35 s. Various other facticles, three prefects, and Hefty Woodbridge were also out.

Just before dinner C.H.C. blew in with Miss Dahlman, of Omaha, in a gay little Ford with yellow wheels that is named Clarence. We kept them to dinner, and then they sped away.

PICNIC TO LORD'S SHORE.

EBEN.	CORKER.	TOGUS.	ABOL.	IDENTICAL.	TERROR.
S.B.D.	L.C.Z.	J.G.W.	L.T.	R.S.C.	W.L.P.
H.Rich.	E.Putnam	Albree	Dalton	Woodbridge	Payson
Hines	S.Putnam	Driver	Orlandini	I.B.	Newhall
Hutchins.	A.M.R.	Thurber	M.P.	Dodge	Thompson

SUNDAY (Cont'd.)

OWANANICHE.

H.H.R.

H.B.	R.R.
E.Shaw	Batchelder
Degen	MacLeod
Jencks	Kelley
Dana	Davis

L.E.R.

Williams, C.Richardson, Richards, Peters, Haskell, Hale, Cheever.

EREBUS.	WILLIWAW.	YAMMERSCHOONER.	PANTASOTE.
T.H.W.	J.T.L.	P.S.	H.T.K.
Hunnewell	Lowell	Shields	Pierce
Stackpole	Wrenn	Hare	Sanger
Mr.Rawle	Crane	Edwards	Birckhead

The wind was lively by the time we got away, and it was a wet crew that landed south of the little camp. Our usual landing was occupied by a couple with a motor trailer-camp, and a very neat little outfit it was.

We had two good games of Wolf in the pasture, and then the half-past niners took charge of the supper. They did it beautifully, so that if they ever want to go into waiting as a profession we can recommend them.

After good singing we went bowling home before the wind, which was still good, though not so high as it had been.

Our story was "His Private Honor", as good a story as there is.

By the way, measuring began this morning. L.T. heads the list, at 6'4 1/4".

MONDAY, July 25, B.29.99" T.71' Fair, Calm.

This morning T.H.W. told us something about catching sword-fish, and then started on his regular subject, which is electricity.

Camping Trip
July 25th

Batchelder
Dana
Dodge
Lowell
Putnam, S.
J.T.L.
Williwaw
Yammerschooner

Mr. Rawle and Elizabeth Shaw left us this morning. So did the campers whose names appear opposite, but the campers will be wandering home tomorrow.

Mighty navigatings this morning. There were four four-paddle crews out, and four oarsmen went round Oak in single rangeleys.

At swim Andy went from beyond the Ouananiche to the slip. We shall have him at the Point in a few days.

At afternoon reading we began "The House of the Wolf."

FISHING.

M.P.	I.B.	S.B.D.	J.G.W.
Hunnewell	Thurber	Crane	Stackpole
Birckhead	Orlandini	Pierce	11 perch
6 perch	14 perch	2 perch	

Total number of fish, 35.

It looks a little odd to underline the names of the boat-captains, but the names of the boats were not put down. All four crews stayed out to supper.

For the rest it was go as you please, on account of the great heat and the strenuousness of yesterday's picnic. There were two groups that went to the fish-hatchery. R.R., Jencks, Hale, and Hare also went to the store, where they sampled the joys of the town, and came home across the bay when the southwest wind was at its height. A.M.R., Peters, Haskell, and C. Richardson avoided the town. Instead they went to the beach east of the fishing-rock, where they dug and built all sorts of things. They waited for the wind to fall a little before they came home, but the launching of the Chub

MONDAY (Cont'd.) could only be managed by wading in knee deep. It was very exciting.

There was much collecting of material for the aquarium, more or less trying out of boats, and some were peaceful with books.

The Point was inhabited all the afternoon by three men who had managed to dodge the liquor law, and were very far from presentable. They were told to go away, but they were not in a condition to understand what they were told. Finally Pearson told them that they could get a boat at the next camp, and cranked their car for them, so we were rid of them.

At supper we had a most wonderful salmon, sent by a friend of L.T.'s, who did not know what to do with it. If any other friends don't know what to do with their salmon, we should be delighted to help them out.

Four arrivals this afternoon. First came the other of the Bugginses, from Bangor. John B. Bruing

A little later came most of Mr. Dick's family, from Squam: Julia C. Richards. Hamilton Richards

+ V DOR -

After supper we had Skowhegan on the hill; not on the Point, because of drunks.

Then came Quiet Games, for the first time this year.

When half-past eight was called, it was so hot inside that we adjourned to the float, with all the pillows except the one that Joe dropped in the pond, and sang till half-past nine.

TUESDAY, July 26, B.28.99" T.71' Calm Overcast. Heavy squall p.m.

The barber came over to-day, according to agreement, and clipped and sheared in the shop all day. Some of us look better in consequence, and most of us are cooler. He rather overdid the clip behind in some cases, but never mind; it will grow.

Andy Peters passed the test this morning, in fine style.

Now Andy Peters follows suit,

Two non-swimmers to pass.

We greet him with a proud salute,

Two non-swimmers to pass.

Two non-swimmers,

There's two non-swimmers to pass it.

Two non-swimmers,

There's two non-swimmers to pass.

Swims are long and pleasant these days, but unfortunately the spring-board has cracked, so divers have to go right off the float.

RUBBER WATER SPORTS.
BLINDFOLD RACE.

There were four contestants, the course being from the float to as near Pickerel as you could get. Payson won. He advanced very cautiously, going a little too far south, and then turning north. He missed the rock by about fifty yards when he took his bandage off.

Jencks, who was given second place, kept to the south, and was a hundred and fifty yards off .

Orlandini followed much the same course as Payson, but passed the rock so close that if his oar had been on the stroke instead of on the feather he would have hit it. When he stopped he was heading for Ram Island, and getting pretty near it.

MacLeod, like the rest, began too far south, but after heading round toward Pine Beach he was finally pointing due east.

TUESDAY (Cont'd.)

HAND-PADDLE CREWS.

EREBUS.	TERROR.	PANTASOTE.	IDENTICAL.
Shields	Hunnewell	Corning	Davis
Orlandini	Hale	Sanger	Albree
Payson	Degen	Stackpole	Birckhead
Peters	Haskell	Thompson	Carey
Pierce	Hines	Thurber	Cheever
E.Putnam	Hutchinson	Williams	Crane
Richards	Jencks	Woodbridge	Dalton
C.Rich.	Kelley	Wrenn	Driver
H.Rich.	MacLeod	Hare	Edwards

The course was from the Point to the north edge of the float.The Erebus got a lead early and kept it,hard pressed by the Pantasote,till she crossed the line a winner.The Pantasote lost second place by going outside the Pie-plant,so the Terror was second,Pantasote a good third.The Identical, which at one time was headed right athwart the course,came in fourth.

FLAT-BOTTOM BOW RACE.

CHUB.	HORNPOUT.	WOBBLER.	ARKLET.
Shields	Thurber	Woodbridge	Degen

The course was from Pickerel in.Each man sat in the bow od his boat,and paddle her stern first.The effect was very picturesque.The Chub won by three-quarters of a length over the Hornpout.The Wobbler was a good third,the Arklet a somewhat conservative fourth.

BOW PADDLE CANOE RACE.

FIRST HEAT.

SQUANNACOOK.	HECUBA.	PINK.	GRAYLING.
Driver	Dalton	E.Putnam	Hines

The course was from the Point to the north end of the float,each man sitting in the end of his canoe,and going,so far as possible,with that end first.It might be called a spinning race,for the boats revolve most of the time.The Squannacook finally won,with the Hecuba a good second.Dalton handled his boat in an unusual way,sitting astride of the bow.The Pink third,the Grayling a very revolutionary fourth.

TUESDAY (Cont'd.)

SECOND HEAT.

PINK.	SQUANNACOOK.	HECUBA.	GRAYLING.
Hunnewell	Jencks	Hutchinson	Degen

The Pink led most of the time,the Squannacook and Hecuba following in the order given.The Grayling went over and filled,and did not finish.

FINAL HEAT.

GRAYLING.	SQUANNACOOK.	PINK.	HECUBA.
Hunnewell	Jencks	Dalton	Driver

The Grayling led as consistently as a boat can in this kind of race.The Hecuba promised to make second,but went over in the last quarter,giving place to the Squannacook.The Pink went over and filled early in the race,but was righted and dumped,and her gallant captain went to it again,making third place.

Then should have come the "Enemy in Camp" race,but by the time the boats were getting out to the rock for the start,the big williwaw which had been growling to the north and east most of the afternoon got nearer,and there was a dark blue streak traveling toward us at a rate that meant "duck for cover."We ducked,but one canoe had to be towed the last part of the way.There was very little rain,but the wind was so fierce that in a very few minutes the whole pond was blue-black,with close lines of driving white-caps. One canoe was blown right off the slip,with the men who were carrying her.Luckily they all landed in the water,so no one was hurt.

Well,there was no question of any more races.But how about canoe tests?The word was given,and L.T. passed,after breaking his paddle intwo,and having to drift while another was got out to him. T.H.W.,who was out while the waves were at their worst,went over after a gallant fight.Better luck next time.

There were several lesser squalls after that,but none that were lively enough for any more tests.

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) All this time there was no sign of our returning campers, but as we had seen one motor-boat give it up and retire to the lee of the Point, we concluded that they were sitting on the shore somewhere, waiting till the water-wraiths stopped shrieking. And sure enough, as we were finishing supper they came in sight. They had had to go back for some sweaters at the carry; and then, seeing what was coming in the way of weather, they went ashore.

After supper we had Digestion Club in the shop, where the traces of the barber's labors still lingered on the floor.

Then came our first game of half-past eight Boston, which was extremely lively.

The half-past niners began "The White Mice", which is livelier than it sounds.

Two guests came over this afternoon, and stayed to supper. They are officially at Snug Harbor, as we are rather full, but we expect them to spend most of their time over here.

One interesting result of the squall was the washing ashore of a live crayfish (or crawfish.) We have never found a live one in this neighborhood, though a dried shell was once picked up on the beach. He was put in the aquarium, where we hope he will be comfortable.

WEDNESDAY, July 27, B.29.02" T.71' Overcast Calm.

Fortunately a southwest wind came up, and held all day, or we should have been pretty badly off. Is it a comfort to know that other people are just as hot? A letter from J.R. reports the worst summer in a hundred years in England, for heat and drought.

The first wrestling bout this morning hardly deserves that name, though it ran to two rounds. Albree put Birckhead down as quickly as he would have knocked a chair over.

The second, Hunnewell vs. Pierce, was a different story. It was a hot contest to the time limit, with no decision.

Hines and E. Putnam were also well matched. At the close Hines was on top, but had not been able to pin his adversary's shoulders to the mat.

Shields put Lowell down in short order.

Woodbridge downed Batchelder, but he had to work hard for his victory.

The third shell, which has been in the repair shop, was out today. She still leaks too much to go into very general use, but it is pretty fine to have three singles and a pair all out at once. We are getting much steadier, too, though there is an occasional spill.

Just before dinner arrived a gentleman whom we expected yesterday. He had to take six different trains to get here, so it was a slow journey.

Gerard M. Ives.

The Simonses were over all day, so we put him right into the ball-game. It looks natural to see him on the mound again.

We don't often have three such complete games. Major and minor leagues were full teams, of course; and even that gallant organiz-

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) ation, the Flea League, had eight men on a side.

MAJOR LEAGUE GAME.
PERSIMMONS VS. CUMQUATS.

For six innings this was a good close game. The Persimmons got a lead of three runs in the first inning, but after that they rested on their laurels for four innings. The Cumquats tied the score in the fifth, but then the Persimmons got busy again. They regained the lead in the sixth, 6-4, and in the seventh a heavy batting rally, coupled with several costly errors by the Cumquat infield, gave them five runs. Only seven innings were played, as it had been a very hot afternoon, and much chasing of balls down the bank had held things up.

T.H.W. ended the game with a dramatic unassisted double play, catching S.B.D.'s fly, and thus putting an end to Hines, who was hoping to make third.

There was much heavy hitting, including three-bsggers by L.T. and L.C.Z. In fact there were only two flies caught in the outfield, one by R.S.C., the other by Lowell.

Brilliant Batters.

S.Putnam	1,000
L.C.Z.	.800
S.B.D.	.750
# P.S.	.750
Corning	.500
L.T.	.500
P.W.S.	.400
T.H.W.	.400
# H.B.	.600
G.M.I.	.333

Sorry I got H.B. out of order in the line. S.Putnam's magnificent total came from one hit and three passes. L.C.Z. was really the prize performer with the stick, with a single, two doubles, and a triple.

Personnels vs. Commercials of July 2 1 at 1

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
2	0		1 L.C.J.	5		0-2											5	2	4	
4	0		2 T.H.W.	4		K		0-6									6	3	2	
8	3		3 H.B.	2	0-7			0-4									5	1	3	
0	4		4 P.W.S.	1					K	K							5	1	2	
0	0		5 P.S.	7													4	0	3	
1	0		6 Lowell	8	K		K			K	K						4	0	0	
6	0		7 H.T.K.	3	0-1		K										4	1	1	
0	1		8 S. Putnam	6													1	1	1	
0	0		9 Driver	9		K		K									3	2	0	
			10																	
			11																	
21	8		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	3	3	0	3	0	3	0	3	6	5	11		36	11	16	

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base bits.	1-b. on errors.	Earn'd runs.	2-base bits.	3-base bits.	Home runs.
				3	10	1-Lowell			4	1	

Commercials vs. Personnels of July 2 7 at 1

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base bits.	Sacr. hits.
0	0		1 Nunig	8	0-3	0-3			K		4-0						3	0	0	
1	0		2 J.J.L.	4	0-3		K										4	1	1	
2	2		3 S.B.D.	1					2-0		0-4						4	1	3	
13	2		4 L.T.	2			2-0										2	1	1	
0	0		5 Shields	9	K		K				0-3						3	0	0	
1	0		6 E. Putnam	6		1-3		K		K							3	0	0	
2	0		7 Conning	5				(K) 2-3									2	1	1	
1	0		8 G.W.T.	3				0-8		K							3	0	1	
1	0		9 R.S.C.	7		K			0-4		1-3						3	0	0	
			10																	
21	4		11																	
			TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	0	0	1	1	2	0	2	1	3	1	4	0	4	27	4	7	

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base bits.	1-b. on errors.	Earn'd runs.	2-base bits.	3-base bits.	Home runs.
				6	10				1	1	

BUG LEAGUE GAME.
HANKS VS. SWANKS.

This also was a close game for three innings, but after that the Hanks began to hit Woodbridge, and pile up the runs. Changing pitchers did not seem to change the results, and the final score was 14–3. Dana was evidently hard to hit.

The Flea League played nine full innings, in which the Wops beat the Dagoes to the tune of 19–7. Here also there had to be some changing of pitchers. A full Flea League score book does not seem to be quite practicable, but we are just as much interested.

Hawks vs. Swans of

Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
		1	Allree	3			K		K				1-0
		2	Richardson	8	K				K		K		
		3	Sidell	9	K					K	K		K
		4	Dodson	4	K			K					
		5	Hawkins	7		K		K					K
		6	Dalton	6		1-3		K					
		7	Richardson	9		K			4-3			3-0	
		8	Dana	1			K						
		9	Hall	2			K			K			
		10											
		11											
			Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.									

Swans vs. Hawks of

Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Davis		1	Wrenn	4	K		5-0			K		K	
		2	Carr	5	K			5 c.f. 0				K	
	(3)	3	Whitehead	1	K			4-3 0					4-3
	(1)	4	Hunter	6		K							K
		5	Crane	9		K		K		K			4-0
(6)	(1)	6	Hinman	P		K			K		K		
Davis		7	Chown	7			K		K				
		8	Archibald	2					6-3 0		1 c.f. 0		
		9	Sayers	8			3 c.f. 0			K		K	
		10											
		11											
			Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.									

Let me say here,before I forget it,that to-day we Bruce Crane's birthday.We should not have known it if his family had not sent him a telegram.That roused suspicions,and when accused of having a birthday,it was useless to deny.So he got his congratulations at supper instead of dinner.

FOURTH SING SINGSONG PROGRAMME.

1. Overture,"Chopsticks"....P.S.,Wrenn.
2. Violin Solo,.....M.P.
3. Duett.....T.H.W.,L.T.
4. Choruses.....Ouananiche,Camp Chantey,Merry Merry-weathers.
5. Song.....Mrs.Simons.
6. Stunt,"My Man John".....W.L.P.,Corning,Hines.
7. Stunt,"Oddfellows' Hall".The Prefects.

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) 5. Stunt, "Heinrich und Lise....J.G.W., M.P.

Camp Song.

Our overture ended in an unusual way. The two performers got arguing about it, and finally changed to "Way down yonder in the cornfield."

M.P. gave us a delightful gavotte, and then "Perpetual Motion", which certainly justifies its name.

The duett was one of the best personal and topical songs we have had in a long time. For further particulars, see the words later.

Mrs. Simons has a beautiful contralto voice, and gave us "Sweet and Low" and "Die Lorelei."

"My Man John" is familiar to a good many of us, but we like it better every time. W.L.P. was most appealing as the lover. We wonder that it took him so long to win the lady. Corning was fine as the encouraging and sympathetic John, and certainly earned his "fifty pounds in fee." As for the lady, fond memories of Morgiana stirred in the hearts of all who were here last year. No wonder Bill was in despair at the thought of losing such a charmer. And when she finally yielded, all felt that he was much to be congratulated.

"Oddfellows' Hall" is perhaps not quite so romantic, but it is exceedingly dramatic. L.C.Z. sang the song, the rest of us joining in the chorus when the action allowed. P.S. was spruce and energetic as the nameless hero; and though H.T.K. as Miss Bridget McCann might have seemed a bit tall for him, no wonder that she yielded, "I was such an elegant man." But woman is ever fickle; and certainly the fascinations of S.B.D. McKenna Esq., with the coat, and his badge as floor director, would have justified a good deal of fickleness. He smiled like a conquering hero as he swept his charmer round the ball-room, exulting that he had cut out his friend and won the belle of the ball. (How many of us know a line in an old song,

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) "Such a heavy stepper is my Mary Anne?") With such fatal fascinations, and such quick tempers, it was no wonder that there was a mighty scrap. R.S.C., in silk hat and white whiskers, was a most impressive judge. Altogether it was a fine performance.

We have seen "Heinrich und Lise" several times, but perhaps J.G.W. is the most magnificently brutal Heinrich that we have ever had. We wonder that Lise dared to show him the axe, for it seemed an even chance that he might brain her with it. But on second thoughts, can you brain a person that has no brains? Perhaps that is why Lise felt so safe.

Well, we ran over a little, but what of that? We all know that it isn't half-past eight unless Skipper says it is.

When the dust had cleared, we became White Mice again.

Personal Verses.

Hefty Woodbridge--so they tell--
Hit an egg, but saved the shell.
It tipped him out to rise no more;
Too bad he left that shirt on shore.

Of Dickie Thurber now we sing;
Of all sleep specialists he is king.
Snored in reading, snored through taps;
But it's hard on a new half-past niner.

Breakfast, lunch, and supper too,
Table scouting is the game for you.
Down behind the bowl, keep your nose in the mush;
And the kings of the game are Batch and Wrenn.

Where,oh where is Mr.Joe?

Tell the ladies how you part your hair just so.

"A little touch o' coal oil,a little touch o' grease,

And a proud and noble brow",said Mr.Davidge.

Let's play a table game--step up,boys.

Famous men of one syllable makes good noise.

St.Mark's,St.George,St.Paul I hear,

And Andy picked on Groton.

Dana wields a wicked bat,

He can pitch with either hand;

But after this his paddling

Should all be done on land.

Mr.Wiggins made an expedition once upon a time,

Mit a long reputation and a hook and a line.

He made soft speakings,but he caught no fish,

"Cause they don't speak Dutch in a place like this.

When it comes to parts of speech,

Camp has got the world's best peach.

Pronouns,verbs,and adjectives

Are nouns as long as Sanger lives.

We've heard queer noises in our day,

But Hutch's laugh is the worst,we'll say.

Here a cickle,there a cackle,here and there a cickle cackle,

But his laugh is worse than his bite.

L.T.

A Sleep in the Bed is Worth Two on the Point.

Oh, they lookd at the sky, and the sky was clea;

They asked old Oxy, and Oxy was a dear.

They asked the Skipper,

And the Skipper said, "You may."

Oxy slept it off in reading.

Chorus.

Sleepin' out is fun,

Out among the thistles;

Sleepin' out is fun,

"Skeeters all in line.

Sleepin' out is fun,

But ants don't sleep,

And they crawl and bite and bite and crawl till half-past nine.

Then Hutch and Put they envied them the sleep they didn't get,

And they said, "By gosh, we aint'beat yet."

So they took old Stack,

And laid him on the ground,

And fought a good fight till the sun came round.

Chorus as before.

And now it's got so popular the crowd is rushin' in.

There came four beauties with a pint of gin.

It took the faculty,

And prefects too

To clear up the Point for the old-time crew.

Chorus as before.

T.H.W.

THURSDAY, July 28, B.28.77" T.75' S.W. Overcast.

Perhaps as hot a morning as we have had, though the breeze kept us fairly comfortable on the shore.

W.L.P. left this morning, worse luck. We got two good rocks in his suit-case, tovmake him feel at home, like.

Navigation this morning was single rangeleys, and after going round Oak they finished with a great handicap race. Payson was first, S.Putnam second, both with short handicaps. The best performance, however, was that of Dodge, who finished third from scatch.

SECOND SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

We cannot deny that it was warm, but there was a good steady breeze, more westerly than southerly, and no one was surprised when people avoided second pie. Afternoon reading was thrilling, but everyone, except possibly G.M.I., had one eye on the direction from which Skipper would come. And he came.

It was an Algonquin afternoon, in shots and runs. The shooting close in all three games, three being the biggest lead. This was in the second game, where the Iroquois outshot the Algonquins; in the first and third the Algonquins had a lead of one in shots. Perhaps, as these figures include two Algonquin murders, it is hardly fair to say that the Algonquins led in shots. It appears to be practically a tie.

In runs the Algonquins certainly had the lead. In the first game good work was done by G.MI. and H.Richardson, who after scoring succeeded in rounding up three other players, and telling them to make a dash for it. The last two runs had not more than half a minute to spare.

In the second game G.M.I. won the game, with the only run that was made on either side.

In the third the Algonquin lead was a big one, though we understand that Birckhead would probably not have scored if a friend had

Algonquins

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
J.G.W.	✕	•		✕	•		✕		
L.T.	✕	•••		✕	••		✕	•••	
H.B.	✕	•		✕			✕	•	
S.B.D.		•			••		✕	•	
H.T.K.	✓			✕	💀		✕	•••	
A.M.R.			/	✕			✓		
G.M.I.			/	✕		/	✕	•	/
Albree	✓			✕			✕		
Birckhead	✓			✕				💀	/
Cheever	✓			✕			✕		/
Davis	✕			✕			✕		
Hale	✕			✕			✕		/
Haskell			/	✕					/
Hines	✕	•			•••			•	/
Hunnewell	✕			✕	•		✕		/
Jencks	✓			✕	•				/
Lowell	✕				•		✕		
MacLeod	✕				•••			•	
Orlandini	✕			✕			✕	•	/
Payson	✓			✕			✕		
Pierce			/	✕					/
Putnam, E.	✕	•		✓				•	
Richardson, H.		•	/		•		✕	••	/
Sanger	✓			✕			✕		
Stackpole	✓			✕			✕	•	
Williams	✓			✓			✕	•	
Woodbridge		•••		✕	•		✕	••	
	11	12	5	20	17	1	19	19	11

Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
T.H.W.	✓			✕			✕		
J.T.L.	✕				•		✕		
L.C.Z.	✕		/	✕			✕		
R.S.C.	✓			✕			✕		
P.S.		•			•		✕	•••	
Batchelder	✓			✓			✕		
Carey	✕	•••		✕	•		✕		
Corning, J.		••	/	✕	••		✕	•	
Crane	✓			✕	•		✳		
Dalton	✕	•		✕					
Degen	✓			✕	•		✕	•••	
Dana	✕				••••		✕	•	
Dodge	✕			✕	•		✕	••	
Driver	✓			✓				•••	
Edwards	✕			✕			✓		
Hare	✓			✕			✓		
Hutchinson	✕	•		✓			✕		
Kelley	✓				•		✕		
Newhall	✓			✓			✕		
Peters	✓			✕			✓		
Putnam, S.	✕	••		✕	•		✕	•	
Richards	✓			✕	•		✕		
Richardson, C.	✕			✕	•		✕	•	
Shields	✕	•		✕			✕		
Thompson			/		•		✕		
Thurber	✓			✕	••		✓		
Wrenn	✕							•	
	12	11	3	17	19	0	19	18	0

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) not suggested to him pretty forcibly that there was the line and he had better get across it.

L.T. made the best score in shots for the afternoon, with eight. Dana had the best figure for one game, with four. In making runs, G.M.I. heads the list, with one for each game.

We had a visitor on each side, and everyone was in the game except H.H.R., who had such a cold in his larynx that he could not shoot, and coughed so that he was sure to be shot. In other words, his bark was more effective than his bite.

Two Algonquins missed the all-in at the end of the first game, but were rounded up and relaid in time.

After supper the Iroquois had a dope-talk, and the Algonquins finished "Rudder Grange."

Then came "Dumb Crambo", at which we were so clever that we had time for six different words: spine, skin, wile (what we acted was meant for guile), grit, might, and state.

A good many weary scouts went to bed with the chickens, but those that survived went on with the "White Mice". No, White Mice is not a half-past nine game.

Camp Williwaw, July 25th, 1921

Camp Williwaw was an eventful one in every way, and like every other camping trip, except for the single event which gives it its name. We went to the well-known camping place on the southernmost point on the western shore of Long Pond. As all who have been there know, it has ready made fireplaces and a bed of fine boughs, between two trees adjusted the right distance apart for the tent, so that pitching camp is the work of only a few minutes.

Our little party consisted of J. T. L., Bobby Dana, and Marshal Dodge in the Yawnerschooner, and Reub Lowell, Tony Batchelder, and Sumner Putnam in the Williwaw. We arrived at our destination shortly after one o'clock, having made a brief stop for lunch on a little island, which we named Dog's Head Island, on account of a great rock, about a hundred yards from where we sat, which looked

extraordinarily like a big St. Bernard dog swimming "inward."
&c.

Upon our arrival the first thing we did was to take a most welcome swim, for the row down Long Pond had been a hard one against a stiff head wind and under a blazing sun. After this swim we unpacked the duffel and set up the tent. At this point we discovered a very sad fact, namely, that the mosquito netting had been left behind, owing to a lack of co-operation between T. T. L. and L. T. in the last hectic moments before starting. But there was nothing to be done about it, and we prepared to go fishing. We caught no fish, but had a really exciting time catching grasshoppers for bait in a little grassy, open place across the pond.

We got back to camp about five o'clock, and immediately set to work cooking a very good supper of fried potatoes, baked beans, bacon and cocoa. When we had finished and washed up and waited the regulation hour after eating, we took another swim, and then as night came on we gathered round the fire for ghost stories. Everybody told at least one story, which was made particularly effective by the

uncanny hoot of an owl in the distance and the laughing of a loon on the lake.

At last we turned in for the night, at exactly what time I do not know for the only watch in the party had stopped. J. T. L. and Bobby decided to sleep out by the fire, while the rest chose to sleep in the tent.

In spite of the absence of mosquito netting we all managed to sleep well and were up bright and early the next morning. After a short swim and breakfast, we rolled up the tent and packed most of the duffle, and then started on an exploring trip in the boats. We rowed about a mile down Belgrade Stream, and then landed and climbed up and over the ridge on the east to a clearing looking down stream, where we got a nice view and were able to find out the time and set the watch.

We got back to camp in time for a good swim, at which Balch invented a new game. This consisted of all but one putting their heads under water, while the remaining one shouted something. Then the submerged ones would raise their heads and try to guess what he had said from

the echo, which was remarkably clear. When we had sufficiently amused ourselves with this thrilling game, we cooked lunch and then started home.

As far as the Mills we had an easy time, for there was hardly any wind. But by the time we had reached the Mills, big, black thunderclouds were just becoming visible in the northwest. We made the camp as fast as possible, a little too fast as we later found out, hoping to get home before the storm hit us. But we were scarcely half way to Monkey Point when the wind began to come up, and within two or three minutes we found ourselves in the middle of a real, honest-to-goodness williwaw. We did not know that a storm could travel so fast. To round the point, which meant rowing up into the wind, was out of the question, so we headed for its western shore. Sumner Pond lost his paddle in the excitement, and for some reason his crew did not stop to pick it up. But we managed to land without any further mishap. We were all soaking wet, and when we came to put on our sweaters, we discovered that in our hurry to leave the Mills before the mad storm came, we had left several of them behind. The

worst part of the storm was soon past, but the water on the east side of the point, the side toward camp, remained pretty rough, while curiously enough, the water on the other side calmed down much sooner. So J. J. L. and Rembrandt with Polly as cox rowed back to the mills for the boat trailers. We found them all right, and were held up again, for ten or fifteen minutes by a heavy torrent of rain that followed the wind. As soon as the rain eased up, we went back to Monkey Point, picked up the others, and headed once more for Merryweather. The wind and rain had entirely gone now and the sun came out once more for a few minutes before setting. At last we reached home about half-past seven, tired and wet, and quite ready for supper.

FRIDAY, July 29, Overcast Warm, Calm. Night spatters.

This morning friend Reuben got up somewhat earlier than usual, not wholly unassisted.

We did not see the performance, but we understand that he went into the pond with some speed.

At morning reading we finished "Grizzly Adams", and began "The Pioneers of France in the New World."

Two departures this morning, but luckily both were only for a short time. Miss Boardman went on the morning train, toattend Rosamond Bennett's wedding, and L.C.Z. took the afternoon train for the same reason.

The great camping trip that is posted above went off in great style. In consequence we sat hit or miss at dinner, and had the funniest little Tink that ever was seen. Only one sedtion of table.

During afternoon reading some of us saw a very curious sight; a little myrtle warbler, feeding a great cowbird three times as big as herself. Often when a cowbird lays its egg in a nest, the owner of the nest deserts, or builds a second story for her own eggs, leaving the strange egg to addle. But this was a bird with a sense of duty. And though the "calf-bird" was full-fledged, and could fly perfectly well, she was scuttling about getting bugs forit, while it sat on the Infirmary roof and squawked for more. It was really very funny.

It had been very hot all the morning, and was still pretty warm, but we trusted in the afternoon breeze, and went off for supper, according to the list on the next page.

Double Camping Trip
July 29th

Start 11:30
Return 10:45

Hale
Hare
Hines
Hunnewell
Kelley
Orlandini
Pierce
Shields
Thompson
Wrenn

H.T.K. P.S.

Williwaw
Yammerschooner
Erebus
Terror

FRIDAY (Cont'd.)

SUPPER-OUT EXPEDITIONS.

LORD'S HILL.

OUANANICHE.

J.G.W.
Batchelder H.B.
Thurber Crane
Dana Dodge
Davis MacLeod
Payson S.Putnam
J.C.R.,H.R.(small portion)
T.R.(G.S.),Haskell
Newhall,Richards
Peters,Sanger
C.Richardson

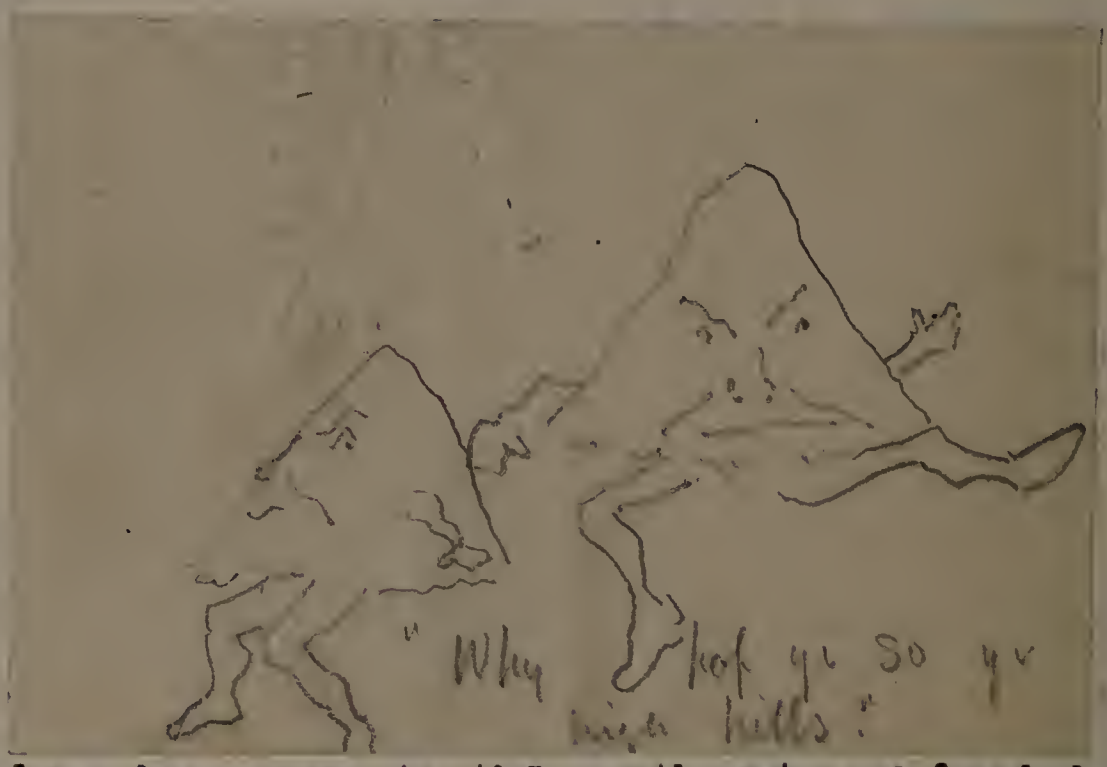
AEOL.

H.H.R.
Driver
Edwards
M.P.

BACKWARD CLIMBING.

TOGUS.	EBEN.	CORKER.
G.M.I.	S.B.D.	L.T.
E.Putnam	Albree	Dalton
H.Rich.	Carey	Hutchinson
A.M.R.	Degen	Lowell

PANTASQTE.	IDENTICAL.	F. & J.
Corning	Jencks	T.H.W.III
Woodbridge	R.S.C.	J.T.L.
Birckhead	R.R.	Williams
Cheever	Stackpole	



The Lord's Hillers bore away to the southwest,and landed at the usual picnic place.Thence most of them footed it up to the main road,and so along past the corner,and up to the top of the hill, like Tam Pierce.There wasn't much distant view,of course,on such a smoky day,but it is always a pretty place.Then,feeling energetic,they went round to the south and southeast,by Stuart's Pond,Hamilton Pond,and Pitcher Pond,across Bog Brook,and so back to the landing.About eight miles,and not a bad walk for some of those who are short and fat.Then came supper,and home before a favoring wind.For J.G.W. had had a consultation with Aeolus,and knew before he headed south what the wind was going to do.It is always well to settle these matters when you can.

The Backward Climbers headed for the Tiber,and cruised up

FRIDAY (Cont'd.) that noble stream to the usual landing.On reaching the road,the most striking feature in the landscape was a huge elm,which had come down in our canoe-test wind.It had taken up half a front lawn with it,and had blocked the road completely for some hours.

We went west past St.Peter's,and then took the road north;for our backward climbing was climbing up the back of Tracy's Bluff.On the way we saw a red squirrel eating a large white toadstool.He looked as if he had an ermine muff,it was so fuzzy where he had chewed it.

When we reached the pretty ledges,we found that the spring had been enlarged,so we had a welcome drink all round,using Birckhead's canteen for a cup.From there the climb is short, and we were soon swinging our legs over the cliff.

Most of the party came back by the road,but G.M.I. and A.M.R. went down to the old landing to look for a lost sweater.They did not find it,but by going on across the Balsam Brook Bridge they were only a few minutes behind the rest.

We found a head wind awaiting us,as we rather expected, but we kept to our plan,and pulled out to Crooked Island for supper.It is a delightful place,and we took ten minutes for digestion after supper,while T.H.W. and L.T. sang to us.

Coming home we cut round Shute Island,to save a lee,but all the same we got pretty wet.It was interesting to find that the Flotsam and Jetsam,which had been a brute all the way up,went very well into the wind,with a slight change of weights,and led the rangeleys all the way.

A good many went to bed with the half-past eighters,but we had enough for a good game of Blackboard Relay.We give

FRIDAY (Cont'd.) some of the results.

Oh the big cow dances.

It is very fat to-day. (The cow?Perhaps.)

A cow is not here.

We are not here long.

We got tired of cows,and voted to have no words of less than two syllables.This livened things up a good deal,as you can see:

Belgrade Centre cannot have acorns.

Mister Thurber galloped into Boston.

After dinner never swallow oranges.

Many people gather dogfish daily.

Harken to the buckets spanking soundly.

People happen swiftly over hill-tops.

We don't know what is the matter with the oaks in Belgrade Centre,and we are puzzled by the mystic word about the buckets,but it was a fine game.

TWINKLETS.

Twinkle,twinkle,Pointers all!
How your pride has had a fall,
If,as I have heard it said,
Some of you require a Bed!!!

Twinkle,twinkle,Mr.Terry!
You are big and blithe and merry;
But you'll surely come to hurt
With no shoulder to your shirt.

Twinkle,twinkle,Jacky Hutch!
Say,why do you talk so much?
Give us a change,loquacious elf,
And talk a little to yourself.

Twinkle,twinkle,Harry Pay!
Why do you wear your hair that way?
Just cut it short and part it straight,
And you may have a beauteous pate!

Twinkle,twinkle,Christopher,
You've become a murderer.
Pray,when scouting next is tried,
Shoot one on the other side.

NORTHWEST.

Every heart is light and gay
When the West breaks through.
We would rather sing than say,
When the West breaks through.
Fling away your cares and woes;
Cast your troubles to the crows;
For the world is on its toes,
When the West breaks through!

L.E.R.

SATURDAY, July 30, Fair, Warm, Westerly. Yesterday the weather report got lost, but this time Dicky Hale was on a camping trip, so it didn't get made. It was cooler in the morning than it has been for some days, and cooler again at night, for which we were thankful.

Good wrestling this morning. Driver downed Hutchinson, though Hutchinson outweighed him, after a lively bout.

Peters and Haskell spent most of the time on their feet, but finally Andy got his adversary down.

Dalton had little difficulty with Albree.

The encounter between H. Richardson and S. Putnam was a fierce one, the former finally winning.

E. Putnam was too much for Carey, though the latter did some good rolling.

The heavy-weight match between MacLeod and Dodge was settled by pounds rather than by skill, MacLeod finally settling like a mountain on Dodge's shoulders.

The Woodbridge-Degen bout ended in a draw, after much dancing about.

Jencks had a lively encounter with Dana, but finally got him down.

Our campers, otherwise to be known as the Animals' Fair, came home in great form. They had had a fine time, and climbed the steep face of Rocky, which has not been done often, especially of late years. They had four real animals along, Ox, Frog, Hare, and Wrenn, and the rest became animals for the occasion.

Three singles out at swim to-day. Thurber made his first attempt, and we think he stayed in. There is also much canoe practice every day. Next time we have a big wind there ought to be somehting doing.

SATURDAY (Cont'd.)

MINOR LEAGUE GAME.
BEETLES VS. BUGS.

This was certainly the best junior game, if not the best game of any kind, that we have had this year. The two pitchers were even on strike-outs and passes; and though Reuben allowed more hits, the twi big hits of the afternoon, three-baggers by P.S. and Corning, were made off Dana.

The Bugs got the jump, with three runs in the first inning, and added one in the third, while the score of the Beetles remained blank. In the fourth, however, Hutchinson came home, and then the fun began. There was no merry-go-round performance, but here a run and there a run, till in the sixth the score was tied, 5-5. In the seventh only one man for each got on at all. Lowell was left on third, and H.T.K. was cut off at the plate by a throw from short. In the eighth the Beetles brought three men across, and though the Bugs got one in the ninth, they could not tie the score again. So it ended, 6-6.

There were various exciting moments which we have not mentioned. In the second Dana ended the half by a gallery one-hand catch, retiring the side.

In the sixth, when the Beetles had two men down, they tied the score by two timely hits and a muffed third strike. It pays to run on your third.

Batting Honors.

G.M.I.	.500
S.B.D.	.666
S.Putnam	.333
P.S.	.250
Corning	.200
Dalton	.200
Driver	.200
Lowell	.200

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) The pudding-ball game, which took most of the rest, was also very exciting, with a close score most of the time. In the ninth, howver, L.T.'s team ran five men across the plate, thus winning 16-7. L.T., Jencks, Orlandini, Haskell, and Davis each made two runs.

Payson and Hunnewell spent the afternoon fishing for the aquarium. J.G.W. went fishing, but for once had no luck.

One arrival this afternoon; our August lady, who is most welcome.

Ellen Gardiner Atwood

Meredith Hare had another a cake to-day, and a beauty, which he shared with ladies, faculty, prefects, and guests. Many thanks.

CHARADES.

FORBIDDEN. The ~~first scene~~ was on the golf links. Woodbridge and Driver holed out successfully, and then came ~~J.R.C.~~ J.C.R., a distracting novice, with H.T.K. trying to teach her. She was not very teachable, and we did not wonder that the players behind, after much shouting of "Fore" finally got disagreeable. Next came an auction, with H.H.R. as auctioneer. The bidding was lively, especially when it came to Mr. Judkins's last jug of whiskey. for the third, T.H.W. was a terrible Nebuchadnezzar, Hefty a calm and dignified Daniel. We could not identify the various lions, but they behaved extremely well. The whole word was lovely. Mrs. Albree put the jam high out of reach, and warned the children not to touch it. But Ox, naughty little fellow, climbed up on a chair and emptied the pot. Then his mother caught him, and laying him over her knee, spanked him till he roared.

CAITIFF. The first scene (cate) showed J.G.W. as an Eastern potentate, entertaining R.S.C., Shields, and Thurber. There was much talk of food; Red Sea lobsters, and a choice mixture of goat's milk and wine, with cheese on top. But the great thing was a wonderful

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) cake,which they ate in huge quantities.The scene then shifted to Sparta,with R.S.C.,Shields,Thurber,E.Putnam, and C.Richardson as ephors.To them enter J.G.W.,the envoy from Athens,the Hub of Ancient Greece,demanding aid,and threatening all sorts of vengeance if it were not given.The chief ephor,like the unknown poet in "Alice in Wonderland", answered "If."Last came a duel.J.G.W.,badly scared,was urged by his second,Thurber,to try a trick which was against the rules.His adversary,Shields,too honorable to strike a man who had slipped and fallen,was killed;and we ought to have had for accompanying music what "Punch" calls the "dirty mean trick motif."

HURRICANE. At first the ticket-office seemed very calm, with S.B.D. reading his paper,and passengers waiting.But when Sum and Frog started to go to Fourway Lodge for their honeymoon,they had only thirty seconds,and had to make a bolt for it.Hutchinson seemed peculiarly fitted for the part of the train announcer,as he could make all the noise that he wanted to.The third scene was the murder from "Jekyll and Hyde",with G.M.I.,really a horrible figure,killing J.T.L.Last came the wreck of the Hesperus,with G.M.I. as the Skipper, and Hines as the hapless maiden.

ESCAPADE. This began with gloom too.Batchelder came in,very stern,followed by P.S. and Lowell,dragging in Corning,bound and helpless."Let him stay there till he rots" was the grim command.But Jencks,the sentry,slept at his post,and the prisoner had a knife hidden in his stocking.To rid himself of his bonds was the work of a moment,and to stab the sleeping sentry and pick the lock did not take much longer.For "aid"

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) we had a quicksand, from which Hank was rescued with heroic effort and a rope. The whole word was a school scene, over which Bancroft Davis presided. His class was not brilliant. They could not spell at all, and Thompson said that the four seasons were vinegar, pepper, salt, and mustard. Finally Hank, who had gone out to get a drink, lassoed the professor and his chair, and tipped him over, and the school bolted.

And then we went on with the "White Mice."

Beetles vs. Bugs of July 30 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
0	0		1 Driver	7	0 f1			0 1-3		(K) 2-3							5-	1	1
0	0		2 Plumber	9		K		0 4 E				0 6					5-	1	0
3	4		3 G. M. 1.	4			1-6 0										5-	2	4
1	5-		4 S. B. D.	5-													3	3	2
0	0		5 Dallas	8	K		K		7-3	6-3		0 f-3					6-	0	1
7	2		6 F. Palmer	2	K				0 3	0 1-3							4	0	0
13	0		7 H. T. K.	3		0 1-3	0 1-3				6 9 E	0 1-3					5-	0	0
1	1		8 Hulsebus	6					0 3		2-6 0 E						3	1	0
2	4		9 Dana	1		0 f-3		0 f-7		0 1-3	0 f-1						4	0	0
			10																
			11																
27	16		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	0	0	0	0	1	1	2	5	0	3			39	8	8

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				4	6	1-b. on errors.			

Bugs vs. Beetles of July 30 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
3	2		1 F. Palmer	6								0 f-6					3	1	1
6	2		2 N. Rich.	2	5-3 E	0 5-3		0 1-3				4-3					5-	0	6
1	0		3 Woodbridge	4	0 1-3	f-1		0 1-3		0 f-4			5-3				5-	0	0
1	0		4 Canning	5-			0 f-1				5-3						5-	3	1
2	6		5 Lowell	1			0 5-3		1-4				2-3				3	1	0
10	0		6 R. S. C.	3					0 2		1-3		4-3				5-	1	1
0	0		7 P. S.	8	4-3				2-4 0		K						4	0	1
1	1		8 Hunt	7			4-3			5- E							4	0	0
0	0		9 Shields	9		K		K		K		K					4	0	0
			10																
			11																
24	11		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	3	3	0	3	1	4	0	4	1	3	0	5	38	6	4

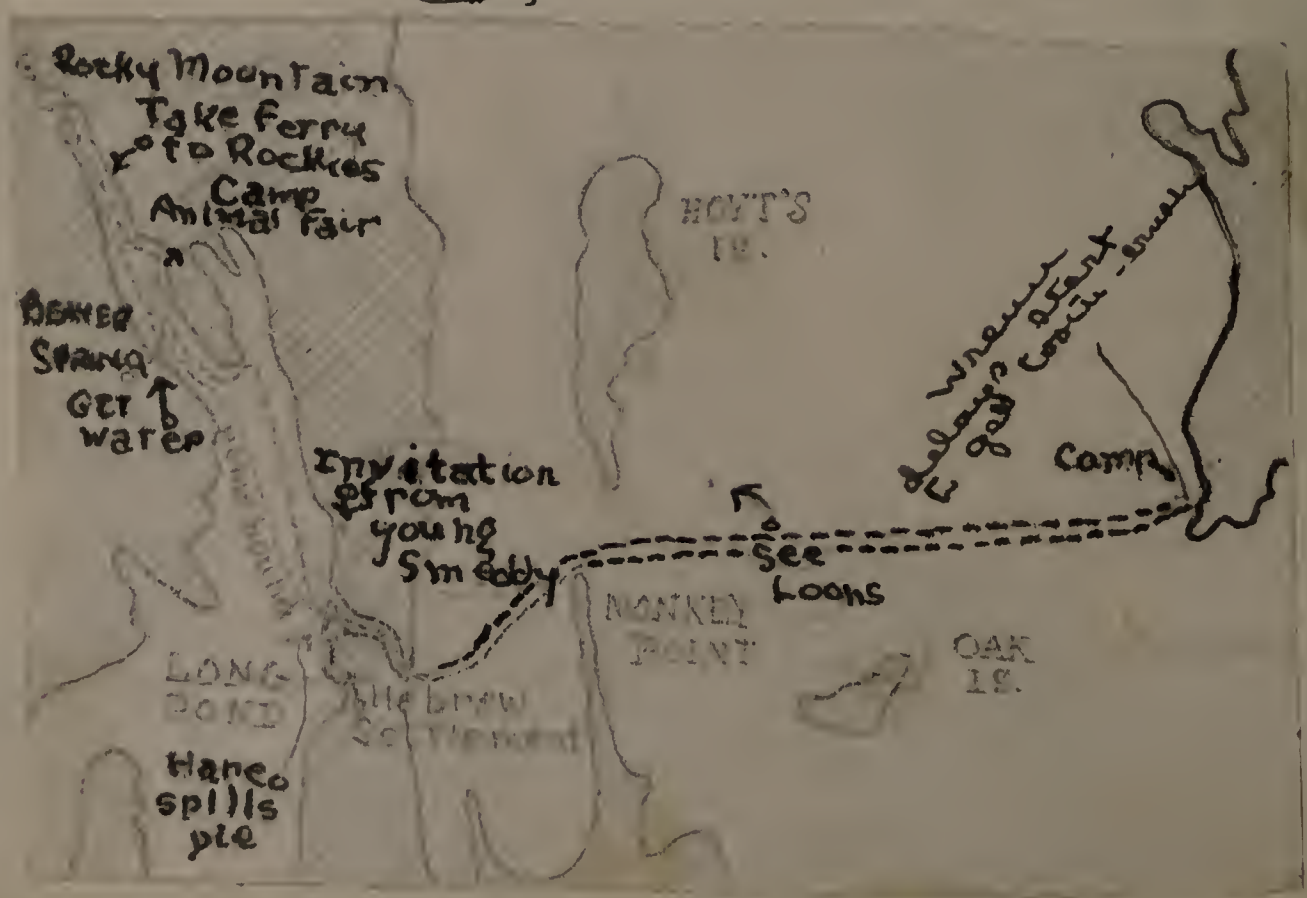
Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				4	6	1-b. on errors.			2

Camp Annual Fair

At eleven o'clock on Friday July 29th the dopesters were completely fooled by the appearance of a list announcing a double camping trip. A glance at said list will suffice to reveal the fact that the personnel of the party was decidedly of an animalistic nature. For behold! We had with us an Ox, a Frog, a Worm and a Hare to start with, to say nothing of the missing link (Pliocanthropos Erectus) - P.S., not leaving out the lady bug (Dominia Beetula) - Percy, nor omitting the chattering Sahara Ape (ﻳﻪ ﻫﻪ ﻫﻪ) - Orlandini, or forgetting the genial Razorback (Porcus Barbaricus - Western U.S.) - Kelley, nor failing to mention the Long Island Casino Double Shielded Tortoise (Bleeludonia) - Shields, not overlooking or underestimating that famous species of the South German Police Dog (Königlicher Kaiserlicher Bairischer Polizeihund) - Hunnewell, not duo-recollecting the Thompson Porcupine (ἐχῖνος τομῖτικος), nor unremembering the studious little Secretary Bird (avis secretarica) - Hale.

Here the explanation - Feeble Attempt.
Oh yes! I almost forgot to mention the possibly potent fact that we took a trip of which an accurate description may be found in any other camping trip memorabilia. In other words the expedition was uneventful and incidents of paramount importance were conspicuous by their absence. We started out sans the customary impedimenta often times ingeniously inserted by our red-blooded specimens of American boyhood to harass the unsuspecting camper. The comfort and style of the camps were dwelt at all times uppermost in the minds of those in charge, and the joints of soap, tooth brushing instruction and nail file drill which occupied the major portion of their sojourn in the open (circular upon request). A glance below will sufficiently explain our route and points of interest along the way, also the very few incidents of importance.

Finis



SUNDAY, July 31, B.26,90" T.71' Foggy, Westerly.

This morning Joe and Jerry went off to dine with the Smedbergs, on Long Pond. It sounds rather like "The Western Islands", for they certainly headed west.

Heavy shower p.m.

SHELL HUNTERS.

Thurber
Hines
Woodbridge — J.G.W., L.T.
Hutchinson
Hunnewell
Lowell

RUNS.

A	B	C
J.T.L.	H.B.	P.S.
R.S.C.	H.T.K.	Crane
Corning	Batchelder	Dodge
Albree	Carey	Haskell
Davis	Cheever	Kelley
Degen	Dalton	MacLeod
Driver	Dana	Newhall
Jencks	Edwrds	Peters
Pierce	Hale	Richards
E.Putnam	Hare	Williams
S.Putnam	Orlandini	Birckhead
H.Richardson	Payson	
Shields	Sanger	
	Stackpole	
	Thompson	
	Wrenn	

The shell hunters were out for rowing practice, under instruction of J.G.W. and L.T.Hines, Woodbridge, and Hutchinson stayed in, the latter being a very cautious preformer. The others had varying fortunes.

The A runners went over to Goose Beach, and home by the Pine Beach road and the path. They did good work, especially Driver.

B ran to the post-office, down to Snug Harbor, and home by Bartlett's wood-road. Cheever came in first, and it is reported that Wrenn should really be in A. Some lagged pretty badly.

SUNDAY (Cont'd.) C followed the same general direction as A, but did not go so far, turning off at Pine Beach and coming home by the path. Birckhead should be promoted to B.

When all were duly exercised, and there had been a swim, we set out for the pine parlor. The weather was doubtful, and it rained a bit now and then, but with a roaring fire and good hot cocoa we didn't care. We had L.C.Z. back from the wedding, too. There was time for "The Secret Chamber", and two or three songs before we trotted home.

And hardly had we got in, and begun our hymns, when the storm broke with a bang and a crash. There was hasty shutting of windows and tying of tents, but most of us sang valiantly on. And by half-past eight it had practically stopped. We think Charlie Richardson, our new weather-man, timed things very nicely.

Our story was "The Devil and the Deep Sea."

Just when it began to blow during the night I don't know, but blow it did; the real old nor'hwest wind, that we have been waiting for all summer.

MONDAY, Aug.1, B.28.75" T.59' N.W. Clear, Cool.

Real northwest at last, and a rearer. It slacked a little at intervals, but all day it blew so hard that there was no question as to the advisability of staying on land.

This morning J.G.W. began telling us about Japan, where he spent some months just before the war.

No squads to-day, as pretty much the whole morning was taken up with canoe tests. It takes time to run twelve canoe tests, even if some do not get very far. At the time the wind was really terrific, and it is not to be wondered at that a good many were not successful. Hearty congratulations to R.S.C, who did pass, and better luck next time to the others.

John Corning went back to Bangor to-day, after serving as stake-boat for the canoe test most of the morning.

Swim was short but fine. No addy-humps, as it was cool, but general four-forties.

Between swim and dinner Bobby Dana departed by automobile, with all his goods stowed around him. He didn't even roll his blankets, but bundled them in any old way.

To offset these departures there were arrivals. First (I think) came Mrs. Phillips, to spend the night. She brought good news of Jack, who is just starting off for the Allegash.

Eleanor H. Phillips

Then came the first of the August boys, the two Millers. Both have grown, and Fay is quite preposterously tall.

Francis Fay Miller
Donald H. Miller

Last came our returned wedding guest, I.B.; so we are a nice big family.

The afternoon was taken up with three extensive treasure

MONDAY (Cont'd.) hunts.We give the lists,and the order of march.

A.	B.	C.
S.B.D.	H.T.K.	G.M.I.
Albree	R.S.C.	P.S.
Degen	Batchelder	Crane
Driver	Carey	Haskell
Jencks	Cheever	Dodge
E.Putnam	Dalton	Kelley
S.Putnam	Edwards	MacLeod
H.Richardson	Hale	Newhall
Shields	Hare	Peters
Lowell	Orlandini	Richards
Thurber	Payson	Williams
Woodbridge	Sanger	Birckhead
Hutchinson	Pierce	
	Stackpole	
	Thompson	
	Wrenn	

The Agile A's went first to Bartlett's sign-post,and were referred back to the shop.Then they went out to the jumping-off place, and back to the Point.Their fifth clue took them to the schoolhouse, where they called a halt and kept school for a while,S.B.D.acting as teacher,and opening the session by singing "My Mother told me." Their pace at starting was made very fast,as someone threw a stone into a hornet's nest.They came back to the Memorial,and then got their treasure up in the bone yard.While here they got in touch with a lone boy from Camp Kennebec,who thought he would take a short cut while the rest of his bunch went by road.He didn't seem to know where he was at,and decided to go back to camp.When asked if he wouldn't be missed,he said,"Oh no,not till bed time."

The Bouncing B's set out for the pond on the hill,which some od them had learned about last time.Then they came back to the s scouting cup,which was not hard to find.Then it was back to the schoolhouse,but they had no school,perhaps because they had to go on to Goose Beach,and home by way of the Jumping-off place.They ran their treasure to earth in the Box.

The Charging C's charged up to Fourway,and then back to third

MONDAY (Cont'd.) base.From here they were sent to the northeast corner of the scouting field,out to Cook's beach,back to Camp for a look at the yachting cup,up to the Jumping-off place,and so back to the old North Dormitory attic,where their treasure awaited them.

No afternoon swim,as it pretty cold,in the water and out of it.

Games on the Hill warmed everyone up,and then came "Earth, Air,and Water."Someone didn't see why Pantasote would not do as well as Ouananiche,but live and learn.

We stopped our game a bit early,and Mrs.Phillips sang for us most delightfully.

Then came half-past nine Boston;a wild game,especially when Ox was in the middle.The prize performance in guessing wrong came from the man who felt of J.G.W. and then said Thurber.

TUESDAY, Aug.2, B.29.60" T.59' W. Fair.

The wind had gone down a good deal,but it was still fine and brisk.Not much need of driving people out at first swim.

Much departing this morning.Mrs.Dick and the boys left, also Mrs.Phillips.Too bad they could not all stay longer.

At afternoon reading we finished "The House of the Wolf".It seems a little unlikely that the villain should let his rival go when he had him in his power,but that really happened.

Two soccer games were the main occupation of the afternoon. The senior game,Flotsams versus Jetsoms,ended in a tie,1-1.They played an extra five minutes,but could not untie themselves.

The junior game was not so close,though exciting.Thompson's team beat Carey's,3-1.

While the senior game was in progress a select company went round to the lagoon,and brought back a good catch,including a three-inch pout.

At Digestion Club we began "The Brick Moon."

Our half-past eight games were "Chicken-Me Chicken-Me",and a wild round of Indoor Wolf.Albree was called MacLeod,Dodge was called Williams,S.B.D. was called first F.Miller and then Driver, and Driver was called Williams.

After that the half-past niners went on with the White Mice.

There was a beautiful aurora tonight;not very wide,but very bright,especially along in the middle of the night,when we woke up cold and felt for the other blanket.

A CAMP ALPHABET.

A is for Albree, who calls upon aunts.

B is Birckhead, whom a murdered friend haunts.

C is for Charlie, who busted his toe.

D is for Dana, who early did go.

E is for Edwards, a Southerner bold.

F is F.Miller, whose height can't be told.

G is for Gardner, who hangs on the box.

H is for Hank, who lassoes us in flocks.

I is for Ives, whom we're glad to get back.

J is Jack Hutch, who doth cackle and quack.

K is for Kelley, who ought to lose weight.

L is for Lowell, who sleeps far too late.

M is MacLeodest; his weight's growing less.

N is Newhall, who at swim doth progress.

O is for Oxy; his shirt he did tear.

P is for Payson; just look at his hair!

Q is for Queer. We won't tell who he is.

R is for Richards, whose hat's in the Miz.

S is for Sanger, who seldom can spell.

T is for Thurber, who rows in a shell.

U is untidy. We've learned better now.

V is variety; plenty, I vow.

W's Wrenn, with his nose in his plate.

X the Unknown, who never is late.

Y is the Yard, which we have to pick up.

Z is the end, so I think I'll shut up.

SENIOR BATTING AVERAGES FOR JULY.

Name.	G.	A.B.	R.	H.	2.	3	4	B.B.	S.O.	Ave.
L.T.	4	16	6	12	6	3	0	1	1	.750
H.H.R.	1	3	0	2	0	0	0	0	1	.666
H.B.	4	17	3	11	2	1	0	1	1	.647
S.B.D.	4	17	11	9	5	0	1	1	0	.529
T.H.W.	4	17	9	9	1	2	0	1	3	.529
P.S.	4	16	1	7	0	0	0	1	2	.425
J.T.L.	4	17	6	7	0	0	0	0	1	.412
L.C.Z.	3	13	3	4	3	1	0	1	4	.308
Lowell	4	13	4	2	0	0	0	3	8	.157
H.T.K.	4	14	2	2	0	0	0	2	5	.143
Driver	4	14	3	2	0	0	0	1	6	.143
Shields	4	14	2	2	1	0	0	0	6	.143
S.Putnam	4	12	2	1	0	0	0	4	3	.083
E.Putnam	4	15	0	1	0	0	0	0	7	.066
R.S.C.	4	16	1	0	0	0	0	0	5	.000
Hines	4	17	4	0	0	0	0	1	4	.000
Thurber	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	5	.000
Hutchinson	2	8	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	.000
Carey	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Pierce	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	.000
			GUESTS.							
G.M.I.	2	6	3	4	1	0	0	0	2	.500
J.Corning	1	2	1	1	0	0	0	1	1	.500
P.W.S.	1	5	1	2	1	0	0	0	2	.400
H.Corning	1	5	1	1	1	0	0	0	1	.200

JUNIOR BATTING AVERAGES FOR JULY.

S.B.D.	4	16	12	9	3	2	0	4	0	.563
P.S.	3	15	6	6	0	1	0	0	3	.400
Driver	4	18	6	6	0	0	0	2	3	.333
Shields	2	7	1	2	1	0	0	1	5	.257
Dana	4	16	4	4	2	0	0	2	1	.250
Orlandini	1	8	3	2	0	0	0	2	2	.250
R.S.C.	4	20	4	4	1	0	0	0	1	.200
Lowell	4	15	7	3	1	0	0	5	4	.200
Thurber	4	19	6	3	0	0	0	1	3	.157
H.T.K.	4	20	4	3	1	0	0	0	6	.150
H.Richardson	4	20	5	3	0	0	0	0	4	.150
Dalton	4	18	0	2	0	0	0	0	7	.111
Hines	3	13	3	1	1	0	0	0	0	.077
S.Putnam	4	15	7	1	0	0	0	6	2	.066
Hutchinson	4	16	3	1	0	0	0	1	1	.063
Woodbridge	4	18	4	1	1	0	0	0	2	.055
E.Putnam	4	19	5	1	1	0	0	3	2	.053
Albree	1	2	1	0	0	0	0	1	2	.000
Carey	2	10	3	0	0	0	0	0	2	.000
Degen	2	7	0	0	0	0	0	2	6	.000
#			GUESTS.							
G.M.I.	1	5	2	4	0	0	0	0	0	.800
W.R.S.	1	6	1	2	2	0	0	0	0	.333
#Payson	1	6	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	.000

WEDNESDAY Aug.3, B.29.40 T.56' Calm Fair.

We approve of Charlie as a weather-man. He gives us splendid weather, and makes clear reports.

Much wrestling this morning.

Albree downed Peters without much difficulty.

Hare got Birckhead down, but the latter has improved since his last appearance.

D.Miller downed Degen in a fairly close bout, better than either of the first two.

Driver handled S.Putnam pretty quickly.

H.Richardson and Carey wrestled to a draw, in a very hot contest. At one time each had a toe hold on the other.

The bout between Hines and E.Putnam was also a very hot one, and inconclusive.

Orlandini was rather too much for Newhall, though the latter rolled pluckily.

Foresters are now working in the swamp, clearing it for scouting. Cover is all very well, but there are limits.

The first shell navigation squad in the history of the camp went out this morning, under command of J.G.W. It consisted of Hines, Hunnewell, Hutchinson, and Thurber. He took two at a time, the other two going along in a rangeley.

At swim all three shells and the pair-oar were out.

At afternoon reading we are having Frank Stockton, as we don't want to start on a whole new book till our August friends are all here.

MAJOR LEAGUE GAME.
CARPS Vs. DEMPS.

This game rather reversed the result of the big fight, for the Carps got a lead of five at the start, and added to it at intervals. There was much heavy hitting, and many errors at

WEDNESDAY awkward moments, which slowed the game a good deal.
(Cont'd.)
S.B.D. fanned twelve men, Lowell five. The Carps also out-batted their opponents.

Carey did well on his first appearance in senior ball, with a put-out and an assist in right field.

Only seven innings were played, as several of the players were feeling a bit off color.

Carps vs. Dennis of Aug. 3 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
0	0		1 Hunter	7													5	3	0
0	0		2 G. M. J.	6													5	3	3
0	3		3 S. B. D.	1													5	3	2
10	2		4 L. J.	2													5	3	4
1	0		5 J. J. L.	4													5	2	1
2	0		6 R. S. C.	3													4	1	0
2	0		E. Putnam	6		K											4	0	1
0	0		8 Shields	8	K		K										4	0	0
1	1		9 Carey	9													4	0	0
			10																
			11																
21	6		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	5	3	8	8	13	14	14	15					41	15	11
Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				2	12	1-b. on errors.													5	

Dennis vs. Carps of Aug. 3 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
2	2		1 F. C. J.	5	K		K		K								4	1	0
1	1		2 T. H. W.	4													4	2	3
4	4		3 H. B.	2			K										4	1	1
1	0		4 D. S.	7					K								4	0	0
11	0		5 H. T. K.	3						K	K						3	0	0
1	4		6 Lowell	1						K							3	1	1
0	0		7 Thurber	9				K		K							2	0	0
0	0		8 Driver	8		K		K									3	0	0
1	1		9 J. Putnam	6													3	0	0
			10																
			11																
21	12		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	1	1	2	0	2	0	2	0	2	3	5		30	5	5
Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				0	5	1-b. on errors.													1	2

WEDNESDAY (Cont.d)

BUG LEAGUE GAME.
SALES VS. COQUINS.

This game was rather closer, and the full number of innings was played. D. Miller stepped into Dana's place, and though he gave a good many passes, fanned a large number. Woodbridge had better control, and walked only three.

Sales vs. Coquins of ____ at ____

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
			1	Wheaton	5	K		1-3 D			1-3 D		4 3				
			2	McGinnis	2	4-3			K				4-3				
			3	Dana	3	K											
			4	Woodbridge	1		K				1-3						
			5	Cooke	8			K				K					
			6	Dana	4			K		K							
			7	Stubbs	9		K		K	K		K					
			8	Gilligan	6					K		0 1					
			9	McLeod	7		K		K		0		K				
			10														
			11														
				Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	0	2	3	2	3	1	1					

Coquins vs. Sales of ____ at ____

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
			1	Hale	7	K		K									
Richards			2	Lewis	8	K				K		K		K			
			3	Pierce	5	1-0				3D		0					
			4	[illegible]	6	1-0											
			5	[illegible]	4		K		K	3			K				
			6	[illegible]			K				K		K				
			7	Richardson	3		3-0				K						
			8	O'Connor				2-3	3-0		1-3 0		0				
			9	Miller D	1			K	K			K					
			10														
			11														
				Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	0	0	0	5	1	0	0	1				

The flea league was not performing to-day. Two crews went round to the lagoon, and came back with a huge pickerel, and such a [illegible]ch of pout that the pail was fairly black with them.

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) During the afternoon Mr.Peters arrived,and also Mrs.Hale.We kept them both to supper,and as much of the evening as we could.We couldn't keep Mr.and Mrs.Orlandini to supper,as they did not come till after we had finished,but they spent a good part of the evening.

FIFTH SING-SONG.

1. Overture,"Chopsticks".....P.S.,Wrenn,E.Putnam.
2. Song.....J.G.W.
3. Merryweather Quartette.....T.H.W.,L.C.Z.,L.T.,G.M.I., H.H.R.
4. Choruses.....Water Rats,Baseball Song,October.
5. Piano Solo,"L'Avalanche".....Davis.
6. Stunt,"Kafoozlum".....L.C.Z.,T.H.W.,G.M.I.,Dalton, S.Putnam.
7. Stunt.....J.G.W.,H.H.R.,Woodbridge, Hines,Thurber.

Camp Song.

It was such a brilliant occasion that it was too bad Dick Shields and Meredith Hare had to miss it;but they went off just before,to catch the Bar Harbor express.

Our overture was rendered by a band of wandering Bolsheviki, in peasant dress,with fierce moustaches.Their music was at times full of revolutionary spirit,but for the most part we recognized familiar strains,and familiar style.The third member of the troupe did not play,but he turned over pages with great mastery.

J.G.W.'s song was a thrilling ballad of his own,set to an old English tune.We shall give the words farther on.

The revival of the Merryweather Quartette is a notable event. They gave us "Daniel in the Lions' Den" (why did they leave out Moses?) and "Music in the Air." More next time,gentlemen.

Davis's solo was very good,and we wish he could have given us another one.As it was,we made him play it twice.

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) "Kafoozlum" is familiar to some of us,but its pathos never palls.T.H.W. was superb and terrifying as the Turk;really "a horrid beast".And did you appreciate his hookah?L.C.Z. as "a perfect lamb" was a hero to win any lady's heart.Only a Turk could have treated him so ferociously.As for G.M.I. in the role of the hapless heroine,words fail us.A vision of loveliness,enough to make a man risk being bow-strung any number of times.There could be no stronger proof of the horridness of the Baba than his cruelty to such a pair of lovers.S.Putnam and Dalton were capital in the part of the two slaves,and though not very large,they looked as fierce as an army.

J.G.W.'s stunt was a tale of ancient Japan;the defeat of Bengkei by the youthful Yoshitsune.J.G.W. took the part of narrator,telling us the story in inimitable Japanese.First we had Thurber,the sword-maker,and Hines as his assistant.To them entered Bengkei,a famous ronin,to buy a sword.(H.H.R. was superb in this character.) He was hard to suit,but finally chose one,to be paid for at some future time.In the second scene we had Bengkei on the war-path,stationed at the end of a bridge,bent on killing evry passer-by,to add to his score. First came Thurber,a blind man with a lantern;he was cut down at once.Hines next tripped by,a gay geisha girl,with a lute.(?) But youth and beauty did not save her.Nor did age and piety save J.G.W.,a very holy old priest.And as the bold warrior killed each one,he noted the fact on his score card. Last came Woodbridge as the Young Yoshitsune.He was not to be dealt with in any such summary fashion.He faced the giant sword in hand,and finally got him down.Then he marched off in

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) triumph,with the defeated Bengkei as his sword-bearer. It was a very fine play.As for the ease with which all spoke the Japanese language,we stand amazed.

There was one number that does not appear on the programme; a solo on the marshmallow,by Andy Peters.This was much applauded.

After all these excitements,it was good to listen to the "White Mice." (But I tried to do batting averages in the north end,and did them mostly wrong,so that I had to get up early and do them again.)

The Ballad of Witless James.

Oh the minstrels told of an ogre bold
A many years ago.
Oh! far and wide,o'er the country-side
That awful Ogre'd go.
He dearly love tb chase the stag,
And folk would shake from fear
When the sound of his horn on the north wind borne
In their humble cots they'd hear.
Gadzooks! They'd be in an awful fright!
Ta ra ra ra!

His habits were so wicked
And his doings were so base
That 'twould take a thousand folios
His evil course to trace.
He devoured beauteous maidens,
And he swallowed babies whole,
And he mixed his wine with strong men's gore,
Which he quaffed from his flowing bowl.
Od's fish! How he used to love his rum!
Ta ra ra ra!

Now news of his fell doings
Did at length e'en penetrate
To where Duke Paul with his vassals all
Did feast in regal state.
The Duke was very wrathy;
By his halidom he swore
That this most annoying ogre
Should play his pranks no more.
And he summoned his knights and squires
And demanded a champion,
Who alive or dead would bring the head
Of filthy Gongamon,
For so was this savage rascal called,
Ta ra ra ra!

And he promised a golden goblet,
And the hand of his daughter too
To the daring slashing gallant
Who would put the matter through.
Now Sir Gillamore and Tancred
They were hearty knights and hale,
But when they heard their master's word,
They both turned deathly pale.
Men at arms and squires did tremble,
And the ladies all did swoon,
And the knights developed sashes
From that dreadful soup at noon.
Od's blood! How they hurried to their beds!
Ta ra ra ra!

Now Witless James was jester
To this noble duke named Paul,
And the merriest fool that ever was seen
Within that royal hall.
He could twist just like a corkscrew,
And told many a witty jape,
With stumpy toes and pudgy nose,
And the face of a grinning ape.
By Zeus,but he had an awful mug!
Ta ra rara!

Now when all the folk had vanished
From the hall of panelled oak,
Witless James he shook his cap and bells,
And to the Duke he spoke.
"I care naught for golden goblets,
And your daughter--humph! he he!
But I'll get ~~at this~~ the goat of Gongamon,
Though Witless James I be."
And so saying he did turn his back,
The chronicler so tells,
And he vanished in the darkness
Mid the tinkling of his bells.
And his bells softly tinked on hiw way;
Ting tang ting tang!

Now Gongamon had supped well,
And sat in his libraree,
And his club,which lay beside him,
Was terrible to see.

As he dozed,his steward came to him
And spoke respectfully:
"There's a funny man outside,sir,
Whom my lord might like to see."
"Bring him in, then,"quoth the ogre,
"And be quick about it,too.
'Tis true,he might amuse me,
And if not,the worse for you!"
And he growled as the steward left the hall;
Boo-oo-oo-oo.

Then in stalked Witless Jamey,
And he looked so lamk and thin
That o'er the face of Gongamon
There came a sicky grin.
Then Witless James began to dance,
And in a little while
The ogre's sickly grin had spread
Into a beaming smile.
Then James he bleated like a goat,
And acted like a calf,
And he cackled like a clucking hen,
And Gongamon did laugh.
Then the Jester played his corkscrew trick,
And grovelled on the earth,
And the ogre shook with merriment
And bellowed loud with mirth.
Saint Dunstan! How the rafters did resound!
Boom boom boom boom!

Then Witless James did spin a yarn,
And on one foot did hop,
And Gongamon turned purple,
And pled with James to stop.
But James he kept a-hopping,
And he didn't stop a bit,
And the Ogre's belt it snapped in two,
And he tumbled in a fit.
Then James took out his pen-knife,
And he slit his jugular,
And the giant coughed and spluttered,
And he said,"Oh blub-grrrrrrr."
And then he kicked a bit and lay quite still;
Ta ra ra ra!

When Witless James with head in hand
Appeared before Duke Paul,
Great amazement fell upon the folk,
Alike on great and small.
He had rice pudding for breakfast,
And blueberry pie for lunch,
And he supped on apple dumplings,
Washed down with bowls of punch,
And lived till he died of Bright's disease,
Ta ra ra ra!

Now this tale it has a moral,
And this moral it is true;
And though not taught in colleges,
I'll tell it unto you.

The wise and great have trials,

That the foolish never know,

So what's the use of learning?

Let's all the fool's way go.

So we will all live on blueberry pie;

The wise they may moulder away and die,

In stupid musty learned cogitation.

J.G.W.

Aug.4, B.29.90" T.62' Clear, N.W.

When one has to let friends go, it is better to have a good day for them, and this was a wonder. First went the five train-goers, Sargent Cheever, Phil Dalton, Sum Putnam, Fred Kelley, and Sydney Williams. Pretty hard to let them go. With them, as escort, protector and chaperon, went L.T., looking bigger than ever, but he is coming right back tomorrow.

Orlando went by motor with his family, and they took Fred's suit-case, which he had forgotten, down to the station.

Mr. Peters took not only his Peter Rabbit, but G.M.I. and M.P. And that was pretty bad too.

Apart from all these departures, the chief event of the morning was the shaving of Harry Pierce, by a select faculty committee.

It is good to turn from departures to arrivals. Paul Haskell turned up before dinner; a half-past niner, but otherwise much the same. Paul T. Haskell Jr.

Gorham left after dinner, so we didn't have the two very long.

SUNDRY STUNTS.

CRUISE OF THE ARGO.

OUANANICHE

H.H.R.

Crane	Birckhead
Hale	Payson
Newhall	Sanger
Richards	Wrenn
Stackpole	C. Richardson

WANDERINGS OF THE TONSORIALITES.

J.T.L.
Batchelder
Dodge

TRACY'S FOURFLUSHERS.

J.G.W.	R.S.C.	L.C.Z.
Putnam	Hines	Driver
Thompson	Hutchinson	H. Richardson
Haskell	Lowell	P.S.

PANKUCHENBALLSPIELENVEREIN.

MENSHEVIKI.	BOLSHEVIKI.
H.B., capt.	T.H.W., capt.

The Argo went up Meadow Brook, rounded many curves, and was not able to take the cut we took last time. Her gallant crew brought back cat-tails, and enlarged their experiences a good deal.

THURSDAY, (Cont'd.) The Tonsorialites went to the Mills to get their hair cut, for fear they should be arrested for blocking the traffic. They were so exhausted by the terrific operation that they had to seek refreshment before they were in any state to paddle--or rather row--home.

The Fourflushers went up to Tracy's Bluff, climbed it, enjoyed the view, and came home. There are few pleasanter things to do of a fine afternoon.

The Pudding-ball game (we translate for the benefit of the younger brethren) was apparently the most thrilling game ever played. The spectators were carried off their feet with excitement, and when the score was tied in the ninth, it was superb. The game was so snappy that it ended at half-past four and another short one was played. This was rather an anti-climax, as sequels so often are, but altogether it was a fine afternoon.

Late in the afternoon came the main detachment of the August boys: Hamilton E. Heard. William A Tower J. S. Farnsworth Alfred R. Sumner. R. Lockwood Tower Arthur L. Hall Jr.

Lawrence comes tomorrow, and no one knows as yet whether the Reynoldses come or not. Fred has had an operation, and is still in hospital, poor old fellow.

Mrs. Sumner came with Alfred, and stayed to supper. Mrs. Hale had Dicky over to supper with her.

Games on the Hill, 8-30 Boston, and "White Mice" ended a merry day.

Larry Batchelder was called J.T.L., and then L.C.Z. Father Good for one evening.

FRIDAY, Aug.5, B.29.20" T.57' Calm Fair.

After four clear days it seemed almost absurd to hope for a fifth;but we had great confidence in Charlie as a weatherman,and there was some preliminary doping done last night.By the time reading began everyone had at least an idea that there was something in the wind.And sure enough,the list went up for an all-day expedition.

ROYAL,MUSKRAT,AND ROCKY.

ABOL.	TOGUS.	OUANANICHE.		EBEN.	CORKER.
R.S.C.	T.H.W.	L.C.Z.		J.G.W.	S.B.D.
Thompson	Driver	MacLeod	I.B.	Putnam	Hines
Wrenn	Hutch.	F.Miller	Payson	L.Tower	H.Richardson
Lowell	Heard	Carey	Haskell	Farnsworth	A.M.R.
Davis		Dsvis	Sanger		
		Sumner	W.Tower		
		R.R.			
		Birckhead			
		Newhall			

IDENTICAL	YAMMER	SCHOONER.	PANTASOTE.	EREBUS.	WILLIWAW.	TERROR.
P.S.	H.B.	H.T.K.	Edwards	J.T.L.	Woodbridge	
Degen	Jencks	Pierce	Hennewell	Batchelder	D.Miller	
Crane	Albree	E.G.A.	Thurber	Dodge	Hale	
C.Rich.	Hill	Richards		Stackpole		

We got away soon after ten,and had a dead calm more than half way across.When we rounded Monkey Point there was a light breeze from the south,but nothing to speak of.At the mouth of the stream we encountered two launches going fast in opposite directions, which rather disturbed some of the canoes,but nothing happened.

The carry took time,as it has to,and it was hard getting the Ouananiche past the sign-post of the B.L.Association,but at last we were in Long Pond,and off for Monataka.

We did not take time for a swim,but went right to work at food,which is always a serious matter.There was plenty of everything,and so much milk that we did not try to drink it all,but put some cans in the pond to keep cool,hoping that they would keep fresh till we came back.Milk tastes very good for supper, especially after you have been working.

The lists for the three trips had been arranged beforehand,

FRIDAY (Cont'd.) and shortly after dinner we divided as follows:

MUSKRAT.	ROYAL.	ROCKY.
J.G.W.	L.C.Z.	J.T.L.
H.B.	T.H.W.T.H.W.	P.S.
R.S.C.	S.B.D.	H.T.K.
A.M.R.	Albree	R.R.
Batchelder	Carey	I.B.
Davis	Driver	E.G.A.
Degen	Edwards	Birckhead
Farnsworth	Haskell	Crane
Heard	Hines	Dodge
Hutchinson	Jencks	Hale
Hunnewell	D.Miller	MacLeod
Lowell	Payson	Newhall
Pierce	Putnam	Richards
H.Richardson	Sanger	C.Richardson
Sumner	Thompson	Stackpole
Thurber	Woodbridge	Hill
L.Tower	W.Tower	F.Miller
Wrenn		

The Muskrats started at 12-45, and stepped up to Monataka. The Eatons are not there this summer, so the pump is out of commission. But we met some people in a Ford who were going out for a day's fishing, and taking their gander with them to give it a swim, as they had not a suitable pand for it at their place. They hoped it would not get away.

We went up the road to the north, parting from our Royalist friends, and kept along the road to the brook. Here we turned up the channel, through a perfect college of cardinals, till we reached the mouth of Muskrat Pond. There we waited while J.G.W. looked for the trail. He found it in a minute, and we took it, some of us breaking branches as we went, for the trail is never a very wide one, and we don't want to lose it. At the brook we had a good drink, and then began to go up. The good old slope gets no less steep, and all but J.G.W. were ready to stop now and then to look at the view. We saw the Rocky Mountaineers just getting up over the shoulder of their mountain, and waved hats and shirts, but they did not see us. At the top we sat a bit, and then some of us went over to the

FRIDAY, (Cont'd.) southwest to look at the mountains, and see if we could find a spring, of which some of us had heard. We found no spring, but the mountains were wonderful. Then we went to the north, to see the mountains, and look down on Kidder Pond. It took time to round up the party, as Lowell and Farnsworth had gone to sleep, but at last we came down, drank, and took to the trail. And then came the real excitement of the trip, for we took a right-hand branch, and got a different trail. We knew it, for we found no broken branches, but it was such a good trail that, as it was pretty good on direction, we kept to it. At last we came out in a clearing, and soon after in a beautiful sloping pasture right in front of Beaver, with a lonely Ford sitting in it. Across a meadow was a farmhouse. We made for the house, thinking at first to reach the road, but we soon realized that there was no highroad there. But there was a lane, and after following it through fields, and along stone walls, we came out in the back premises of the farmhouse opposite Kidde Hill. So we had discovered a new way to Muskrat, with practically no road walk at all. The trouble is, can we ever find it again? We were the first ones at the landing, getting back about 4-20, so there was plenty of time for a swim.

The Royalists were so near the Muskrats in the start that Alfr Alfred Sumner nearly got in the wrong party. They followed the road, which is parhaps the most beautiful road in Kennebec County, till they came to the long south field. By the way, in winter you can see that field plainly from Gardiner, twenty-five miles away. The climb was a hot one, and legs felt pretty stiff. They didn't get to the northwest ledge, but they got into the northwest fields, and had the glorious view. After all, you can't get on the back of Royal without seeing sometning pretty fine. But their ambitions were not satisfied; they pined for more worlds to conquer. So after

FRIDAY (Cont'd.) taking the road along the back for a while, they plunged down into the valley, and explored the good town of Vienna. (That is, we call it a good town, but there are those who say that there are a good many people in Vienna who are not too reliable with other people's property.) They had a good look at Flying Pond, with its bays and islands, and then came back up the long hill. It is a long walk to Vienna and back, but they had a drink now and then, and the crowd stood the pace well.

The Rocky Mountaineers went up to their Brook by rangeley, and there divided, P.S. taking a party up the steep side, while the rest went up from the south. They met on top, and had time for a good deal of poking about and exploring. They did not see the waving of the Muskrats, because they did not look at the right time. When they came down the boys went down to a handy point for a swim, and then all hands went in to Beaver Spring for a drink. By this time the wind had come up, and they had a fairly solid row back to Monataka, but they got there in time for supper.

Supper was good, and there was plenty of it. There is not any reason to fear that people have overdone when they tuck into their food in good style, so we did not worry.

After supper we had a few songs, and then turned the tiller for home. The south wind was pretty strong, and the landing was not very easy, but we made it all right, and certainly improved the time on our carry. While the boats were going over an attempt was made to get a pair of shoes for Ox, but it was impossible.

Coming home we kept to the shore from Monkey Point to

FRIDAY (Cont'd.) Runoia,cut across to Oak,and then came home in a fairly high sea.It was a great day,from beginning to end.

We found cocoa,tea,and coffee waiting for us;and though we did not really need them,they tasted very good.

The stay-at-homes had a peaceful day.They number was augmened by the next of our August boys,whose signature follows:

Amory A. Lawrence,

His mother brought him up,but did not stay long.

Later in the day L.T. came back,having deposited Sydney Williams safely with his family.

Four canoes from Camp Arcadia put in for refuge,for at one time it was a real canoe test wind.The party finally went home in a truck,leaving their babies--I mean their canoes--on the shore, two on each side of the Point.

After hot drinks,when the half-past eighters had gone to bed, we went to it,and finished "The White Mice."We have had a wonderful time with it.

SATURDAY Aug.6, B.29.50" T.62' S.W. Fair.

We did two things to-day that we generally do when it is raining;had half an hour of singing after morning reading,and built boats.It was a fine day;but if we waited for a rain to do a thing this year,it would be likely to go undone.

It was a lively swim,and E.G.A. and Lawrence both passed the test.Gorham Haskell having left,this leaves us for the time being with only one non-swimmer in camp.But when Stephen Reynolds and his cousin appear,as they are to do shortly,it may be different.

The afternoon was a mixed one.Five fishing-boats went out,but either it was too windy even for white perch,or the school was having vacation.

EREBWS.	WILLIWAW.	PANTASOTE.	IDENTICAL.	YAMMERSCHOONER.
J.G.W.	FarnsworthThurber		S.B.D.	Hines
Hale	Hunnewell	Heard	Pierce	D.Miller
Lawrence	L.Tower	Wrenn	Thompson	Edwards
3 perch				

Total number of fish,3.

The rest were divided into two groups,and alternated bteween boat-building and Skowhegan.

The first round of Skowhegan was very close.The Japs won all three games,but not by very wide margins.Runs were scattered,except in the third game,when Woodbridge,the sole survivor,beat it up and down till he made five runs.

The Lapps and Finns were not so evenly matched,the Finns winning all three games by big margins.Even allowing for some dullness of hearing in one or two of the younger ones,the victory would have been striking.As for the last game,in which every Lapp was killed in the first four minutes,it became an endurance race for the Finns,who trotted back and forth, shedding shirts as they warmed to it,till they had piled up

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) forty-two runs.

	Japs 1st Inn	2nd Inn	3rd Inn
H.B.	x•	⁘3	x
I.B.	x	x	x•
H.J.H.	x••	x	x•
H.Richardson	x••	x•	x⁚
E.Putnam	x⁚ 1	x••	x⁚•
Jenckes	x	x	x
Sawyer	x	x••	x
Lawson		x•	x 1.
Crane	x	x	x⁚ 1.
Brinkerhoff	x	x	x
	9 | 8 | 1	9 | 11 | 3	10 | 9 | 2

	Japs 1st Inn	2nd Inn	3rd Inn
T.	x•	x⁚ 3	x•
Fr. A	x•	x•	x
T.O.	3 1	x	x•
Wardwidge	x•	x⁚	⁚• 5
Driver	x•	x•	x
Degen	x	x	x•
Albee	x•	x•	x
Miller J.	••	x	x••
Mallard	x	x 2	x••
Hill	x	x 1.	x
	8 | 9 | 1	10 | 7 | 6	9 | 10 | 5

Lapps. Finns.

L.C.Z.	x	•••/	x	J.T.L.	••	• 4	⁚• 7
Lowell	x	x••1	x	R.S.C.	•-3	x• 3	6
Batchelder	x	x 1	x	Carey	5	x	⁚• 7
Newhall		x	x	Davis	x	x 3	x
Richards	x	x	x	Haskell	x	x••	• 5
Stackpole	x	x•	x	Hutchinson	x••	⁚⁚3	• 5
W.Tower	x•	x	x	Dodge		x	6
Sumner	x•	x	x•	C.Richardson	• 5	x 4	6
	7 | 2 | 0	7 | 6 | 2	8 | 1 | 0		3 | 7 | 13	6 | 8 | 17	1 | 8 | 42

After this, as the wind was high, we had some trials at the canoe test, but no one was successful. The sailing of the escorting rangeley, with the Squannacook across her bow for a sail, was a sight not to be forgotten. Talk about your hydroplanes!

And here I might as well tell the tale of Mr. Carr. He lost his

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) row-boat off behind Friday, and came over this morning to find her, leaving his motor-boat on our beach. Well, he found the boat and brought her over; but meantime the wind had risen, so he thought he would wait a while. Had we a telephone? We referred him to Pine Beach, and he went off very grateful, leaving both boats on the beach. In the course of the afternoon He came back. The telephone wires were down, so he could only wait. And the wind rose, and went on rising. At last we asked him to supper, and he stayed, very gratefully. After supper, when the wind really had gone down more or less, he started. He got the motor-boat off the beach, with assistance, and then Joe got into the rowboat and paddled her out with an oar, which he kept losing. At one time it looked as if he might have to swim ashore, white flannels and all, but at last the little boat was hitched to the big one, Joe made a jump for the float, and the marooned mariner went chugging off across the pond.

But the four Arcadian canoes are still here, two on each side of the Point.

CHARADES.

CUSTOMARY. We began with the massacre of Gen. Custer and his men; J.G.W. and H.B. leading the white force, and finally sinking under the attack of a band of howling savages. The second scene was also tragic. I.B. appeared as Mary Queen of Scots, attended by a few faithful followers. J.G.W., the herald of Elizabeth, read the sentence, which was carried out with great suddenness. The ill-fated queen met her fate, with the calmness of a Roman philosopher. The whole word was a scene in China; J.G.W., H.B., and R.S.C. discussing a fine point of

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) etiquette.

DRAMATIC. We began with a scene of low life. P.S. was the bar-tender, and S.B.D. and Lowell had decoyed Davis, a model of respectability, and plied him with drinks. He grew more and more unsteady, and finally collapsed; whereupon they picked his pockets and bolted. The last two syllables went together. The Stars and Stripes waved from the peak of a roof, and up the street came the rebel host, Stonewall Thompson--I mean Jackson--riding ahead. They fired at the flag; but Hank, very fine as Barbara Frietchie, waved it and defied the foe. So they marched away. For the whole word we went back to the Roman forum, where citizens were discussing the latest event. Two men bore in the body of Caesar, with the laurel-wreath upon his brow. (Was Caesar red-haired before he grew bald? Perhaps.) Then Brutus (S.B.D.) strode in, and delivered a brief but telling speech. The people were much impressed, and no wonder. But when P.S. appeared as Antony, they turned round as completely as ever mob did.

BANDITTI. The band was a beauty, with instruments of great variety. Pails, fifes, kettle-covers, and Moab made a musical aggregation worthy to lead any parade. The second scene was also musical. L.E.R. introduced H.H.R. as Senor Twankadillo, the great tenor. He sang two songs; "Melissa" and "The Old Grey Cat", amid great applause. For the whole word L.E.R. appeared, visiting the ruins of some Italian town with E.G.A. and Nale. They felt a bit uneasy in such a lonely place, and they were right; for a band of outlaws, headed by H.H.R. and H.T.K., carried them off to the mountains.

BLACKGUARD. The first scene was the initiation of McKildrick (Birckhead) into the Royal Order of Black Muskrats, every member of which is pledged to kill six men a year. L.C.Z., otherwise Rhododendron D. Forrester, conducted the ceremony, at the end of which Birky's face was as black as the principles of the order. In the second

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) scene J.T.L.,on guard over the mail,was held up by bandits.They were three to one,but he got a pistol,and held them up in turn.The police rushed in,and shot the three, apparently with one shot from a single pistol.Some shooting! As for the conduct of Farnsworth in the whole word,it was too shocking.He robbed and bullied right and left,Not even Miss MacLeod,in her pretty pink frock,was safe from him.He ## was a horrid ruffian.

Then came clothes-pins;three rounds,down and back,in which L.C.Z.'s team beat J.G.W.'s three straight,by twelve, seven,and ten.

We ended the sports of the evening with fifteen minutes of Indoor Wolf.

And along about half-past ten,T.H.W.,who had been seeing his family over at Snug Harbor,came back.

SUNDAY, Aug.7, B.28.96" T.67' S.W. Cloudy. Showers

A damp day,though not really wet.It grew so dark by service time that we wished we had not said so decidedly that we should not need lamps.

Late in the morning Mrs.Davis arrived,with Mr.Morrison and Bancroft's younger brother.They took Bancroft with them to spend the day.

J.G.W. went out in a shell to-day,and the sea was high enough to wash into the cockpit.With the water came in an eight-inch chavender,or chub,which he brought home and put in the aquarium. This is one way of fishing.

At afternoon reading we began "Richard III."

Boat-building and soccer kept us busy all the afternoon,after reading.The senior game,a very hot one,was tied 2-2,so they had five minutes extra,in which T.H.W.'s team made the winning goal.

The junior game,though not so scientific,was full of thrills, and good hard playing.Carey's team won,1-0.By the way,Albree,the captain of the losing team,umpired the senior game,with dignity and decision.

We picnicked in the Pine Parlour,with a good fire for company, and much food.Instead of singing,we had "Thurnley Abbey",a very good ghost story,which lasted till it was time to come home for hymns.

Our Kipling story was "The Tomb of his Ancestors."

MONDAY, Aug.8, B.28.80" T.64' N.W. Rain.

The rain had not started on a northwest wind; in fact the change to northwest made us feel that it would clear before eleven, as in duty bound. But at breakfast it was so wet that the wise brushed their teeth with emphasis. Sure enough, the foolish virgins, including at least one of the faculty, were caught, and had to go sadly out in the rain.

This morning Doctor began to tell us about various things that we ought to know, starting with cuts.

By swim time it was beautiful, and shells and canoes were out. Also Newhall swam beyond the Ouananiche, which is his best so far.

We are now reading "Lorna Doone" in the afternoon.

SECOND TRACK AND FIELD PRACTICE.

Class A.	Class B.	Class C.
Batchelder	Albree	Birckhead
Degen	Carey	Crane
Hines	Davis	Dodge
Hunnewell	Driver	Edwards
Jencks	Haskell	Hale
Lowell	Hutchinson	Lawrence
Pierce	Papson	MacLeod
Putnam	Sanger	Newhall
H.Richardson	Sumner	Richards
Thurber	Thompson	C.Richardson
Woodbridge	L.Tower	Stackpole
Heard	W.Tower	
Farnsworth	Wrenn	
D.Miller		

Woodbridge was out for the afternoon, as he cut his . F.Miller is a non-combatabt as far as track goes.

Class A High Jump.

Thurber	4'2"
Batchelder	4'1"
Degen	4'1"
Farnsworth	4'1"
Heard	4'1"
Hunnewell	4'1"
Lowell	4'1"
Putnam	4'1"

Thurber jumped just what he did last time, but Lowell was not up to his best mark. A tie of seven is unusual.

MONDAY (Cont'd.)

Class A Broad Jump.

Lowell	15'4 3/4"
Farnsworth	14'7 3/4"
Hunnewell	14'1 1/2"

Lowell was about three inches ahead of his old mark. Hunnewell did not get a place last time. Thurber, on the other hand, was a bit off his best.

Class A Shot Put.

Lowell	24'9 1/2"
Farnsworth	20' 6"
D.Miller	19'11"

Not so good as last time, by over a foot.

Class A 100.

First Heat.

Lowell	14 s.
Farnsworth	
Thurber	

Not a remarkably fast heat, but Lowell was not pushed. He led at the tape by a couple of yards. The gap between Farnsworth and Thurber was rather wider.

Second Heat.

Hunnewell	13 3/5 s.
Hines	
H.Richardson	

A faster and closer heat. Hines sprinted into second place when near the finish, with about a yard over Richardson.

Third Heat.

Heard	14 2/5 s.
D.Miller	
Putnam	

Slower, but exciting. Heard led by over a yard, but Putnam drove Miller hard.

Final Heat.

Lowell	13 s.
Hunnewell	
Farnsworth	

The first three men were spaced evenly, about a yard apart. Lowell's time was not so fast as in July, by one second.

MONDAY (Cont'd.)

Class A 440.

Lowell 1 m.8 s.
Farnsworth
H.Richardson

Lowell led all the way,and had seven yards over Farnsworth at the tape.Richardson sprinted into third place somewhere along the hundred yard dash,passing Hunnewell.

Class B High Jump.

Sumner	4'
Driver	3'11"
Albree	3'8"
Carey	3'8"
Hutchinson	3'8"
Thompson	3'8"
L.Tower	3'8"
Wrenn	3'8"

Sumner was very close to the best Class A jump.The tie for thirdplace was almost as big as that for Class A.

Class B Broad Jump.

Sumner	14'7"
Driver	12'9 1/2"
Carey	12'3"

This event would have placed Sumner in the A broad jump,as he was only three quarters of an inchshort of Farnsworth's best.

Class B Shot Put.

Hutchinson	22'8"1/2"
Driver	20'9 1/2"
Carey	20'3 1/2"

Hutchinson has come up since last time,when he did not place.Driver was not quite up to his best form.

Class B 100.
First Heat.

Sumner 14 s.
Driver
Wrenn

The time was exactly that of the first Class A heat. Driver was a good way behind,with Wrenn fairly close to him.

MONDAY (Cont'd.)

Second Heat.

Payson	16 s.
Carey	
L.Tower	

A slow heat, and run very crooked. Carey fouled Tower, and was disqualified for the finals. Algree was so pocketed that he could not really get a chance.

Third Heat.

Davis	15 1/5 s.
Thompson	
Sanger	

Davis led Thompson by about three yards. Sanger was a close third.

Final Heat.

Sumner	13 3/5 s.
Driver	
Davis	

A fast heat. Driver pushed into second place very near the line, leading Davis by about a yard. Sumner's lead was never in doubt.

Class B 440.

Driver	1 m.15 s.
Sumner	
Hutchinson	

Driver led all the way, with Davis second most of the distance. Then Sumner pulled ahead, passing Davis and Hutchinson. At the last second Sanger sprinted desperately, and cut Davis out of fourth place by about six inches.

Class C High Jump.

Hale	3'2"
Birckhead	3'
Lawrence	3'
Newhall	3'
C.Richardson	3'
Stackpole	3'

A big tie again. In the finals the bar will be raised one inch at a time instead of two, which we hope will break up some of the ties.

Class C Broad Jump.

Hale	10'4 1/2"
Edwards	9'11 1/4"
Newhall	9'10"

Hale jumped practically just what he did last time. Edwards has gained. Newhall, of course, was not here last time.

MONDAY, (Cont'd.) Class C Shot Put.

Crane	19'1"
Newhall	17'8"
Edwards	16'9"

Edwards did two inches better last time, but Crane did not get a place.

Class C 100.

First Heat.

Hale
Stackpole
Birckhead — 17 s.

Hale had a good lead over Stackpole, with Birckhead a closer third.

Second Heat.

Newhall
Edwards
C.Richardson — 16 2/5 s.

Newhall had a good lead, but Richardson was less than a yard behind Edwards, with Crane right on his heels. Lawrence tripped and fell, so did not really show what he could do.

Final Heat.

Newhall
Hale
Edwards — 16 1/5 s.

Newhall bettered his previous time by two-fifths, with Hale a couple of yards behind him. Edwards was a good third.

Class C 440.

,Hale
Newhall
C.Richardson — 1 m.24 1/5 s.

The most exciting race of the afternoon. Richardson jumped to the front at once, and led to the pine tree, where Newhall passed him. Well down the hundred yard dash Hale drew ahead of Newhall, and came in a winner. Newhall was a very close second.

It was a splendid afternoon, and should give the unhappy handicapping committee much valuable dope.

MONDAY (Cont'd.) During supper arrived a guest for whom we had been looking for over an hour. His train was allright, but his automobile went to CampArcadia first. (Their canoes are still here.)

Henry N. Fay.

After supper we had Digestion Club. We finished "The Brick Moon", and then had parts of " A Tramp Abroad." It is too long to read entire, but a great deal of it is delightful.

Then came Quiet Games, and the half-past niners took their first try at telegrams. The word was Pretending, the subject the plagues of Egypt. We give a few specimens:

Tombs of Beni-Hassan, 4th. year of Rameses II, to Jacob, Jabesh Gilead, near Rama, east house in alley.

Pharaoh's resentful endeavour to end numerous deceases is no good.

Joseph.

Horeb, July 15. Potiphar's wife to Little Benjamin, last rung on Jacob's ladder.

Potiphar reaches end tonight. Everybody nervous, dreading infectious nasty grasshoppers.

Joseph to Pharaoh.

Pretty rotten example. Try Edison's new device. Itch now going.

From Noah.

Possible relief elusive, till Euphrates nears draft in natural gullies.

From Job.

Plagues rotten endless trouble. Endure no dirty insects. Nightly grasshoppers.

Moses to Aaron.

Pharaoh rejects entreaty. Toads engulf Nile. Defeat impossible, never grumble.

MONDAY (Cont'd.) Cato to Shem.

Pope reasonably eager to endanger Noah's daughter's Israelite's new goose.

Secretary of Interior to friend he was about to visit. Postponing recreational expedition to end nonsense. Diving in Nile good.

Moses to Mrs.M.

Please run.Eagles,toads,elephants,next deluge.I not going.

Potiphar to Pharaoh.

Plagues raging.Enemies taking everything.Nothing doing in nasty grasshoppers.

Moses to Aaron.

Pestilence reducing Egyptians to eating newts.Destiny is now glorious.

Pharaoh to Radames.

Plaguey reptiles eat turnovers endlessly.Noxious darkness is near.Grasshoppers!

Then we had a brief round of Consequences,which is always fun.Did you know the following facts?

The black Ox squeals hardly in Hong Kong.
The difficult Frog waltzes superciliously in the Bone-yard.
The good Birckhead encircles coyly up the Miz tree.
The galumphing Larry Batch.murders badly on the wall.
The noisy Stacky drinks fishily at table.
The exquisite MacLeod gormandizes blithely in the moonlight.
The crafty Skipper snores seldom in the South Dormitory.
(The last one is true,anyhow.)

TUESDAY,
Aug.9,
B.28.93"
T.62°
S.W.
Fair.

Camping Trip
Aug. 9th

Albree
Heard
Putnam
Miller, D.
J.G.W.
R.S.C.
Aboljockamegus
Caughcomgomack

This morning, before our regular reading, we had a wonderful letter, written by the midshipman who took command of the Monitor in her great fight with the Merrimac, after Capt. Worden was blinded. Mrs. Hale lent it to us.

The first canoe camping trip of the season started off about ten. There seemed to be a slight difference of opininon as to where they were going, but the yokes told the tale to the experienced. They swung off round the point, and we expect to see them appear to northward tomorrow.

Newhall passed the test this morning.

Now Beaumont Newhall's got it beat,
No non-swimmers to pass.
Congratulations on the feat;
No non-swimmers to pass.
No non-swimmers,
There's no non-swimmers to pass it;
No non-swimmers,
There's no non-swimmers to pass.

Of course when the Reynoldses come it may change matters; but at present we have a clean slate.

This noon Camp Arcadia's truck hove in sight, with a full load of folding cots, and a party started off on a trip. We didn't see any cook-stoves or ice-chests, but no doubt they had them.

TWESDAY SUNDRY SUPPERS-OUT.
(Cont'd.) MESSALONSKEE AND MEADOW BROOK.

OUANANICHE.		TOGUS.	EBEN.	EREBUS.
L.O.Z.		H.H.F.	S.B.D.	H.T.K.
J.T.L.	I.B.	Hines	H.Rich.	Pierce
Davis	W.Tower	Driver	Thompson	Carey
MacLeod	Batchelder	A.M.R.	Farnsworth	Dodge.
Jencks	F.Miller			
Degen	Newhall	TERROR.	IDENTICAL.	PANTASOTE.
E.G.A.		L.T.	H.B.	P.S.
L.Tower		Payson	Lowell	Thurber
Wrenn		Crane	Edwards	Haskell
		Sumner	Hale	Lawrence

WILLIWAW.	YAMMERSCHOONER.
T.H.W.	Woodbridge
Hutchinson	Hunnewell
C.Richardson	Stackpole
Richards	Sanger

The crew of the Ouananiche feared that they might be going round the Horn,but we don't start for that in the afternoon.They coasted down the east shore to the tiny beach below the Pine Island landing, and after some difficulty moored their boat safely.All but the ladies then started off through the wood, and hit the road just below the crest of Belgrade Hill.We never hit it twice in the same place,but it is all right anywhere.They found good swimming in Messalonskee,and a ledge that went off very sharply into twenty feet of water.No,I am wrong.It was twenty yards out,and twenty miles deep.

Then they came back,W.Tower puffing valiantly in the front rank,and hit the shore within ten feet of the boat.Pretty clever shooting.They made a fire,and cooked their beans in the cans.There was time for songs and a ghost story or two, and then they paddled home to the tune of "John Brown."

Canoes and rangeleys headed for Meadow Brook,in a rather strong head wind.At least,they headed as near it as some of the younger coxes could manage.The trip up was hard for oars, of course,but we made the bridge in good time.On the way we put up a bittern,and saw a family down by the stream getting in

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) the meadow hay.At the bridge we left H.H.F.,H.B.,and W Woodbridge,and took the west-bound road.We stopped for a drink at th the spring,and then went up what we used to called the North Beach Hill.The view was beautiful,and the rocks were fine;eppecially one big one,like a great pyramid.The trip down stream was much faster than the trip up,and the Pantasote and the Yammerschooner got so gay that they each ran on a big log,to the huge amusement of a passing canoe.We hope the canoe people didn't know where they came from.

We supped round a fire on the North Beach,but ate our beans cold.We had the company of two small boys who had been catching frogs,who watched us all through supper with great interest,as if we had been cannibals.There was time for a little singing,and then we paddled home.At Fourway we lined up two abreast,the canoes leading,and came up to the float in fine style.

There we found our company increased by Stephen and Ransom Reynolds;;and when some of us heard the piano,we knew who the third arrival was.There will be doings. Twinny Lyon c.

Ranson Reynolds Stephen Reynolds:

The half-past niners began "The Pavilion on the Links";and right in the middle of it in walked Johnny Sherburne,as large as life;in fact rather larger. John H. Sherburne Jr.

So when our campers get back we shall be a nice lively family.

WEDNESDAY Aug.10, B.29.20" T.58' Calm Fair.

This morning H.B. told us about breathing, and what to do when a person is drowned.The main point seems to be not to give up.

T.L. began work on the broken windows this morning,and we feel less draughty and more tidy.

Our campers,the Loony Earls,came gaily home before swim. This not usual when one has been over the Itchfield carry, but they camped on the upper waters of Meadow Brook.I won't say they slept there,because apparently they didn't;at least not much.Their name is derived from the fact that they were early,and that they saw loons.

The wind had come up from the southwest by swim,so Class A had a lively trip down to the point.

The Reynoldses both passed the test,so we can continue our proud boast of nonon-swimmers in Camp.

The Swimming Test.

We thought about our swimming score,
And wondered,would it stay,
With two new boys a-coming to Camp
A little late in the day.

For many people at ten years old
can't swim a little bit;
And when you try to show them how,
They whimper,and throw a fit.

But the Reynolds cousins are not that sort;
They said,"There's nothing like trying."
So off they started,with Ox in charge,
And passed with colors flying.

Algonquins

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
J.G.W.		●●●●●	/	X			X	●●●	
H.H.R.	X			v			X		
L.T.	X			X	●●●●		v		
H.B.	X	●		X	●●	/	X	●	
S.B.D.	v	●		v			X	●●●●	
H.T.K.	X	●		X	●	/	v		
A.M.R.	X	●		v			X	●●●	
H.H.T.	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Albree	X			X			X		
Birckhead	v			X			X	●	
Davis	v			X			v		
Farnsworth		●●		X			v	●	/
Hale	X			X		/	X		
Haskell	v			X	●	/	X		/
Hill	v			X		/	X	●	
Hines	v					/			/
Hunnewell	X			v			X		
Jencks	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Lowell	X			v			X	●	
MacLeod	v				●		X		
Payson	X			X	●		X		
Pierce	X			X			X		/
Putnam		●●			●●		v		
Richardson, H.		●			●	/		●●	/
Sanger	X	●●		X	●		X	●●	
Stackpole		●		X				●	
Tower, W.	X	●		X			X		/
Woodbridge	X			X	●●●●		X		
	14	18	1	17	18	7	18	21	6

Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
T.H.W.	X	●	/	X			X		
L.C.Z.	X	●●		X			X	●●	
J.T.L.	X			X				●●	
R.S.C.	X			X	●		X	●●	/
P.S.	v			X	●		X		
J.H.S.		●●●	/	X			X	●	
Batchelder	X			X					/
Carey	X	●		X	●		X		
Crane	X			X			X		
Degen	X			v			X		
Dodge	v			X	●●●		X		
Driver		●		v				●	
Edwards	X						X		
Heard	X	●●			●●●●		X	●●●●●	/
Hutchinson	X				●●		X	●●●	
Lawrence	X			X			X		
Miller, D.	X				●		X		
Miller, F.	X	●●●		X			v		
Newhall	X			X					/
Reynolds, R.	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Reynolds, S.	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Richards	X			X			X		
Richardson, C.	X			X			X		
Sumner	v			X			X	●	
Thompson	v				●		X	●	/
Thurber		●			●		X		/
Tower, L.	X		/	X	●●		X		/
Wrenn			/	X			X		
	18	14	4	18	17	0	21	18	7

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) THIRD SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

It was a little rough on the Loony Earls, to set them scouting after such a trip as they had Tuesday, but the wind and the cool weather were too good to lose.

The Iroquois won the first and third games on runs, 4–1 and 7–6, the Algonquins winning the second, also on runs, 7–0. The Algonquins had the advantage in shots in every game, but the difference was never more than four, so it was a very hot series of games.

Heard heads the shooting list for the afternoon, with eleven shots to his credit. He and J.G.W. each got five in one game. H. Richardson and L. Tower each made two runs.

The score now stands, Algonquins 6, Iroquois 3. with the season half over.

J.H.S. was the only one of our guests who played. The Reynoldses did not play, as they had been here too short a time to know people; and Jencks was out with a boil on his leg.

W.R.S. came over just before supper, with George and Miss Conrad. They had had a rather lively crossing. George is staying over Sunday, but the others went home after sing-song.

SIXTH SING-SONG PROGRAMME.

1. Overture, "Chopsticks".....P.S., Wrenn.
2. Duett.....H.H.R., L.C.Z.
3. Piano Duett.....T.L., A.M.R.
4. Choruses.....Fishing Song, Hiram Q., Merryweather Boys.
5. Graduates' Song.....H.H.R., L.C.Z., J.G.W., L.T., T.L., S.B.D., P.S., W.R.S., J.H.S., R.S.C., H.H.F.
6. Stunt, "Dunderbeck".....H.B., W. Tower, H. Richardson, Dodge & Co.
7. Piano Solo.....T.L.
8. Stunt, "Ferdinando and Elvira."..... J.T.L., H.T.K., Dodge, Hale.

WEDNESDAY
(Cont'd.)

Camp Song.

Our overture was not done in costume this time, but we had the brief interlude on the front of the piano which Jake and Frog used to be fond of.

The song which H.H.R. and L.C.Z. gave us was of a highly personal nature. We give the words later.

The piano duett was the Egmont overture. (Some thought it was the Fifth Symphony, but that is different.) It is a splendid thing, and I hope the Chief Musician enjoyed it as much as the audience and I did. For an encore we had a movement from one of the Haydn symphonies.

The Graduates' Song went off in great style, with eleven to sing it. We don't often have as many as that.

The Doctor's stunt gave us a vivid picture of the unhappy Dunderbeck. Pirate Bill was very fine in the title role, and his pride in his shop and his machine was certainly justified. Hank imparted to the sleepwalking wife a poignant realism, and when she turned the fatal crank a shiver went through the most phlegmatic of us. We hadn't a chance to get the names of all the cats and rats, but they squealed and ran about with great vigor, and must have made first-rate sausages. Dodge was capital as the little boy, and MacLeod was an active and enormous sausage.

T.L. gave us some of the wonderful variations on "Mary had a Little Lamb." Personally I like the Wagner best; though there is something very subtle about the Debussy.

The second stunt, "Ferdinando and Elvira", was romantic in the extreme. J.T.L. as Ferdinando was superb, especially in his weary seven-year wanderings, growing feebler and feebler, and in his wild dance when the joyful truth burst upon his exhausted mind.

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) H.T.K. as Elvira was a revelation. Here was no Serpent of the Nile, masterful, and calm in the face of disaster, but a clinging mid-Victorian maiden, tearing her hair and weeping when she could not get what she wanted; and so lovely that we did not wonder that the nobility, ably represented by F. Miller and Farnsworth, were at her feet. Dodge was first-rate as the gentle pieman, rejoicing in his profession, and Hale a vision of pink-clad coziness and prettiness.

Altogether it was a most successful evening.

When the dust had cleared away we went on with the "Pavilion on the Links." Just as we had finished, and the weariest scouts and campers had waked up, Mrs. Birckhead arrived, to spend a couple of days.

Caroline Minturn Birckhead

Camp Characters.
(Tune, "Solomon Levi.")

Our names are Richards and Zahner,
And we teach the young idea;
To make it shoot, we toot, toot, toot,
In harmony loud and clear;
We draw the Hunne from the well,
The Bud from off the tree,
And where we lodge there's none can Dodge
Without encountering We.
Oh, Richards and Zahner,
Toot toot tooot toot toot too!
The knowledge we garner
We'll try to impart to you.
Our names are Richards and Zahner,
We're the tutors of the Camp,
In wisdom's oil our brains we boil

All over the midnight lamp.
And though our work is Hefty, sir,
Yet still we Sang-er song;
Twice five is ten, we'll say it again,
And proclaim it loud and long!

My name is Thomas the Western,
I'm the lord of the Mammoth Cave;
With smiling joys I rule my boys,
And make them all behave.
And when they talk, and squeak and squawk,
My sleeping brain to addle,
You'd better believe they have reason to grieve
On meeting the whack of my paddle.
Oh Thomas the Western!
Whackety whackety bang!
Bold Thomas the Western,
How the Mammoth rang!
My name is Thomas the Western,
And I'm ready for work or play!
I like to do the jolliest thing
In the jolliest kind of way.
But though blithe and free by land or sea,
The jolliest thing of all
Is going dressed in my Sunday best
To Gleason's to make a call!

My name is Gregory Wiggins,
In the Merryweather shell
I went out for a spin, my boys,
And was doing rather well.

When up there jumped a great big fish,
And said,"Oh hon'rable lord,
By goshi,joshi,squashi squee,
I think I will come aboard."
Oh Gregory Wiggins,
Flower of Old Japan!
Great Gregory Wiggins,
Mighty old medicine man!
My name is Gregory Wiggins,
I'm the master of the South,
The boys each one must hop and run
Whenever I ope my mouth.
The world it is my scouting field,
The pond it is my tub,
But oh,good lack! To be taken aback
By a chavender or chub!"

Our name is Camp Arcadia,
And we come from Ellis Pond.
Of rolling waves and watery graves
We are not especially fond.
When hard it blows,ashore we goes,
And if we have good luck,
Our wet canoes we leave to snooze,
And telephone for a truck.
Oh,Camp Arcadia,
Tra la la la la la!
Poor Camp Arcadia,
Why did you come so far?

Our name is Camp Arcadia,

And on Ellis Pond we live;

We will not brave the mountain wave,

Nor go to sea in a sieve.

But though we prize our prudence wise,

We do not care to meet

Careering past on the roaring blast,

The Merryweather Fleet!

L.E.R.

THURSDAY, Aug.11, B.29.70" T.64' S.W. cloudy.

This morning Payson and a squad began a thorough cleaning of the aquarium. For the present it is an awful mess, but we hope that when they finish it will be very fine.

MINOR LEAGUE GAME.
MIDGES VS. GNATS.

A thrilling game, in spite of its uneven finish. The score was tied through the fifth and sixth innings, and in the seventh the Gnats got a lead of three. In the eighth neither could score. But in the ninth the Midges began an amazing rally, and hit Lowell hard, till they had added eight runs to their tally and thirteen men had batted. This won the game.

L. Tower played a good game at center, with a put-out and an assist to his credit.

J.H.S. did a good piece of work in the seventh, at right field, when he caught Woodbridge's fly, and cut off Hines's retreat to first, thus making an unassisted double play.

S.B.D. cut short the hopes of the Gnats in the ninth, catching two of them out on flies, the second a long foul fly down the bank.

Batting Honours.	
S.B.D.	.800
H.T.K.	.600
J.H.S.	.500
Lowell	.500
Driver	.500
R.S.C.	.250
Miller	.250

If we counted up the "total batting average", a thing I have never learned to do, S.B.D. would show even higher, for he got two two-baggers, and ended his performance with a long triple.

P.S. was not playing. He slipt on the float at swim, where it had been soaped, and got a nasty fall that put him to bed

THURSDAY (Cont'd.)

in the Infirmary for the rest of the day.

Indigo vs. Pirate of Aug. 11 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
1	1		1	L. Bower	8	o-3		K	o-3		K							6	1	1
0	4		2	Heard	1	f-3		o-3				i-3	f-3					6	1	0
4	1		3	S. B. D.	S				i-3									5	5	4
0	0		4	Driver	6				i-3									6	2	3
9	0		5	H. T. R.	3	K				o f-6								5	2	3
9	2		6	Pedersen	2		K			(K) 2-3		o f-1			K			5	2	1
2	0		7	J. N. S.	9					o f-3		f-3						4	1	2
2	1		8	Thurber	4		K				i-3		f-3					5	1	1
0	0		9	Hutchinson	7		f-3	o f-1			i-3		f-3	o-3				5	0	0
			10																	
			11																	
27	9		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	1	0	1 5 6	0	6	0	1 7	0	7	8 15			47	14	10

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
		1		2	8	1-b. on errors.		5	1

Pirate vs. Indigo of Aug. 11 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
7	1		1	H. Richmond	2	s-3		i-3		o-3			2-3					6	1	0
0	5		2	Hines	4	f-8						f-9						5	1	0
0	0		3	Woodbridge	S	f-4		s-5				f-9		f-5				5	0	1
2	6		4	Lowell	1									f-2				2	3	1
1	2		5	Farnsworth	6		K			K				f-5				5	2	1
17	0		6	R. S. C.	3			f-2	i-3									4	1	1
0	0		7	Simonds	7		K		s-3		i-3		f-4					4	0	0
0	0		8	Carey	8		K		K		K							4	0	0
0	0		9	Thurber	9			s-3			K		4-3					4	1	1
			10																	
			11																	
27	14		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	0	0 2	2 0	2	4	2 6	0 6	3 9	0	9	0 9			38	9	5

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
	1			3	7	1-b. on errors.		1	

There was also a lively pudding-ball game, but we cannot give particulars, as the score card does not explain itself. The score seems to have been 11–6 in favor of T.H.W.'s team.

The rest of the company worked on boats, all except L.C.Z. and L.T., who went foresting, taking down dead trees in various places.

Just before supper Mr. and Mrs. Hill arrived for a little visit.

Henrietta McLean Hill Arthur D. Hill

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) J.H.S., who was on the dish-washing squad, got a nasty cut on a broken glass. It needed stitches, so we got Dr. Risley over from Waterville to help. Patient and both doctors came in to faculty supper, though John did not seem very keen about food.

Boats, for the fist time in many days. Some of the half-past niners went out in boats afterwards, but most of us had a wild time over the smelling game. There was great fun, and a good deal of anguish, especially when people hit the ammonia, which was very strong. The best lists were as follows:

R.R.	15
Mrs. Hill	14
L.C.Z.	13
Hines	13
Woodbridge	13
T.H.W.	12
H.T.K.	11
F. Miller	11

Ammonia was the only one which everybody guessed. Of course guesses like ochre, violet, saffron, and frosting were put down for fun, but there were many genuine guesses that were just as far-fetched. Ambroid was called cherry pie, iodoform went down as vanilla, onion was called sulphur, gasoline, and cloves, ether was called chloride of lime, coffee was confused with tobacco. By the end our noses were quite worn out.

FRIDAY, Aug.12, B.28.94' T.68' S.W. Drizzly.

It was more than a drizzle at times, so we began the day with a good toothbrush raid. Some people will never learn wisdom.

At morning reading we finished "The Pioneers of France", and began "Through the Dark Continent."

Mr.Hill left by the morning train, but Mrs.Hill is staying on for a day or two.

We had a splendid sing for half an hour, with T.L. leading us; practised two or three songs that we half know, and learned a new one.

Mr.Pierce was here this afternoon, for a look at Harry, on his way to North Haven.

There was a stiff breeze all the afternoon; and though it did not rise to canoe test point, we had able and expert swimming, all so gay, with the following result:

Able.	Expert.
Albree	Degen
Batchelder	Edwards
Birckhead	Smedberg
Davis	
Driver	
MacLeod	
Pierce	
Putnam	
Sanger	
L.Tower	

This time everyone was required to take off his clothes for the expert test. Thurber swam up well, but got tangled in his shirt when he tried to take it off. Thompson also did well, but tried to take off his trousers before his shoes, and they wouldn't come.

After supper it was "Games on the Hill", and then Dumb Crambo." The words were feign, sigh, slink, dank, hone, moan, and throne.

Then we finished "The Pavilion on the Links", and had a round of Limericks to top off with.

There was a young person named Bill;
He once tried to climb up the hill.
But the sight of a snake
Caused his poor heart to break,
So he took to his heels with a will.

There was a young person called Oxy,
He talked and he walked pretty foxy.
To row in a shell
Seemed to him very well,
But he did it at last by a proxy.

A cheery young fellow called Hunny,
Who always had plenty of money,
He bought fancy ties
And lots of mince pies,
And thought it exceedingly funny.

There was a young lady from Phoenix,
Who was much given over to "scenics."
When she went on the stage
She was all of the rage,
That horrid young lady from Phoenix.

There was a young man named Tom West,
Who, dressed in his gay Sunday best,
Made a visit to Gleason's;
We wonder the reasons,
But we're sure it is <u>one of the Best</u>.

Oh Joseph is off round the Horn;
He's left all the campers forlorn.

He'll be sleepy next day,

He will move like a dray,

And wish that he never was born.

SATURDAY, Aug.13, B.29'10" T.60' W. Fair.

I know, we always begin a new day on a new page. But when a page has only three lines on it, it looks lonely. So I go right on here.

The morning began, as far as Camp was concerned, with the return of Joe and Roger from round the Horn. They came in like a pair of very well-mannered ghosts at exactly five o'clock, and only the sound of their feet on the slip gave them away.

The next appearance was that of J.G.W., at about six, for a longer spin than usual in his shell. He went down into the southeast bay, and came home "as the sun was gilding rosy on the mountain-tops."

When we officially got up, there was a putting-in party. Skipper hove Pirate Bill in, L.C.Z. saw to Hefty; And Ox, who brought Bud down, got so tangled up with him that he went in with his victim, with a huge splash.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson were here to-day, to our great pleasure. We wanted to keep them to supper as well as dinner, but they had to get a start on their trip back.

Most of the afternoon was spent in first-rate boat and canoe practice: four-paddlers, two-paddlers, and rangeley crews. There was much shifting, so as to give everyone a try at different things. As there was a good breeze, there was a little tipping-over among the small canoes, but the pickers-up were prompt. Besides, some people can stand so far out now that they hardly need to be picked up at all this side of Pickerel.

Late in the afternoon all crews came in, and the races began.

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) Single Rangeleys.

EREBUS.	TERROR.	YAMMERSCHOONER.	PANTASOTE.	WILLIWAW.
Sanger	Edwards	L.Tower	Crane	Sumner

There was much difficulty in aligning the boats for the start, as there was a good south wind, and none of the contestants could get the idea of heading to windward on the line. The Erebus got away best, and headed up into the wind. Some of the younger spectators were inclined to laugh at her course, but Sanger knew what he was about, and never lost the lead. The Terror and the Williwaw fouled at the start, and continued altogether too sociable all the way out. These two and the Yammerschooner all were carried to the north of the float, but made their way across the line in time. The Williwaw was hampered by the loss of an oar, but Sumner finally retrieved it, and made fifth place. As for Birckhead in the Identical, he didn't finish; he spent most of the time rowing with one oar, and was called off for lack of time.

TWO-PADDLE CANOES.

HECUBA.	PINK.	SQUANNACOOK.	GRAYLING.
D.Miller	Batchelder	Davis	Jencks
W.Tower	Haskell	Pierce	Payson

On account of the wind, orders were given for all paddlers to kneel. This prudent measure saved us from any tip-overs. The Pink turned first, but got rather far to leeward, and was a little too considerate of the Pie-plant. The Hecuba drew ahead and won, with the Pink a good second. The Squannacook, which made the turn third, kept that position, rather far to the rear, and the Grayling was an extremely deliberate fourth.

FOUR-PADDLE CREWS.

WORROMONTOGUS.	CAUGHCOMGOMOCK.	EBENEZER.	ABOLJOCKAMEGUS.
Woodbridge	Thurber	Lowell	Farnsworth
Putnam	Smedberg	Driver	H.Richardson
Albree	Thompson	Sumner	Wrenn
Hines	Heard	Hutchinson	Degen

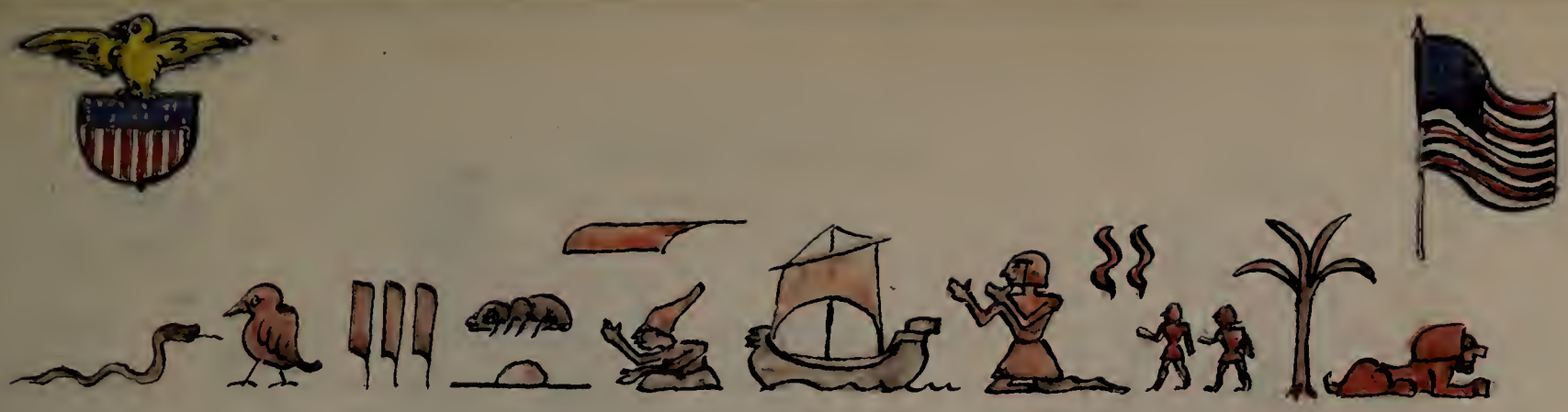
SATURDAY (Cont'd.) The Togus made the best showing all through, and earned her victory. The Eben and Abel fouled at the rock, and the Eben showed such a fondness for the rock itself that she could hardly be persuaded to get off it. The boats crossed the line in fairly open order, in the positions given above.

There was to have been one more race, between MacLeod in the Hornpout and Dodge in the Chub, but it had to be called off for lack of time, as the wind had made all starts very slow and difficult. Better luck next time, gentlemen.

After supper we went off to the shop for Digestion Club, and climbed the Riffelberg, while great and wonderful things were going on.

Of the great event of the evening, it is hard to speak with adequate language. From the first glimpse of the virtuous artist Amon Seti Nit (H.B.), laboring at the superb figure of Thoth (L.T.) to his promotion ~~the~~ to the Pharaohship by the same deity, it was all wonderful. We would fain dwell on the evil magnificence of L.C.Z. as the high-priest, to say nothing of the feminine wiles of P.S. as his partner in crime. Lowell was extremely effective as the chore-man, Pirate immense as the butler. H.H.F. was a most regal Pharaoh. But when it comes to H.T.K. as the Nubian Ku-Ku, words really fail. He was so fine that we hope it paid him for the long and painful session with soap, scrubbing-brush, cuticlene, and Dutch cleanser, which were needed to restore him to his natural complexion. (Did you see the great black smudge where he hit the floor?)

As for that unspeakable pair, the Nussbaum brothers, long may they wave. Perhaps their finest moment was that when Rudolph by mistake started "Die Wacht am Rhein" with the Stars and Stripes, and his brother explained that they always did it in Milwaukee, and sometimes got mixed. But I let the drama speak for itself.



Der Gread Egybtian Drama

◄=o=►

variously dranslated as

"Der Powerfuls"

"Der Sdrength of Ku"

brezended in der Fröhlichwetterhalle py

Nussbaum Bruders' Amerigan Gombony

(vat haf chust vrom der Var East gekommt)

le 13 août, 1921

Beebles of der Blay

as dey gome in view

Amon Seti Nit	Johann Spiegelberger
Thotta	Hans Kluft
Ramon-Ha, priest	Karl Schauerbach
Atos, priestess	Fraulein Mathilde Birnbaum
Kuti Nut	Max Vogt
Kelner	Gottfried Spicher
Pharaoh	Bernhardt Grossmann
Ku-Ku	George Washington Johnson
Promptor	Gebhardt Nussbaum
Orchestra	Rudolph Nussbaum

Rudolph Nussbaum
at the Age of 3.

Gebhardt Nussbaum
at the Age of 4.

Rudolph Nussbaum
Aged 26

Gebhardt
Nussbaum
aged 23

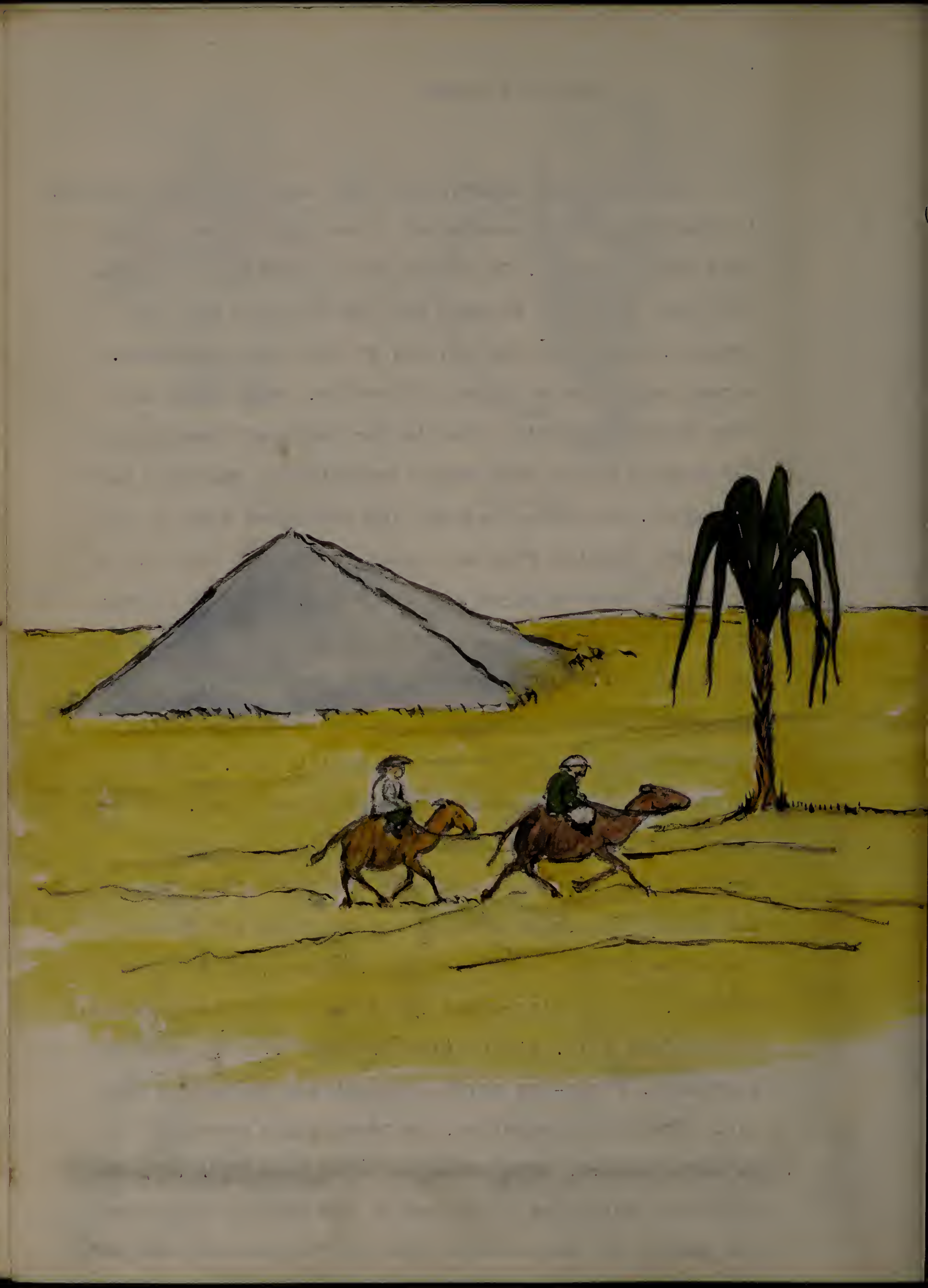
R. Nussbaum
Aged 54

G. Nussbaum
Aged 51 yrs. 8 mo.

Facing Page
Watercolor
JGW
8/15/1924

GURDAIN LEGJURE

Gentlemen und Ladies, und boys off Camp Merryweather, it iss mit gread bleazure det I see peefore me tonight your smiling faces. It prings to me der times back ven sefferal years ago we gafe you der pleasure off our gompany. Gentlemen und Ladies, we are drue Americans, strong adherents of Liperty foreffer. From der liddle town where we shpring from in der north off Scotland we haf über dis vild velt from Kamschatka to Southern Bawa drafelled. No sooner had der Var gommenced than me und my bruder Rudolph feld an urgend désire for travel, to study der remoter pards off der world. Europe we knew; stale it vas und full off der same round of human dings as always yet. We hungered to know der habits, der gos-doms, der hidden lidderature und der darg segreds of ancient nations und der ancient habitations. Egypt galled us; so did Ghermany; und we chose Egypt. And so under der auspices off der Milwawkee Archeological Society, we made eggsbleorations und thorough invezdi-gationsoff der ubber sources off dat King off Rivers, der life-giffing artery off der anzient home off der Hebrews, der fishing-grund off Rameses und Rhampsanitus, der eternal Nile. Eight mbles nordeast off der tomb of Benihasan, fordy-dwo miles soudwest off der gread pyra-mid, der lonely draveller, as he churneys over der pargeing deserd, shtujmbles yet onto some ruins. Darg holes und galleries chizelled in der liffing sand verm der doombs off det ancient line off brinces off der SET



Dynazty vet ruled as Pharaohs off Egypt many dowsands off years ago. Did beebles we disgovered, me und mine bruder Rudolph. Since der dime off der burial der place off inderrment has segred gekept ben. Only der lonely ant-eater, or an oggasional sea-zerpend has grossed dis reszding-plaze, till after derough invezdigations me und Rudolph found der back-door gey wat wass hangimg on a gegonut-palm in a poor bud honest oasis nicht namy miles away. Die on der walls pictures, und die insgribtions deld off der history off der vamos Dynasty off SETE. In der erste chamber rested der mummy off AMON SETI NIT, now in der Copenhagen Art Institute. Mit gread doil, me und Rudolph haf disciphered dis wriding und from der material haf gombounded dis masderpiece off der Egytian drama. Gendlemen und Ladies, we asg your addention at the fol-lowing blay what will as a lasding monument shtand to the pertinacity off der American citizen, und add to der glory off der flag. (motif, blease, Ruddy.)

Copenhagen Art Institute

Der back door gey wat wass hanging o
a gogonut palm in a poor but honest
oasis.

AKT ONE

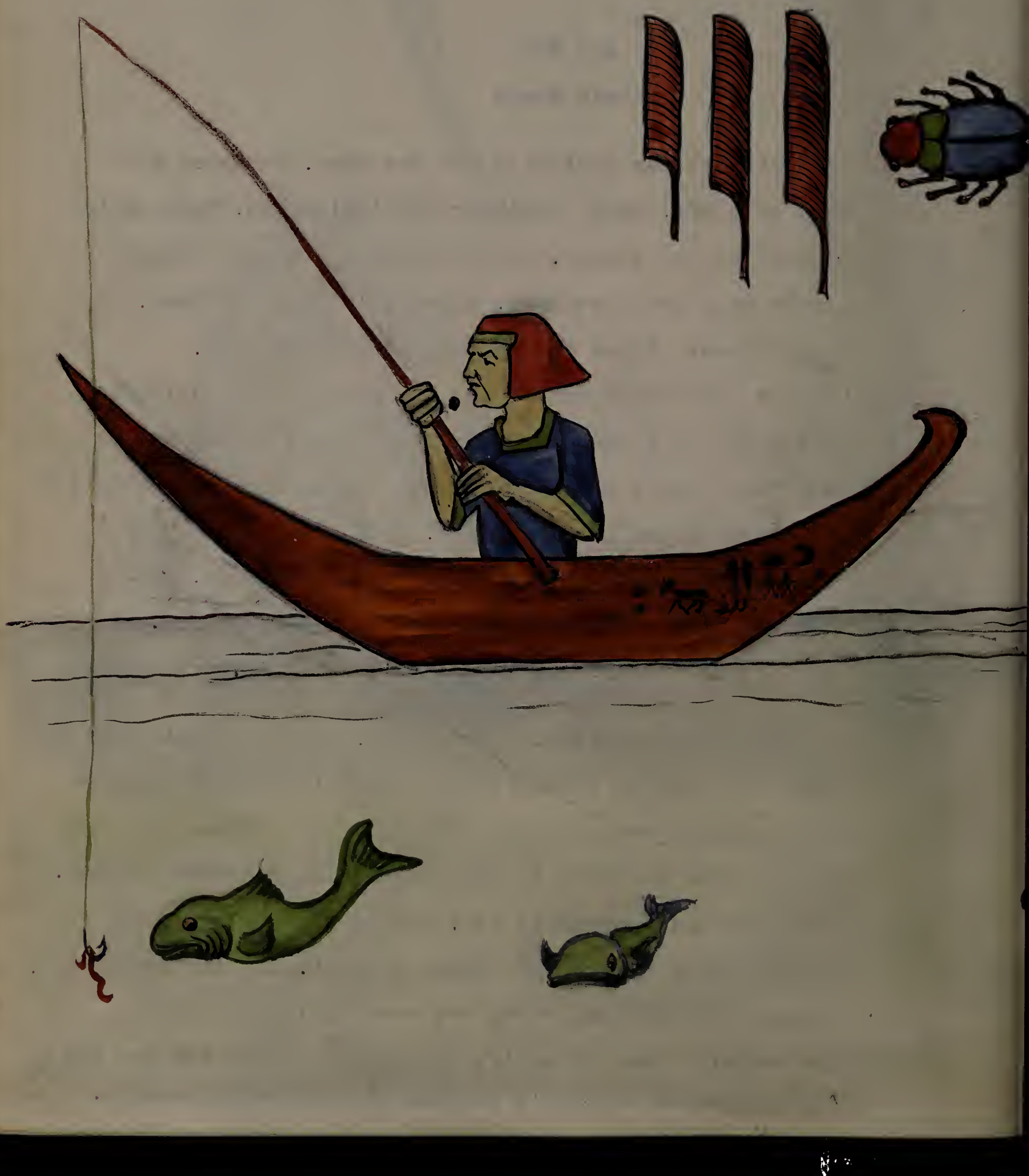
Erste Scene

Dis iss der peginning off der blay. Wurkshop off AM@N SETI NIT, wood schnitzer und idol-mager, talging to himself in der gorner. He has to dälk mit his fingern und he gant hear neddings, gause he's deaf und dumb. He now graps mallet und chizel und goes to wurk. (mallet und chizel motif) He iss pudding der finisging douges on der fingure off der anciend god TH@TH what has shust been ordered by Pharaoh und gompany (TH@TH motif)

Loog at der garving off A. SETI NIT,
Loog how he's finished off each liddle bit,
He mages all der joinds und der eye-balls fit,
Mit der mallet und chizel he's doing it.

Now blease notice, efferybotty, dat dis minute der gread divinity of TH@TH (TH@TH motif) iss so delided mit der vonderful wurk dat AM@N SETI NIT hass already yet finished det he vants to gif him some nice bresend for it. Wat a dramadig momend it issl Der garving, all eggzept der umbreller begomes mit Leben gefullt. Off der pedestal shteps der gread god TH@TH mit versichtigkeit begause his knuggles iss all shtif, und mit von tvist off der lßt wrist he vixes up AM@N'S talging und hearing abberadus.

Pharaoh fishing



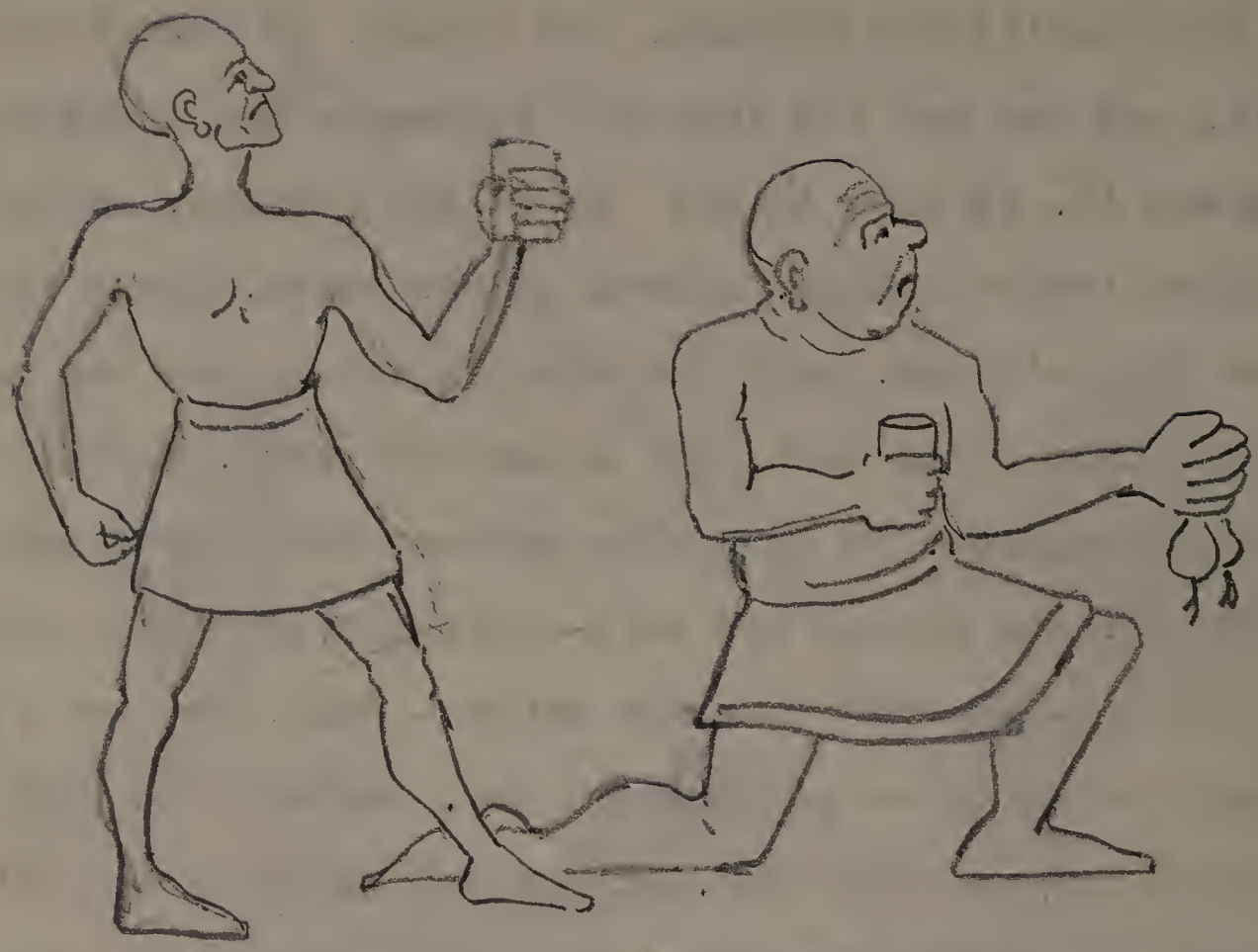
Den he shtalks oud mit göttlichen schritten. (exit THOTH) NIT was found dumb pefore dis habbened; he iss now dumbfounded. Und so he remains for a goubble off hours mitdut moving. Dink do yourself, audience, dat der hours are now past. Off a sudden der bangs off hunger chump at him und he mages peginnings do ged bregfasd. He aint eaten neddings sinze midnight. All at vonst as he leans himself offer der ofen he begomes gonzëous off low dalk-ings und murmeln wat greeps through der jimney wat has a devective vlue in it und mit der next-door house mages gonnegdings already. (Exit Curtain)

Zweite Scene

Der gurtain shlips by, disglosing, peebles, der High Priest und der hohe Priestess of THOTH, maging home brews, (nod to pe gonfuzed mit Hebrews.) (motif off der HOME BREW) Gee, bud some off der shtuff has god an awful gig into it. Bud, Gendlemen und Ladies, dis iss nod der dandelion vine, or elderberry juize mit yeast to it, dis iss no cider mit beef und raisins. Der idea, mine friends, iss dis. Dese dwo beebles vant to change

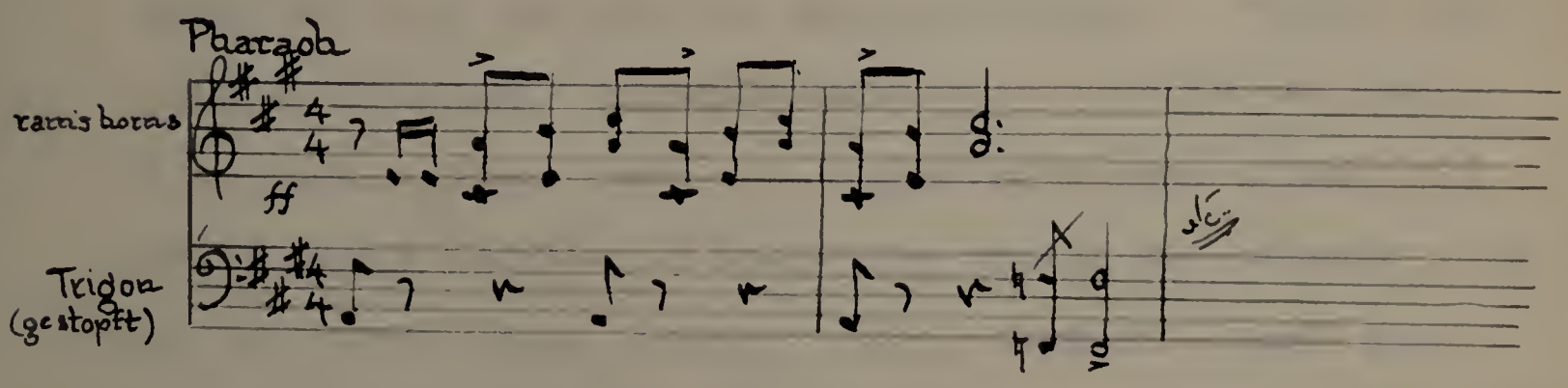
Ramon Ha and Pharaoh
making Geplapper about
der Nil fluss

der courze off der Nilefluss, ver bolidigal reasons. (Nile motif) Bud Pharaoh, der Kaizer, he vont lizzen to it, und dey haf had leds off argumends und geplapper aboud it. He says id vill spoil his fishing, und he chust leffs fishing. Almost anyafternoon, aboud three or four o'clock, daylight vinning dime, you gan zee Pharaoh in hiss bunt, mit a can off vurms, maging fish-gagjings. He geds Nile basses, und chups, und gat-fishes, und garps, und soft-shelled grabs mit a net yet. (fishing-und-crab-in-a-net motif) Vell, dey are figzing home brews to boizon Pharaoh mit, begauze dey gant gon-vince him no odder vay. It's awful und it iss chust der kind off peeble dey are - dey dond gare vot dey do. Hey've chust god somedings det dink vill work fine. Der Priest he says it's ausgezeichnet, und der Priestess she says it's vamos. Bud dey dond know how dey're going do breve it. Der Priest he dinks it vould be nice for her to dake chust a liddle sip of it, but she dond gach der point; he vont dry it anyhow, although she dinks off dat right off. So dey mage geplapper for a while und big dalgings. (geplapper motif) All off a sudden dey hear a noise. "was ist's", says she. "We must dalg silendly; quvied, bleaze," says he. "AMON SETI NIT liffs negzt door und he gould hear us, maybe." "Dot dond mage no differ-ence," says ATOS, (dot's her name), he's deef und dumb." "Well, vot vas der noise I heard den," says der High Priest, RAMON-HA (dot's his name)?"Dot's KUTI NUT, der chore-man," says she, "vot's bolishing der brasses on der shtepps off det demble." "He'll do fine," says he.



Kutie Nut und der Kellner mit Radishes making Drinking.

"Alride, den; blow der shawm zweimal." Dot's der chore-man's ring. Ender chore-man, mit broom und waterbail. (KUTI NUT motif) "Haf a dring," says RAMON-HA. "OH, do," says ATOS. Und der chore-man, nodding suzzpeg-ding, dages der fadal dravd. (poison-at-work motif) Oh, gee, vat growlings he veels inzide off him yet, und he breags oud mit idgings all offer, und dies shlowly, iddging someding awful. "Dat's breddy gut," says RAMON-HA, ven der staub glears away. Bud she dinks it iss too slow, und night peinlich genug. "Ve vorgot der vood alco-hol," she blurts out mit girlish innocence, "you mide shtig in a liddle picric acid also." Ring for der budler, lieber Heinrich." Dot's her pet name for him; unofficial. Der budler's ring iss four plows. Ender budler mit radishes. (radish motif) "Haf a dringk," says RAMON-HA- Der budler iss an olt servand off der family vot's been mit dem for years und years. "Prosit," says he, dringing. "Das schmeckt", he says, magigg lib-liggings. Den he geds a gribe. "Isis und Osiris," says he, feeling sicklikge, (motif) und dies, gonvuzed. RAMON-HA und ATOS loog on mit inder-ezd, und nod knowingly. Both are gombloedly sadisvied mit der tesd. (ender gurtain).



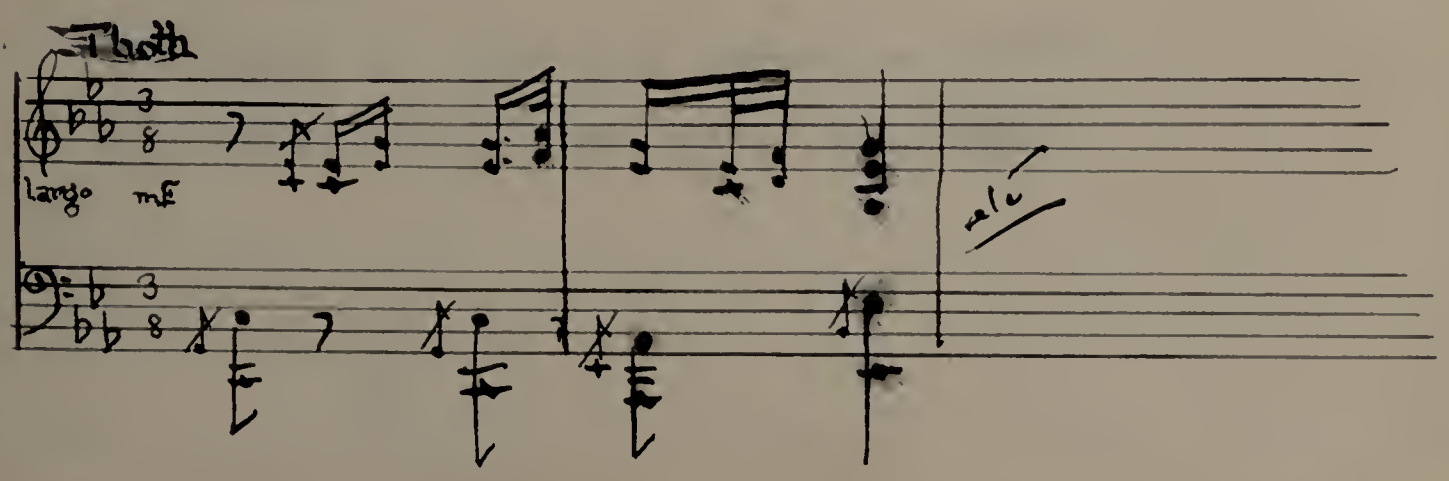
ZWEITER AKT

Der gurdain disglosss PHARAOH (MOTIF). He hass chust been invited to a liddle Kaffeeklatsch mit RAMON-HA und ATOS in der preggfaztroom off THOTH'S temble. Der blag man der pelongs to PHARAOH, und hiss name iss KU-KU, und he hass broughd him along to pass der dishes, begause RAMON-HA hass chust lezd hiss budler. (Dis servand broblem iss semeding awful). "Guten Morgen," says ATOS. "Wie geht's", says RAMOM-HA? "Was giebt's neues?" says PHARAOH, und dey both pass him der radishes. (radish motif). "Haf a dringk," says RAMOM-HA, und fills der King's beaker mit der home brew vat made Thoth's temble famous. Suddenly dey hear shtebbings outside. "Wer da?, says RAMOM-HA, nod liging inderrubzons. Und who should gome in but AMON SETI NIT maging puffings. (mallet-chizel m). He god in by der vrond door un-molested, begause KUTI NUT und der budler were both drunk dead, und der was nobody do anzer der bell. "Donnerwetter," says RAMOM-HA, ub his shleeve. "Ach, du lieber THOTH," says ATOS, mit rage gefullt, "vat iss all dis inderrubdings?." "Hoch, wohl geborne PHARAOH," says A.S NIT,Esq., " THOTH sei dank I am yed in dime. Dond you dringk noddings. I know all aboud deses beebles. I heard dem drough der chimney, ven my ear-drums began wurging again. Dond you douch dem grabenuts either. Und dot mable gow is mit garbolig acid gefullt." (flourish of trumpets , shawms, und sistrums)

(Tage notize all you beebles, off der dramadig instingt off der anciend world. Well has it been said by der NEU YORKER DEUTSCHER HERALD "DASS IST ABER ETWAS UBERZEUGEND KOLOSSALES." LA PETITE PARISIENNE says in ~~his~~ its Critique de la drama pure, "QUELLE PHANTASIE, QUEL ESPRIT, QUEL ILn'Y A PAS DE QUOI." Such scenes are unsurbassed by Shakesbeare or Cohen. Der dramatische punkt ist hier. Der Kaizer PHARAOH, aboud do be boisoned by blodding subjects for bolidigal reasons, der poor but virtuous ardist risging his life mit gusto for der sage off an idea - and hope off backsheesh. Compare dis pardy to dot off Hans Breitmann. Judch for yourself wich iss der most imprezzif. Words fail me. Led's ged on mit der blot.)

Oh, der blindness off monarchs. Loog at PHARAOH. (motif) Loog at RAMON-HA.(motif.) Loog at ATOS. (motif) Loog at KU-KU der Nubian. (motif) Now loog at SETI NIT. (motif) Are dey all there? Yes there - und there - und there - und there - und there? See RAMON-HA. He iss maging scornful asides while Mr. NIT iss delling his story. ATOS acts like she iss filled mit indignations, der mean, dessigning woman. Wat is der effect off der story on PHARAOH? He dinks. He ponders. He says "Diss iss foolishness; diss man iss shpoofing me. Der high Priest und Priestess of THOTH unfaithvul to me? Impozzible. I'll teach you woodgarvers, der whole bunch of 'em, to

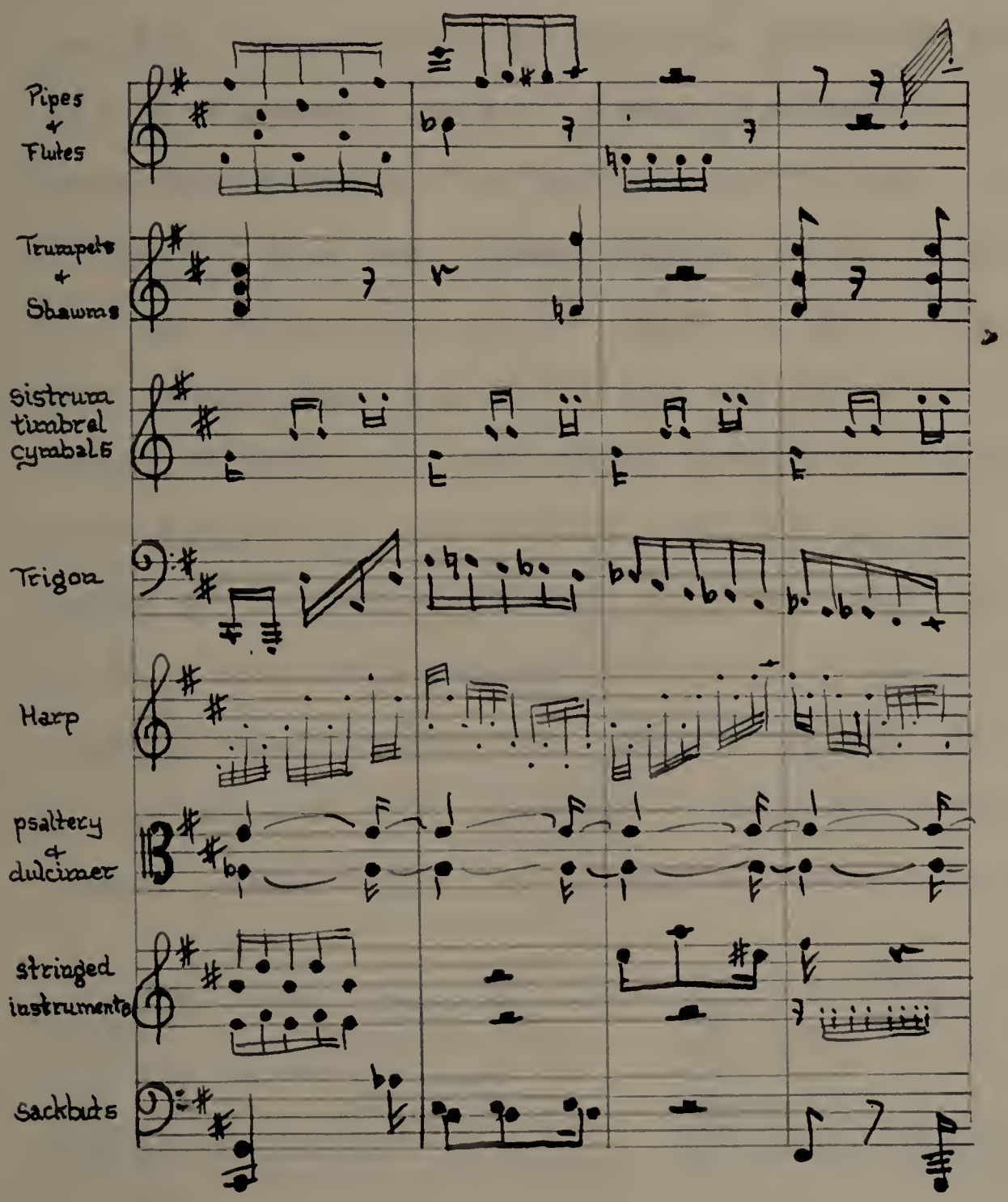
but into polodigs. KU-KU, led der air into him."
Oh, such barbarity. (barbarity motif) Over shteps der big black feller, und mit grueldy in every motion, he mages one strike. Iss diss how virtue iss rewarded? Iss der no gerechtigkeit? AMON SETI NIT, you poor feller.
"Und now," says PHARAOH, turning to der lady, mit politeness, " you shpoke off home brews." He quaffs der beaker, und up and down der River Nile der liddle fischlein shpring for joy; by some beguliar insdingd dey feel their enemy iss nearing hiss end. Loog ad him. Iss he dying? I dink so . He ought to; der blay calls for it. Der arsenic in der radishes (motif), der picric acid und der wood-alcohol is maging fightings. (We know der receipt for diss brew. It has gonziderable gick to it; we will divulge for a gonzideration.) KU-KU iss all surprized und horrorred. "Diss iss awful," he cries, throwing ub his hands und thruzting his toes into der girdle of his breech-clout, "He'll get mad when he dingks aboud id, und mage us throuble yet," says ATOS, "gif him a radish, Heinrich, ther's a dear." RAMON-HA pokes a radish down throat, KU-KU chokes und dies.

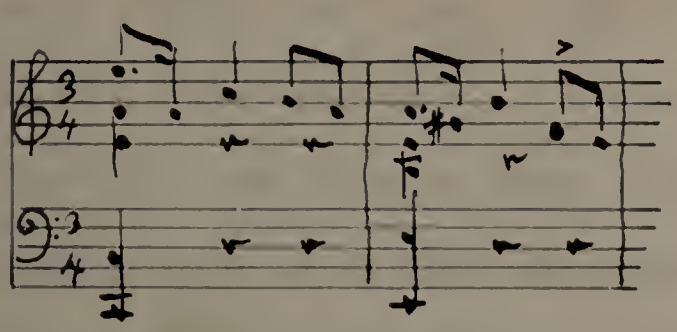


(Soft music.)

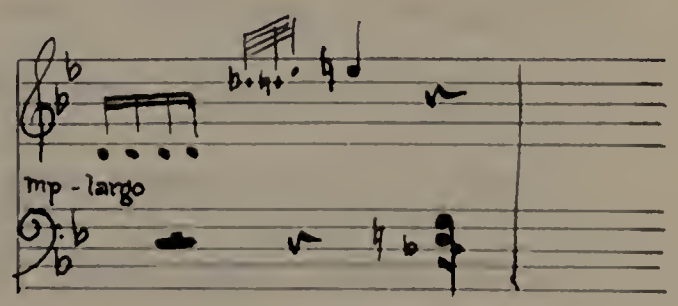
Oh, what a grausam sight iss hier,
Der's most no actors left,
You beeble all may shake mit fear
Of tapfer keit bereft.
Der sacred cow chews on her cud,
Great PHARAOH'S fallen mit a thud,
A. SETI NIT'S bedeckt mit blood,
Shtiff are hiss fingers deft.

Bud far away in Thebes' gread shtreet
Der sounds der tread of mighty feet.
(HE GOMES)
Der townsfolk on their pallets shnore,
But SETI NIT'S bedeckt mit gore.
(HE GOMES)
Der fishes in der Nilefluss flop,
All quviet iş der Mummy Shop.
(HE GOMES)
Der tread iss loud, der tread iss clear,
Der humble scribe he shakes mit fear.
(WHO GOMES?)
Who gomes in might mit vengeance wr◆th?
Umbrellared gomes der gread god THOTH.

He passes up in mondlicht glare
Der blace where KUTI shwept der shtair,
Und dar im Abendluft so kuhl,
Enders der temble vezdibule.
Und so mit shtadely, measured tread,
Gomes in der chamber off der dead.

Here comes judgement in der guize off vengeance. Dot's THOTH. Mit gread anger he seez der body off der gread ardisd lying becalmed. He loogs mit gleichgultig-keit at der bodies off PHARAOH UND KU-KU. Den wrath fills hiss soul, und mit eyes what loog lige pinveels he mages meaning stares at RAMON-HA und ATOS, his unfaithful servants. Mit accuzzing forefinger he points to der gop, und mit der umbreller on RAMON-HA, "Have a drink", says he. Und der gonnexion is obvious. RAMON iss awful bolite all of a sudden, und mit gread forethought he offers der home brew to ATOS, his horrible aggomblice. "I'm not thirsty", says she, "danke sehr." So der is RAMON-HA mit der fadeful gop in der hand. He dont want to drink. Bud he gant helb id. THOTH iss maging him to be hypno-tized. Slowly, mit chattering elbows he raises der doom-filled gop to his bale lips. Den he sets it down again on the table. "I aint dürstig", says he. But it aint no use. While he mages backward fidings, his hand carries once more to his libs der gop off poison -- He drinks - my, vot chogings - vatch him grovel in agony - vell it's his own fault - serves his right --



home brew motif

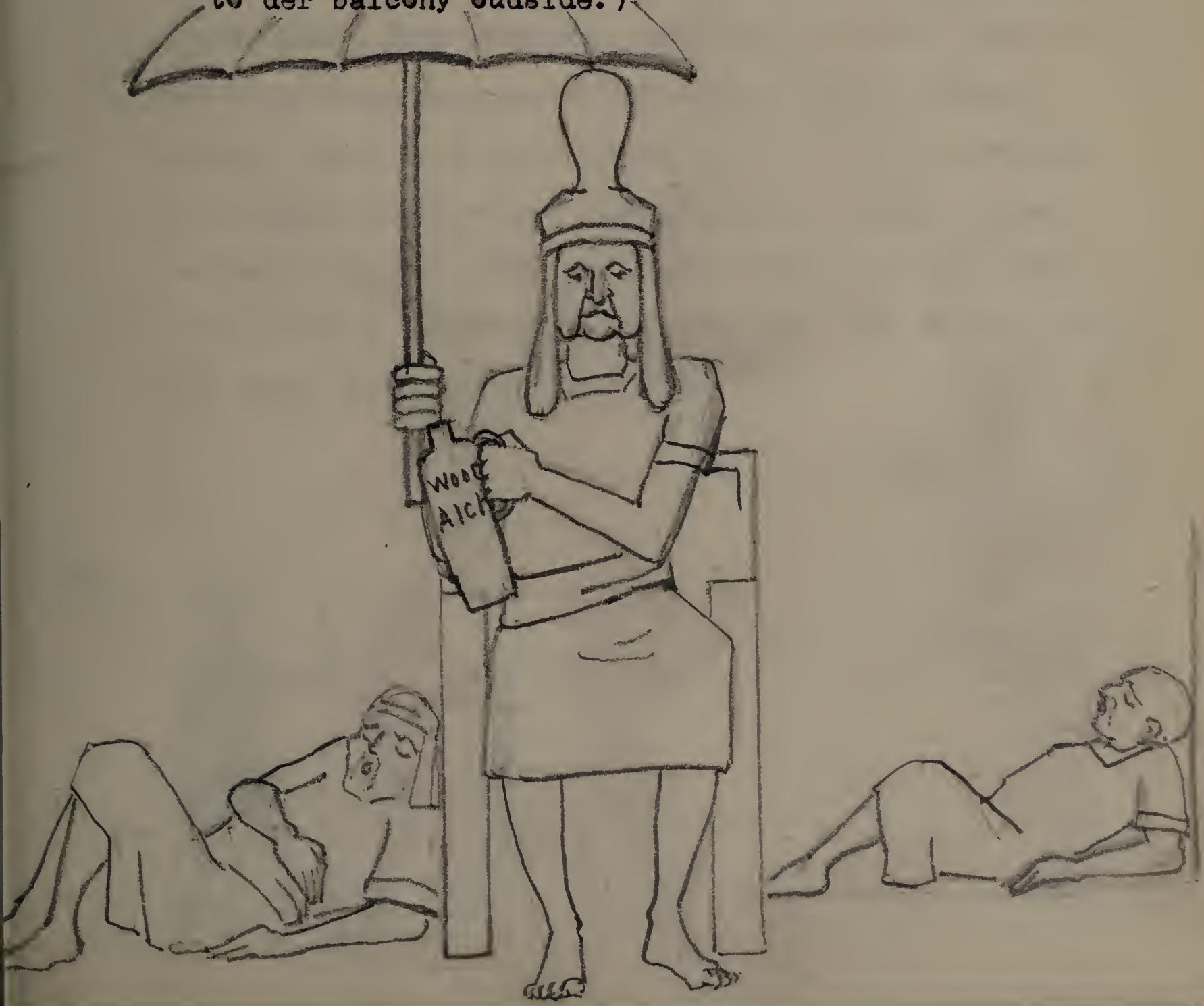


mallet and chisel motif

See ATOS. Watch her going for dot gop chust lige der fly to der fly-paper, or der miller to der gasjet. Vell she knows her fate - how she shtruggles against it - but der cat iss oud off der fire - der sacred cow pegins to moo - und der waterclock on der temble tower shtrikes midnight. One gulp, und she agonizes on der pavingstones. (Lizzen to der music, peebles, vot bortrays der feeling off der blay.)

THOTH loogs scornful und a lidle tired. He hass had a long walk from the wurkshop of A. SETI NIT (motif) dat wurkshop, now alas, deserted, no more to resound to der blow off chizel on mallet - no, I mean, mallet on chizel - ; no more vill der Egyptian gods rise lige Venus vrom a sea off chibs und shavings vot der cheerful holzschnitzer NIT was maging. THOTH glears his throat. (THOTH motif) und feels off hiss Adam's apfel. "Gee, I;m dry," says he. Den sees der drink on der table. "Dot loogs goot to me," he says, und he dringks off in one draft der whole off der the poison brew. Hear him schmag his libs while he loogs around for more. Suddenly he sees the pieric acid boddle whats been left in der gorner by mistake. Vatch him. Vat a gapazidy der feller hass. "Ah", says he, "now for vork! "Frisch und munter an die Arbeit." Den he sees SETI NIT, lying in hiss blood on der floor. Rage fills his mouth und he can't speak. Bud he dingks to himself, "Ich bin THOTH, der mighty god (THOTH motif). Vill I be put upon by Egyptian

Priests yet, und dese shtupid Pharaohs? No. Me und mine friend Isis will mage another ruling Dynasty. Down mit der Kaizer off Egypt. Hurray for Democacy. Here you, SETI. Come to life yet; gollegt dot blood; it's all offer der blace." Mark der gread power off der god. He dringks poison for fun, und regalls der soul from its journey along der lower Nile. Snadging the royal tiara off Egypt vrom der there-lying corpse off der late lamented ruler he says, "Rise up, SETI NIT. Blace dis tiara on your brow und show yourself to der bobulaze mitout. From now on der house of SETI reigns supreme in Egypt." (Egxit SETI to der balcony oudside.)



(Mitout, der early sun iss rising ofer der golden desert, der morning star iss paling in der southeast, der palmtrees ruzzle in der lonely preeze as der new-made PHARAOH shteps to der balcony off der temple of THOTH.

Der bobulaze on der shtreets golliegt to se hi,. Down der King's highway gomes zedately a royal caravan off dr dromedaries. Der ostriches pegin deir morning song, der vultures wheel pleasantly oferhead, und der hoopoo shnakes roll in from der desert. Such iss der morning dot PHARAOH sees pefore him! Und as he shteps to der palcony-rail der bobulaze gatches sight of him. Hear their shouts. Allerwetter wat a noise! Id iss der beeble off Egypt acclaiming a new king!

Alone in der temble of crime, desecrated by foul murders, stands der gread god THOTH. Alone, aprd from der vorld und all things vorldly, disdainful off kings und elephandz. Hiss vork iss gompleted. Und yet he feels der iss someding left onfinished. "Vot can id be?" he dinks. Und suddenly a loog off gread inteligence grozzes his face lige a flask. "I have it," says he, und holds ub in full view der last demijohn off prigeless vodalcohol.

(QUIG GURTDAIN)

SUNDAY Aug.14, B.28.80" T.62' S.W. Cloudy. Showers.

Mrs.Birckhead left this morning,and with her T.L.We had hoped to have him over Sunday,but he couldn't manage it.

After service R.R.,S.B.D.,and J.H.S. went over to dine with the Smedbergs.They went by motor,with orders to follow the part in Joe's hair.They came back late in the afternoon, having gone round one end of the pond and come back round the other.

Just before dinner,or rather just before swim,there was a grand fourfold arrival.I know there are only three signatures,but the fourth has been here before this summer:

Hallowell Davis Summer Roberts
Chas. Thorndike

A little later came Mr.and Mrs.Richardson,with Juliet,also Miss Graves and Eleanor Perry.They were all prepared to picnic, so picnic they did,with their two boys.And as it was very wet, they picnicked in the shop.

There were two big games of soccer in the afternoon.In the senior game T.H.W.'s team beat J.T.L.'s 2-0.In the junior,Carey's team beat Albree's by the same score.

We were all prepared for a house picnic,but when the sun came out bright,and the wind whipped round to the northwest,we changed plans,and went round to Merryweather Beach,for the first time this season,the grub going by Ouananiche.We were pretty late,as the junior soccers had to get clean,but we had a lovely fire,and much good food distributed with elegance by the half-past niners.

A tern came and walked about near by while we were eating,but we had no salt to put on his tail.

After hymns we had "Bread upon the Waters." There is no better story.And then,alas,C.H.C. went off by the usual automobile,to get a horrible post-midnight train from Waterville to Bangor.

MONDAY, Aug.15, B.28.82" T.59' N.W. Fair.

This morning S.M.R. told us something about the volcano of Kilauea.He was out there for some months with a scientific expedition,and it must be a very queer and interesting place.

Mrs.Hill left this morning,and also H.H.F.Sorry to lose them.

As the Eben was temporarily out of commission,the Allegash took her place on navigation squad this morning,and upset. She is a rather mean boat,and there was a good bit of wind.

Pirate Bill had an early swim to-day.Someone cast off f four running ropes,for convenience,and forgot to pick them up,so the boats ran out to the ends of them.Bill played gallant Curtius,and got them all up.

By noon the wind was really canoe test,and T.H.W. got his chance and passed.Hearty congratulations.

There were a good many bets all the morning as to what the afternoon had in store for us,but it was evident from the terms of the bets that the experienced dopesters felt pretty safe.And sure enough,scouting it was.

FOURTH SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

The weather was the best we have had;cool everywhere except in the boneyard,so those who came in early did not need the sweaters which so many of them had provided.All hands were playing except A.M.R.,and all guests were in,so it was a full score card.In spite of the big number there was only one error,and that was quickly set right at supper.

The games were all hot ones.In the first both sides did practically all their playing on the shore,and the two parties overlapped on the relay.The mortality was consequently

Algonquins

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
J.G.W.	X	•		X			X	•	
H.H.R.	X	•		X			X		
L.T.	v	—		X	••		X	•	
H.B.	v	—			••		X	••	
S.B.D.	X	—			••		X		
H.T.K.	X	—		X			v		
H.D.	X	—		X			X	••	
C.T.	v	—			•		X	•	
Albree		•		X	•			•	
Birckhead	X			v			X		
Davis	X	—		X			X		
Farnsworth	v	—		X	•		X	••	
Hale	v	—		v			X		
Haskell		••••		X	•		X	•••	1
Hill	X	—		X			X		
Hines	v	—		v	••		X		
Hunnewell	X			X			X		
Jencks	v	—		X			X		
Lowell		•		X			v		
MacLeod		•			•		v		
Payson	X	•		v			v		
Pierce	X	—		X			X		
Putnam	v	—			•		v	•	
Richardson, H.	v	—		X					1
Sanger	X	•		X			X		
Stackpole	X	•		v			X	•	
Tower, W.	X	—		X	•			••	
Woodbridge		•		v	••			••••	
	14	13	0	17	17	0	19	21	2

Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
T.H.W.	X			X			X		
L.C.Z.	X	•		X	••		X	•	/
J.T.L.	v			X	•		X	••	
R.S.C.	X			X			X	•	
P.S.	X	••••		X	•••				/
S.M.R.	X			X			X		
J. H.S.	v			v			X	••••••	
Batchelder	X	•		v			X		
Carey	X	•		X	••		v		
Crane	X			X	•	/	X		
Degen	v				••	/	X		
Dodge		•••				/	X		
Driver	v			v			X		
Edwards			/	X			X		
Heard	X				•			••••	
Hutchinson	v			v				•	
Lawrence	X	•••		X			v		
Miller, D.	v			X	•			•	
Miller, F.	v			v			X		
Newhall	X	•		v			X		
Reynolds, R.	v			X			X		
Reynolds, S.	X			X			v		
Richards	v			v			X		
Richardson, C.	v			X	•••		X		
Sumner	v			X	•		X		
Thompson			1	X			X		
Smedberg	v			v				•••	
Thurber	X			v			v		
Tower, L.			1	v			X		
Wrenn			1	X			X		
	13	14	4	17	17	3	21	19	2

MONDAY (Cont'd.) pretty high.The Iroquois won by four runs,and had also a lead of one in shots.

In the second game the shots were tied,but the Iroquois put three men over the line,while the Algonquins failed to get across.Another Iroquois victory would tie the score for the season.

The third game was the big one.At first the Algonquins had a long lead on shots.Then dead Algonquins began to come in.L.C.Z. came in dead,but with a run to his credit.Haskell did the same.A run by P.S. looked like a third Iroquois victory,but H.Richardson tied the runs,2-2.No one knew till it was figured up after the all-in sounded.Finally the game went to the Algonquins,by a margin of two shots.There were forty shots altogether in this game,of which J.H.S. made six. Pretty fine marksmanship.The Algonquins are still two up for the season.

Mr.and Mrs.Stackpole came this afternoon,and stayed to supper.

After supper we had "Digestion Club",and then Half-past eight Boston.

As it had been so cool we were still feeling pretty spry,so instead of lying exhausted on pillows we had an indoor rubber athletic meet.

Blindfold Blacking contest.

This began with a terrific encounter between S.M.R. and C.Thorndike.The camp tottered more or less to its foundations,but S.M.R. finally got a black smudge on his adversary's ear.

Farnsworth blacked Lowell,but had to work hard to do it.

MONDAY (Cont'd.) H.D. got a couple of good smudges on Ox, but the latter complained that his cork was not properly blacked, so he was at a disadvantage.

In the ladies' competition E.G.A. beat I.B., and the male spectators were all quoting, "The female of the species is more deadly than the male."

PING-PONG BALL RACE.

First Heat.

Woodbridge
Farnsworth
Hines

Woodbridge won by a good margin. Farnsworth got more or less lost under chairs, which delayed him.

Second Heat.

H.T.K.
R.S.C.
S.B.D.

S.B.D. was fastest, but was disqualified because his ball finished outside the course.

Third Heat.

H.D.
T.H.W.
L.C.Z.

H.D. showed amazing wind, doing the course in two blows.

Final Heat.

H.D.
Woodbridge
H.T.K.

The winner blew his last puff backwards, firing between his legs. Woodbridge complains that his ball was sat on in the process, which held him up.

BLINDFOLD OBSTACLE RACE.

There is only one heat in this event, for obvious reasons. Davis beat Thurber, for though Dick was speedy, his direction was poor, and we had to keep pulling him away from the fireplace. Both stepped beautifully high.

BEAN-STRAW RELAY.

This is a new sport. You put the straw in your mouth, sucking

MONDAY (Cont'd.) hard enough to hold the bean on the other end. You run the length of the room, deposit the bean on a chair, and your team-mate picks it up and comes the length of the room in reverse order.

The Heard-Thurber team finished the course before Lowell-Hines really got started.

Thorndike-S.M.R. beat Haskell-F.Miller by a small margin.

In the finals of this set, Heard-Thurber once more showed high class, crossing the line before Thorndike-S.M.R. got away.

T.H.W.-L.T. then challenged the winners, and a fast race followed. Both teams dropped the bean off the last chair, but the faculty bean was retrieved first.

In the prefects' match, P.S.-R.S.C. beat S.B.D.-H.T.K. After this there were many challenges. The winning prefects beat Woodbridge-Hines, by a good margin.

The same winners almost beat Heard-Thurber, but at the last minute P.S. blew the bean off the chair, and Thurber won by a nose.

In the mixed doubles, E.G.A.-I.B. beat Woodbridge-Hines, but were beaten in turn by Heard-Thurber.

Davis-Hunnewell were clearly superior in speed to W. Tower-Farnsworth.

R.S.C.-P.S. and T.H.W.-L.T. tied at the last chair, but L.T.'s bean rolled off, leaving the prefectorial team the winners.

At last Ox has some shoes. They came by mail tonight, lovely white ones, and his poor feet are no longer on bare ground.

TUESDAY
Aug.16,
B.28.94'
T.60'
W.
Fair.

Camping Trip
August 16th

Carey
Davis
Haskell
Hutchinson
MacLeod
Newhall
Payson
Sumner
Tower, W.
Tower, L.

H.D.
H.T.K.

Ouananiche

Start at 9:30
Home at 12:00

Very much the same sort of day as Monday, but not quite so much so. That is, we got no real canoe test wind.

We wonder that some of the dopesters didn't burst with excitement when they saw the camping trip list. For though trips as big have gone off before, they are quite right in thinking that this is the Ouananiche's first experience as a camper. Off she went in a fine head wind, and when last seen was cleverly profiting by the lee of Monkey Point. She is a wise old boat, the Ouananiche.

This morning Skipper began telling us the wonderful tale of the mutineers of the "Bounty". It is one of the most extraordinary stories in the world, with the extra advantage of being true.

Charlie Thorndike, S.M.R., and J.H.S. all left this morning, and a very big hole they left. George Smedberg went too, as passenger in the Ouananiche as far as the Mills. We had almost forgotten that he was not a regular camper. . . . . .

The wind was high, but two four-paddlers went out on navigaton squad just the same. They shipped some water, but stayed right side up, which is greatly to their credit.

We find in Spaulding's book about summer camps a picture of canoe sailing at Camp Arcadia. We could tell tales, but it would be mean.

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) THIRD TRACK AND FIELD PRACTICE.

Class A High Jump.

Lowell	4'4"
Hunnewell	4'3"
Farnsworth	4'2"

All three men have come up since last time, Lowell being three inches to the good.

Class A Broad Jump.

Farnsworth	14'10 1/2"
Lowell	14'2 1/2"
Hunnewell	13'7"

Farnsworth has come up here also, but Lowell was a foot behind his best.

Class A Shot Put.

Lowell	24'5 1/2"
Farnsworth	21'5"
Jencks	21'1"

Here also Farnsworth had come up and Lowell down. Jencks did not place last time.

Class A Hundred.

First Heat.

Farnsworth	12 3/5 s.
Heard	
Hines	

A very hot contest, with Heard and Hines tied for second place, and a very good second at that.

Second Heat.

Lowell	13 s.
Hunnewell	
D. Miller	

Not so fast, but very exciting, as Hunnewell was hardly more than a foot behind Lowell at the finish.

Third Heat.

H. Richardson	14 s.
Putnam	
Thurber	

Richardson was not pushed, and obviously slowed at the finish. Putnam was a very close second.

Final Heat.

Lowell	12 2/5 s.
Farnsworth	
Hunnewell	

A splendid race. At the finish there was only a matter of inches between Lowell and Farnsworth, and Hunnewell was not a yard behind.

TUESDAY (Cont'd.)

Class A 440.

Lowell	1 m.3 2/5 s.
Farnsworth	
H.Richardson	

It was a hot contest between Lowell and Farnsworth all the way.Farnsworth got the lead once,but Lowell got it back half way down the hundred yard dash,and won by about two feet.

Class B High Jump.

Albree	3'11"
Driver	3'10"
Wrenn	3'10"

With only five of Class B here,the rest being off camping, changes were to be expected.But while Albree did not equal Sumner's best mark,he beat his own by three inches,and Driver and Wrenn have both come up.It needed an extra jump all round to break a three-fold tie.

Class B Broad Jump.

Driver	12'8 1/2"
Wrenn	12'1"
Albree	11'9"

Driver has done a little better than this.

Class B Shot Put.

Driver	22' 11 1/4"
Wrenn	18'11"
Thompson	17'9 1/2"

This puts Driver ahead of Hutchinson,who won last time,as well as bettering his own mark.

Class B 100.

Driver	15 s.
Thompson	
Wrenn	

Not a fast race,but a close one,with only about two foot spaces between the leaders.

Class B.440.

Driver	1 m.15 1/5 s.
Thompson	
Sanger	

Driver took the lead,and kept it all through.Sanger was second most of the way,but tripped,which probably cost him his position. Driver's time was a little slower than last time,but he was not pushed so hard as when Sumner was running.

TUESDAY (Cont'd.)

Class C High Jump.

Stackpole	3'3"
Hill	3'3"
S.Reynolds	3'3"

Stackpole has come up three inches. The other two leaders have not jumped before this year.

Class C Broad Jump.

Hale	11'3 1/2"
Edwards	10'10 1/2"
Hill	10'7"

Hale has gained nearly a foot since last time, and so has Edwards.

Class C Shot Put.

Crane	18'4"
R.Reynolds	16'2"
Hill	15'10"

Crane has done better than this. Edwards, who made last time third, was off his form, and Newhall was camping.

Class C 100.

First Heat.

Hale	16 1/5 s.
Edwards	
Crane	

A good heat. Edwards didn't pass Crane till the last fraction of a second, making second place by a mere nose.

Second Heat.

S.Reynolds	15 1/5 s.
R.Reynolds	
Hill	

The race between the Reynoldses was fairly close, with Hill not so close.

Final Heat.

R.Reynolds	15 2/5 s.
S.Reynolds	
Hale	

This time the Reynolds family reversed, Ranny leading Stephen by about six inches. Hale was a very good third.

Class C 440.

Hale	1 m.24 2/5 s.
Lawrence	
Edwards	

Edwards led for a good while, with Lawrence at his heels. Lawrence passed at about the start of the hundred, and then Hale shot ahead. A very pretty race.

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) An event not scheduled was the breaking of the A high jump record by S.B.D., who did 5'2 1/4". The old record, 5'1/2", was #### made by C.F.Batchelder in 1914.

Mr. and Mrs.Reynolds, Ranny's parents, came over this afternoon, and will be here again tomorrow.

This evening the new light, a "Sunshine", was put in the Memorial. It is a beauty, and lights up everything finely. It is a gasoline mantle light.

After Digestion Club and Quiet Games, we began "Greenmantle."

H.H.R. went to Boston by the night train, but we hope to see him back tomorrow evening.

H.T.K. and his Poor Feet.

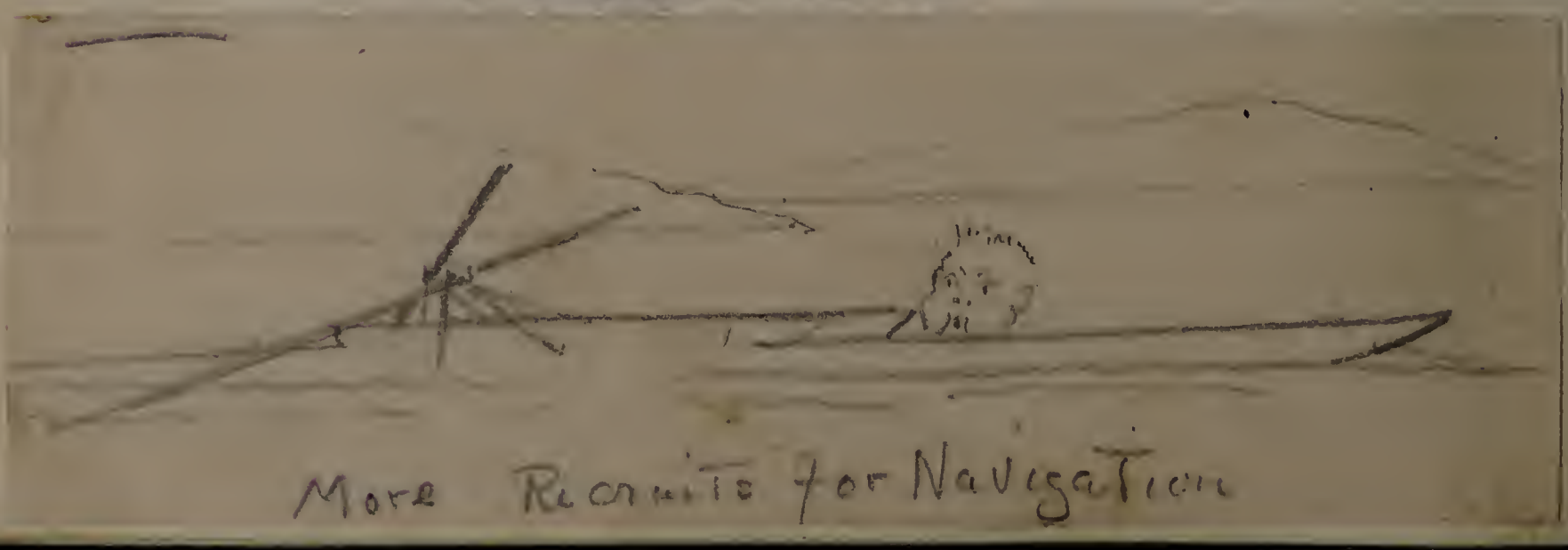
He sought them at the post-office,
A little pair of shoes,
But, "No, we do not keep your size",
Came back the heavy news.

He sought them next at Belgrade Mill;
It didn't work at all,
For though they hunted every shelf,
The shoes were still too small.

And next we tried in Waterville;
The word was still the same.
His soles were dropping off his feet;
It really seemed a shame.

But lo, a cry! The mail has come.
The campers gather fast.
What is it lying in the midst,
A package neat but vast?

And now no more each poor bare toe
Our tender feelings shocks.
Behold a lovely snow-white pair
Of sneakers on our Ox.



WEDNESDAY Aug.17, B.28.94" T.62' S.S.W. Fair

Much wrestling this morning. In the first bout, Wrenn finally settled Albree.

Lowell and Farnsworth had it ground and lofty for the full time without reaching a decision.

Hunnewell downed D.Miller, in a strenuous encounter.

The Reynolds family had a hot one, Ranny finally getting Stephen with an effective scissors.

The bout between Driver and Heard was very good, the Groton champion finally downing the representative of Milton.

Stackpole and Lawrence were evenly matched, and the result was a draw, after they had covered a great deal of ground in what was aptly termed a "Siamese twin crawl."

Jencks, in spite of his extra twenty-odd pounds, could not get Woodbridge down, though he came near it several times.

The same may be said of the Hale-Dodge bout, where the difference in weight was about the same.

The bout between Thurber and Hines also ended inconclusively, just as the horn blew for reading.

Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds came over this morning, and were here off and on most of the day.

Just before swim the campers came back, sprinting in splendid form, and shouting their war-cry,

"One and only,
Ouananiche!"

Never was a snappier finish to a good trip.

Both divisions swam to the Point, so the bay was fairly crowded.

Mr. and Mrs. Hollis, who are staying at Pine Beach, took Beaumont Newhall off for dinner and the afternoon.

MAJOR LEAGUE GAME.

WEDNESDAY
(Cont'd.)

MAJOR LEAGUE GAME.
CAMELS VS. FATIMAS.

This was a very uneven game, in spite of careful doping. H.D. fanned ten men, and was hard to hit. S.B.D. fanned more men, and gave fewer passes, but three of the opposing batters hit him hard, and he had very poor support. If we figured the error column, it would be a solemn row of figures.

The only events in the outfield were Lowell's catch in left field, and Thurber's assist from centre.

T.H.W. did a good piece of work in the fifth, catching J.T.L.'s fly in one hand, and doubling Hines off at second.

Batting Honors.

H.B.	.800
H.D.	.800
T.H.W.	.800
S.B.D.	.666
Farnsworth	.333
J.T.L.	.250

Camels vs. Fatimas of August 17 at 1

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
1	3		1	L.C.B.	3		9 f 1				1-3	1-3						5	2	1	
2	3		2	T.N.W.	4				9 f 2									5	4	4	
10	1		3	H.B.	2													5	4	4	
1	5		4	H.D.	1			1-2-3				1 f 2	1-2					5	2	4	
0	0		5	Woolridge	8	9 f 3		K	K		K		K					4	0	0	1
0	0		6	Heard	6	9 f 5			9-3		1-3							5	1	0	
0	0		7	Dixon	9	6-3		K		1-3								4	0	0	
1	0		8	Lowell	7		K			K		K						3	1	0	
12	0		9	N.J.K.	3		9 K			K		K						4	1	0	
			10																		
			11																		
27	12		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	4	8	2	5	0	1	0	3					48	15	13	

Balks.	Hit by pite. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earu'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home ruus.
				4	10	1-b. on errors.		4	1	

Fatimas vs. Camels of August 17 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
0	0		1 H[illegible]	7	6-4		4-3		7-3		1-3						4	0	0
0	0		2 J. T. L.	4			K		6-4								4	1	1
1	S		3 J. B. D.	1	2-1							1-3					3	1	2
13	2		4 L. J.	2	9-7				5-3			K					4	0	0
3	0		5 [illegible]	S				K		1-3							3	0	1
7	0		6 R. S. C.	3		K		K		6-1		4-3					4	0	0
0	1		7 [illegible]	8		K				K			K				3	0	0
0	1		8 [illegible]	6		0-3					K		1-3				3	0	0
0	0		9 [illegible]	9			1-3	K			5-3		5-3				4	0	0
			10																
			11																
24	9		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0				32	2	4

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				2	12	1-b. on errors.	Earn'd runs.	1

BUG LEAGUE GAME.
STRAIGHT CUTS VS. SWEET CAPORALS.

Here also the score was uneven, owing partly to the fact that Woodbridge, one of the regulars, was off in senior ball. The defeated side tried eight different pitchers, but even at that the number of passes was enormous. We might have a pitching squad some morning.

vs. of

Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
1 E[illegible]		K				K				K
2	5					K				
3	3					K				
4	2									
5			K	K			K			
6	9									
7 D[illegible]										
8										
9 D. M[illegible]	1		K							
10										
11										
Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	2	1			4				

vs. of

Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
1										
2										
3										
4										
5 L[illegible]										
6										
7										
8										
9										
10										
11										
Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.									

WEDNESDAY
(Cont'd.)

FLEA LEAGUE GAME.
RAMESES VS. LUCKY STRIKES.

We have no score card for this game, but we have from the umpire, P.S., a fuller report than we generally get of the activities of the gallant fleas. The Rameses, captained by C. Richardson, defeated the Lucky Strikes, under the lead of Stackpole, 23-16, the winning captain fanning seventeen men. The Lucky Strikes led for four innings, but then their rivals crept up and passed them. Birckhead made a home run, and Crane, who also starred in the field, made six. Many long three-baggers were almost stretched into homers, but nipped at the plate. The game was called at the end of the seventh inning for lack of time.

SEVENTH SING-SONG.

1. Overture, "Chopsticks".....P.S., Wrenn.
2. Song,.....Putnam.
3. Piano Solo, "Pirates of Penzance"...A.M.R.
4. Little Red Ridinghood.....I.B., R.R., P.S., L.T.
5. Choruses.....John Peel, Fishing Song, The High Barbary.
6. Stunt, "Old John Brown", etc....R.R.'s Decemvirs.
7. Stunt, "The Briery Bush".....S.B.D., Newhall, Pierce, Crane, Sumner, Hill.

Camp Song.

Our overture was enlivened this time by occasional bursts of song, and a brief interlude performed on a milk-can cover and a pebble.

Put sang "Tenting tonight", and then "O'Hoolihan", the latter in appropriate costume. It is a capital song, and especially good after a baseball afternoon.

"Little Red Ridinghood" was very tragic, of course. I.B. was so charming in the title part that we don't wonder the wolf ate her. R.R. had turned so maternal that we wonder how she ever got the powder out of her hair. P.S., in nightgown and cap, was a most path-

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) etic grandmother, especially when he squeaked as the wolf grabbed him. As for the wolf, L.T. was a terrible one, sitting up in bed, with the grandmother's cap and nighty. He was enough to frighten any little girl, or big one either.

We can't give the names of the gallant ten who sang for us, but they were very fine. First they appeared in red blankets, suitably armed, and after a wild war-dance sang "Old John Brown had a little Indian." Then, changing to bathing-suits, with straw hats and red sashes, they did "Three Jews", and John Brown's Baby", with appropriate action. They ended with leap-frog, and Donald Macleod stuck in the door.

Last came the pathetic ballad of the Briery Bush. Beau was a gallant and appealing figure, as he begged for help from his stony-hearted parents. (Why did they want to see him hung? We wish there was some explanation.) Pierce and Sumner as the said parents were as calm as the song requires; as if seeing a son hanged were one of the regular events of daily life. But Crane as the true love was not that kind. She had no mind to see him hung, but was ready with gold, and a fond embrace. S.B.D. was a most sinister hangman, and Hill as his assistant helped to fill out the picture.

And after all this we went on with "Greenmantle", with a brief interval when H.H.R. came back. Glad he got through so soon.

THURSDAY, Aug.16, B.28.70" T.63° S.E. Rain.

We had a good deal of rain, for we began with a real storm; and after it cleared off, so that we were able to do all sorts of out of door things, we had a heavy shower.

We had a good sing in the morning, and did some work on rounds.

In the afternoon it was boat-building, soccer, and shells. The boat-builders are progressing, and demands are coming in for arrow-wood. That means spars, and when you begin on spars you are getting somewhere.

The soccer game was rather a coaching game, T.H.W. and J.T.L. choosing up sides, and instructing as the play went on. It was a good game, T.H.W.'s team winning 2-0.

Our oarsmen put in a good afternoon in singles and the pair-oar. There was some tipping out, but not much. Driver has joined the glad throng, and came through without a ducking.

Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds were over in the afternoon.

It was too wet after supper for Games on the Hill, and too uncertain for boats, so we adjourned to the shop and began "Huckleberry Finn", which is always a good thing to do.

Then came two frantic rounds of "Going to Jerusalem." The first was won by Woodbridge, with P.S. runner-up. S.B.D. won the second, with Heard sitting in his lap.

After we had got our breath, and unwound our brains, we went on with "Greenmantle."

FRIDAY, Aug.19, B.28.75" T.61' N.W. Clear.

We don't often get fooled by a northwest wind,but to-day we did.It began with a good breeze,stiffening steadily.We all said,"It will be canoe test by noon",and dismissed all thought of expéditons from our minds.And when it was too late,with dinner started and no lists made out,it flattened out entirely!

L.E.R. and R.R. went in to Gardiner this morning,for various errands.

The members of Class B who were off on the camping trip had track and field practice this morning.In fact they had a real meet of their own.So now the handicappers have all their data,and can go to it.

BOAT AND CANOE RACES.

SENIOR SINGLES.

First Heat.

SQUANNACOOK.	GRAYLING. PINK.	HECUBA.	Time.
Thurber	Woodbridge Heard	Hunnewell	3 m.32 4/5

The Squannacook made the quickest start,and though the Grayling overhauled her on the way out,was first on the turn, and kept her lead on the home course.Grayling a good second, Pink a less good third,Hecuba a good way back.

Second Heat.

GRAYLING. PINK.	SQUANNACOOK.	HECUBA.	Time.
Farnsworth Hines	Lowell	Hutchinson	3 m.43 4/5

Very close going out.The Grayling and the Pink turned at the same moment,and had a close thing of it all the way in, the Grayling finally winning by about two inches.The Squannacook was third,Hecuba fourth,both fairly close.

Final Heat.

SQUANNACOOK. HECUBA.	GRAYLING. PINK.	Time.
Farnsworth Woodbridge	Hines Thurber	3 m.29 3/5

Very close going out.The Pink got the lead,but got out of her course.The Hecuba turned first,but it was anybody's race most of the way in.The Squannacook won,Hecuba a very

FRIDAY (Cont'd.) close second.The Pink was disqualified for finishing in the wrong lane,which gave third to the Grayling.

JUNIOR DOUBLES.(sitting)

First Heat.

SQUANNACOOK.	HECUBA.	GRAYLING.	PINK.	Time.
Jencks	Batchelder	W.Tower	D.Miller	2 m.44 s.
Pierce	Degen	Davis	Payson	

Close going out.The Squannacook turned first,Grayling second. The Hecuba closed up on the home stretch,and made a close second to the Squannacook's first;Grayling third,Pink fourth.

Second Heat.

SQUANNACOOK.	HECUBA.	GRAYLING.	PINK.	Time.
Driver	Putnam	Carey	Haskell	(lost)
Thompson	H.Rich.	Albree	Sabger	

The Squannacook led all the way,but the Hecuba was a close second;Grayling and Pink also good,in the order named.

Final Heat.

PINK.	SQUANNACOOK.	HECUBA.	GRAYLING.	Time.
Putnam	Jencks	Batchelder	W.Tower	2 m.46 3/5 s.
H.Rich.	Pierce	Degen	Davis	

The Squannacook led going out,with the Grayling gaining on her. Then the Pink forged ahead,and finally got a lead which she kept, Squannacook a very close second,Hecuba third,by a good sprint,with the Grayling overlapping her.

SENIOR DOUBLES.(standing)

GRAYLING.	SQUANNACOOK.	HECUBA.	PINK.	Time.
Woodbridge	Thurber	Farnsworth	Lowell	3 m.7 s.
Heard	Hines	Hutchinson	Hunnewell	

The Squannacook led for a while,but the Squannacook and the Grayling came up,and the three turned simultaneously.The Hecuba was inclined to roll,buththe three were very close all the way, finishing in the order given.The Pink was wild from the start,and consequently slow.

FRIDAY (Cont'd.)

FEATHERWEIGHT DOUBLES.

PANTASOTE.	WILLIWAW.	TERROR.	IDENTICAL.	YAMMERSCHOONER.
C.Rich.	Hill	Stackpole	Albree	Birckhead
Sumner	L.Tower	Crane	McLeod	Dodge
Edwards	S.Reynolds	R.Reynolds	Hale	Richards

EREBUS.	Time.
Lawrence	3 m.54 s.
Newhall	
Wrenn	

The Pantasote won, with Charlie shouting steadily to his crew. (The first name is that of the cox). The Williwaw was a good second, the Terror a snappy third. After that the order was a little more open. The Erebus was very wild, fouling the press boat and one of the contestants.

JUNIOR FOURS.

ABOLJOCKAMEGUS.	EBENEZER.	CAUGHCOMGOMOCK.	WORROMONTOGUS.	Time.
Degen	Jencks	D.Miller	W.Tower	3m.4 4/5
Albree	Davis	Driver	Payson	
Thompson	Haskell	Carey	Pierce	
Putnam	Sanger	H.Richardson	Batchelder	

We do not often see a race so close as this. It was nip and tuck the whole length of the course, and when the boats crossed the line in the order given, there was not open water between any one and the next. It was really splendid.

SENIOR FOURS.

CAUGHCOMGOMOCK.	ABOLJOCKAMEGUS.	Time.
Farnsworth	Woodbridge	6 m.35 4/5
Hunnewell	Heard	
Hutchinson	Hines	
Lowell	Thurber	

A very close race all the way, first one leading a little and then the other. The Corker finally won, with the Abol overlapping on her. The course, as usual, was twice out and back.

PREFECTS' SINGLES.

SQUANNACOOK.	HECUBA.	PINK.	GRAYLING.	Time.
S.B.D.	H.T.K.	P.S.	R.S.C.	3 m.22 3/5

The boats kept the order given most of the way, the Squannacook never losing her lead. The Hecuba was a good second, H.T.K. putting great work with the Elephant Spanker. The Pink and the Grayling were more moderate.

FRIDAY, (Cont'd.) So ended a really remarkable series of races. The whole thing took less than two hours, and there was not a tip-over. Of course the fact that it was flat calm most of the afternoon helped enormously, but there was some very efficient doping too.

Additional excitement was furnished by a motor-boat race, with the turn so near that we could see the boats splendidly. They were a wonderful sight.

Just before the races began Mrs. Miller came with some friends, but stayed only a little while.

Later arrived, by motor from Squam, Mrs. Dick, and Mr. and Mrs. J.R. Coolidge III. It is a good while since he was here as a prefect, but we have no doubt he can throw things up the Miz as well as ever.

J. R. Coolidge III Anna L. Coolidge

"Games on the Hill" was greeted with a yell of rapture. Then czme "Earth, Air, and Water", and Blackboard Relay for the half-past niners. We give some specimens:

Over hilltops running waters ripple.

Needy Stacky gallops horribly slowly.

Lovely flowers always glisten sweetly.

Ravens swiftly flutter over treetops.

Enter softly into every window.

Sailors hardly ever caper gracefully.

Little apples never produce sashes.

Now that H.D. is here, the drain felt that it must do something to celebrate, and there was trouble on the Mexican border till after eleven. Not in the cess-pools, but a plugged waste-pipe.

SATURDAY, Aug.20, B.25.86" T.61' S.W. Fair. Shower p.m.

The day began sadly.We had known for some time that S.B.D. would probably have to go this week, and Friday came the letter that set date and train.

So off he went,with many regrets,as well as rocks;and his mother can't be any gladder to get him back than we are sorry to let him go.

Navigation squad this morning ended with a lively race round Pickerel.We give the boats and crews,in order of finishing.

PANTASOTE.	WILLIWAW.	YAMMER	SCHOONER.	IDENTICAL.
Richards	C.Rich.	Lawrence		MacLeod
Edwards	Hale	Wrenn		Newhall
Stackpole	S.Reynolds	Birckhead		Hill

The Identical was fast,but was disqualified,owing to the fact that Hill overlooked the fact that a cox steers,and paddled violently all the way.

Early in the afternoon we had a call from John Burns, who has been a good friend of ours ever since he was cookee here for several years.

FISHING.

PANTASOTE.	WILLIWAW.	YAMMER	SCHOONER.	EREBUS.	TERROR.
H.D.	F.Miller	Payson		W.Tower	Batchelder
Lawrence	D.Miller	S.Reynolds		Edwards	Sanger
Crane	Wrenn	R.Reynolds		Birckhead	Dodge
L.Tower		Newhall		H.Rich.	
1 bass					

IDENTICAL.	POINT.
H.B.	J.G.W.
Pierce	7 perch
Hill	2 chub

Total number of fish,10.

It really got too rough for fishing,and most of the boats came in early,with crews more or less soaked.

There was a very lively game of Pudding-ball.We have no names for the sides,but T.H.W. and his team won,after four innings without a run.In the ninth they brought in three

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) men, winning the game.

After that came Touch Football. We did not see the game, but by all accounts that was a thriller too.

CHARADES.

ASSASSIN. The first scene was a four-paddler race. Pierce was in the bow of P.S.'s canoe, and an ass he certainly was. He started with his coat on, and when he finally got stripped for action, he did everything wrong, to the despair of his captain. Lowell's crew won. For the second scene we had Davis as Balaam, very Oriental in spite of his spectacles, mounted on Batchelder, with the wolf's head, as the ass, stopped by H. Richardson as the angel. The third scene was dramatic in the extreme. J.R.C.III, in slouch hat and dingy coat, slunk in and got busy with the safe. Lowell, the watchman, saw him, and asked A.M.R., the stenographer, to hold him in check while he went for the police. She got his gun and held him up. But a pathetic tale, in pleading tones, with an appealing gaze, was too much for her, and she agreed to save him if she could. H.D. was very stern, and skeptical about the tale of the brother from Australia, but as the gun was locked in the safe, he could find no evidence, and departed with a handsome apology. Exit "brother", lady collapses, curtain. The whole word was a scene at the court of an unpleasant potentate. H.D. was regal and tyrannical. He was angry when Payson wanted to supply the court with fly-killer, regarding it as a reflection on the court, and he was furious when Jencks complained of the hardship that the income tax had brought upon his mother. But J.R.C.III put a bomb under his throne, which put an end to potentate and court.

HARMONY. We do not often have such disreputable scamps as Hutch and Heard. They wre shooting craps, and we don't wonder that Mrs. Dick was indignant at the harm, moral as well as physical, that they might do to her darling little Lawrence. If the second scene is a fair

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) picture of the way L.C.Z. would look in a beard, we hope he will never grow one.Moustaches are all very well, but there are limits.He was a wonderful pawnbroker,and Mrs. Dick looked so untidy as his Rebecca that we hardly knew her. Frog and Bud had some difficulty in getting money for the Swiss watch with the initials P.D.Q. in it,but finally went off with $6.76,which was all he would give.Last came J.T.L. and Mrs.Dick as the parents of a harmonious family.Such good quiet boys! Duncan such a nice little girl,doing her sewing! But the harmony was rudely broken when Donald MacLeod came in and raised a row.

SYNCOPATE. We seemed to be bent on crime this evening.This time Woodbridge,Driver,and F.Miller,masked and ruffianly,held up the finest train we have ever had.Its headlight alone was worth the price of admission.Then came another gang shooting craps,finally broken up by E.G.A.,and H.T.K. as the cop.For the third syllable,"pate",H.H.R. as Little John,and T.H.W. as Robin Hood met on the bridge.There was a lively bout at quarter staff,and finally Robin got one that sent him headlong into the stream.The whole word was a dancing-class.E.G.A. and F.Miller were getting on nicely,with T.H.W. doing violent jazz music,when H.H.R. and H.T.K. came in to learn to dance. They stpped on everyone's toes so hard that they were finally told to dance with each other,and spun round so fast that they went down in a heap.

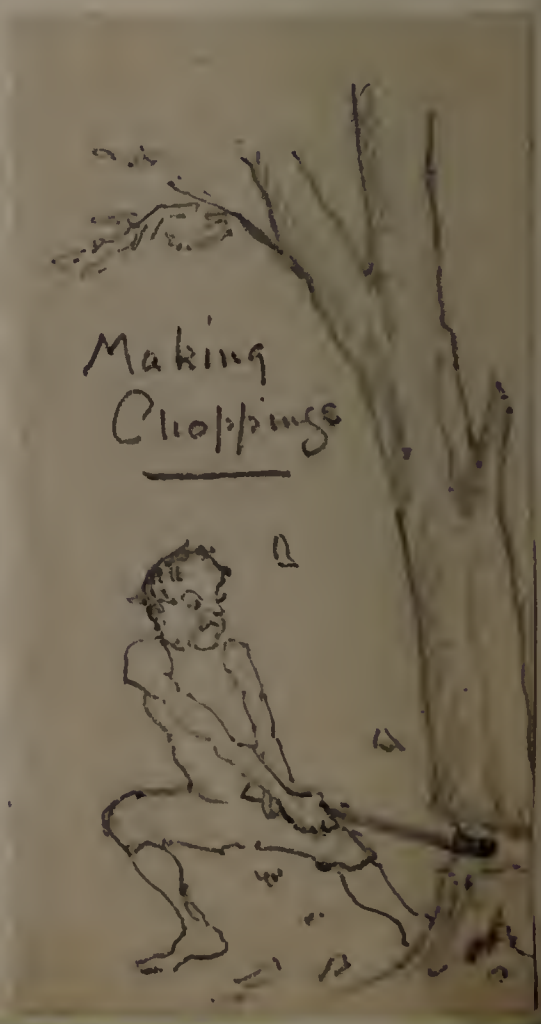
MARINER. We do not often have Young Lochinvar in a charade, but it made a fine scene.R.S.C. was the dashing hero,I.B. the fair bride,H.B. a very impressive father,and R.R. the mother. Then came J.G.W. as Saul,much impressed by the army of Israel, especially by W.Tower.Bill made a mistake,and said his name

SATURDAY, (Cont'd.) was Ner;but a yowl of despair from J.G.W. set him right, and he changed it to Abner.Then his father,Ner,came in,and he and Saul talked about their high school days in Kish.Last came the Ancient Mariner (H.B.) stopping the wedding guest (J.G.W.) and telling his tale in rather condensed form.

We then played Horned Lady,with great spraining of brains.Ten of the circle remained genteel to the end,but horns sprouted fast. J.R.C.III had nine before he got through.

I haven't mentioned the great event of the evening,because the books all tell you to have a climax when you can.Just when C.F.B. blew inI don't know.But when I started to announce the number of syllables in the last charade,there he was,as if he had just come in off the Itchfield carry.I don't get him to sign again,as he has done it once.

There was a young person named Crane,
Who to saw off his head took some pain.
But he soon changed his mind,
And two stitches behind
Have made it quite solid again.



SUNDAY, Aug.21, B.29.06" T.62' N.W. Fair.

A splendid day.Too bad the Mrs.Dick and the Coolidges had to go,but they must have had a fine trip back to Squam.

This morning the Mexican and the Saracen II had a race.The Saracen was a bit steadier,but both went very fast.

Mr.and Mrs.Ryan came out to dinner,and stayed till it was time for us to be off for picnic.

PICNIC TO NORTH BEACH.

ABOL.	OUANANICHE.		TOGUS.
J.G.W.	L.T.		H.H.R.
Sanger	W.Tower	Driver	Edwards
Putnam	Thompson	Haskell	Hinsdale
Degen	MacLeod	Hutchnison	Jencks
	Payson	D.Miller	
	E.R.	F.Miller	

CORKER.	EBEN.	PEMIGEWASSETT.	IDENTICAL.	PANTASOTE.
T.H.W.	H.D.	C.F.B.	L.C.Z.	H.T.K.
Carey	H.Rich.	Wrenn	Batchelder	Pierce
L.Tower	Albree	Hale	Dodge	Newhall
Thurber	A.M.R.	Heard	Richards	Stackpole

TERROR.	WILLIWAW.	YAMMERSCHOONER.	EREBUS.
R.S.C.	J.T.L.	P.S.	H.B.
Hunnewell	Woodbridge	Farnsworth	Lowell
R.Reynolds	E.G.A.	S.Reynolds	Hill
C.Rich.		Birckhead	Lawrence

We had a fairly strong head wind up,and bow passengers got pretty wet.But we built a good fire,and the sun was hot, so many things dried nicely.Birckhead was so wet that he wore H.D.'s sweater for a pair of trousers,with an effect more picturesque than becoming.

In Skowhegan the Utes beat the Pi-Utes two games,5-1 and 3-2.Then the Pi-Utes rallied their forces,and won 9-1,with a good lead in shots besides.

We came homr before a nice little breeze,and there we found four Wigginses,which was pretty nice. Charles W Wiggins 2d. J W Wiggins Charles W Wiggins II

Our story was "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney."

MONDAY, Aug.22, B.29.03" T.54' N.W. Fair.

This morning H.D. told us something about evolution. Everyone knew that there was something up, and when an extra lamp squad and a flying squad were called, it didn't take much intelligence to dope an all-day expedition.

VIENNA MOUNTAIN, MUSKRAT, AND HORNBEAM.

CORKER.	OUANANICHE.		ABOL.
H.D.	L.T.		T.H.W.
Thompson	W.Tower	Edwards	L.Tower
Haskell	Hines	Batchelder	H.Richardson
A.M.R.	Sumner	MacLeod	Woodbridge
	Dodge	D.Miller	
TOGUS.	Newhall	Sanger	EBEN.
C.F.B.Jr.	I.B., E.G.A.,		L.C.Z.
Driver	F.Miller, Crane		Carey
Hutchinson	Wiggins		Putnam
Heard			Degen

TERROR.	IDENTICAL.	EREBUS.	PANTASOTE.	WILLIWAW.	YAMMERSCHOONER.
J.G.W.	H.B.	J.T.L.	H.T.K.	P.S.	R.S.C.
Jencks	Hunnewell	Farnsworth	Pierce	Thurber	Lowell
Hale	Hill	Lawrence	Richards	Birckhead	Wrenn
C.Rich.	Stackpole	Albree	Payson	S.Reynolds	R.Reynolds

We didn't quite make out "9-45 sharp", but we got away in good time, and made the Mills and the carry easily. As it was cool, we went right to work on dinner as soon as we reached Monatak, instead of waiting for a swim, as we usually do. After dinner the party divided, as follows:

VIENNA MOUNTAIN.	MUSKRAT.	HORNBEAM HILL.
J.G.W.	T.H.W.	L.C.Z.
L.T.	J.T.L.	H.B.
R.S.C.	H.T.K.	I.B.
C.F.B.	H.D.	E.G.A.
A.M.R.	P.S.	Birckhead
Batchelder	Albree	Crane
Degen	Carey	Dodge
Farnsworth	Driver	Hale
Heard	Edwards	MacLeod
Hunnewell	Haskell	Newhall
Lowell	Hines	C.Richardson
Pierce	Jencks	Hill
H.Richardson	D.Miller	R.Reynolds
Sumner	Payson	S.Reynolds
Thurber	Putnam	Lawrence
L.Tower	Sanger	J.Wiggins
Hutchinson	Thompson	
	W.Tower	
	Wrenn	
	Richards	
	Stackpole	
	Woodbridge	

MONDAY (Cont'd.) The gallant Muskrats bore away to the north by road till they reached Beaver Brook, where they turned up the channel. The cardinals were still thick, and so, presumably, was the poison ivy. When they reached the pond they struck up on a slant, till they reached the trail. The great event was the chance for a good drink at the brook. When they reached the top they had plenty of time for some exploring, and even for Skowhegan. They tried to find a point from which they could see the White Mountains, but the trees have grown so high that it is impossible, unless one should go way along to the west end of the ridge facing Royal, which would take some time. They found the sheep tame and friendly, as the York Hill sheep are.

Coming home they did on purpose what the last party did by accident, and took the right-hand trail, through the pretty back farm and its pasture. They reached the landing first, in good order.

The Hornbeams started in the Ouananiche, and paddled down below the Narrows, where they turned in through the swamp, and went as far as they could up Broad Jump Brook. They didn't quite make the bridge. Then they landed, and all but I.B., E.G.A., F. Miller, and Crane, took to the road. They reached their hill and climbed it (it is a good sharp climb), and had a wonderful view from the top. On the way down they found the brook in the field, which is not to be confused with the big spring, and had a good drink all round.

Then they made a call at the Jacksons'. Vic is the only one of the coons left, which seems sad. Mr. Jackson apologized somewhat for not giving the crowd honey, as they did last year, but said that the house had just got over being sticky from

MONDAY last time.
(Cont'd.)

At the brook they connected with passengers and boat, and got to Monataka soon after the Muskrats.

The Viennese Mountaineers went west alog the road, seeing the wonderful views, and not stopping except for photographs till they had plunged down the big hill into Vienna, and reached the house at the foot of the mountain. Here they had a drink all round, as that house has water piped down from the mountain-side. At the top the chief sports were climbing the big oak, and mauling Hutch. After a good turn at these games we came down, turned our backs with regret on Flying Pond and its islands, and struck across brook and fields for the top of Royal. The road up was the steepest climb we had all day, but when we got over the bunch, and saw all the mountains, and Washingtonbesides, we felt rewarded.

The spring in the field was dry, so we sat on the big ledge for a while, and then came down through the woods. You can't get really lost, for the hill slopes right down to the road, but we sometimes did not know exactly where we were. We reached the landing last, but in time to swim before the others had got through.

The fire was very cheerful, and we ate an amazing lot. Then, after a couple of songs, we headed for home. It was a lovely paddle, with a breeze behind us, and we came home in style.

There we found the stay-at-homes, and also the two Mr. Hales, who had come up to see Dicky.

It was a glorious day, and no one was really too tired. We felt just about peaceful enough to lie on the floor and listen to the adventures of Richard Hannay. One of these days--or nights-- we are going to find out what "Greenmantle" means.

TUESDAY, Aug.23, B.29.05" T.54' N.W. Fair.

The wind was very light. In fact most of the day it was practically calm.

This morning navigation squad was posted, as it so often has been. But it was really a new event in the history of the camp, to wit races in singles.

SINGLE SCULL RACES.

Thurber
Lowell
Hunnewell — 3 m.28 2/5 s.

The course was from the north end of the Pine Parlor to the north end of the float. Thurber won by about two lengths.

Secad Heat.

Farnsworth
Heard
Hutchinson — 3 m.32 s.

A slower heat, but a little closer between the two leaders. Hutchinson steered badly, which slowed him down.

Third Heat.

Putnam
Woodbridge
Hines — 3 m.27 3/5 s.

Woodbridge was the fastest, but he steered so wildly, crossing the bows of both his competitors, that he lost the race. Putnam sprinted nicely at the end, and won by two lengths and a half. Hines capsized a few yards short of the finish; the first time he has ever done it.

Final Heat.

Thurber
Farnsworth
Putnam — 3 m.20 s.

A very pretty race. Steering was better all round, and Thurber cut over eight seconds off his time. Putnam led through most of the home stretch, but caught a crab, which cost him the race. As it was, he was about five feet behind Thurber, with Farnsworth half way between.

TUESDAY (Cont'd.)

PREFECTS' SPECIAL.

H.T.K.
R.S.C.
P.S. 3 m.4 3/5 s.

Everyone was anxious to see if Ox could stay right side up, as so far he has always gone over. But this time, though steering too far out at first, he was steady as well as fast, and won by five lengths. Roger had a shorter lead over Stack. Too bad Joe couldn't have been in it too, but as someone said, he drew a goodbye.

Mr. Hale was over to dinner to-day, and left early in the afternoon.

RUBBER WATER SPORTS.

CANOE BOW PADDLE RACE.

SQUANNACOOK.	GRAYLING.	HECUBA.	PINK.
Driver	Putnam	Hutchinson	Carey

This race was from the Point to the float. All spun wildly, of course, but Driver had a good lead. Hutchinson tried standing up a good deal of the time. The Pink did not finish.

GUNWALE RACE.

First Heat.

PINK.	GRAYLING.	HECUBA.	SQUANNACOOK.
Hines	Thurber	Hunnewell	Jencks

The course was from Pickerel in. The Pink won by a small margin, the Grayling being also very good. The Hecuba was slow, and the Squannacook tipped over at the start.

Second Heat.

SQUANNACOOK.	HECUBA.	GRAYLING.	PINK.
Farnsworth	Woodbridge	Heard.	Lowell

A good heat, with the three leaders close. The Pink never really started, as her crew tipped over before he could get in place.

Final Heat.

SQUANNACOOK.	GRAYLING.	PINK.	HECUBA.
Woodbridge	Farnsworth	Hines	Thurber

A brilliant race. Woodbridge won by a foot, the Pink was a length behind the Grayling, and the Hecuba not more than a length behindthe Pink.

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) ENEMY IN CAMP.

ABOLJOCKAMEGUS.	EBENEZER.	CAUGHCOMGOMOCK.	RIPOGENUS.
Degen	Jencks	D.Miller	W.Tower
#Woodbridge	#Heard	#Thurber	#Hines
Sanger	Carey	Driver	Putnam
Thompson	Haskell	H.Richardson	Batchelder

It is hard to say who wins in race like this,for there are conflicting aims involved.Counting the ability to cross the line,the Abol won,for she was the only one to finish.And her stern was already under.The Eben swamped pertty near the end of the course,the Corker got about halfway,and the Rip went down early.Judging the work of the enemies,which was remarkably efficient all round,Hines sank his boat first,but he was helped by a loose thwart,which made her crew unsteady. Thurber was very effective in the Corker,Heard did good work on the Eben;and though the Abol crossed the line,Woodbridge had her sinking.

FLAT-BOTTOMED BOW PADDLE RACE.

First Heat.

HORNPOUT.	ARKLET.	CHUB.	WOBBLER.
MacLeod	Sanger	Edwards	Newhall

The Arklet was a close second,the Chub a good third.The Wobbler justified her name,and was slow.

Second Heat.

HORNPOUT.	CHUB.	WOBBLER.	ARKLET.
L.Tower	Payson	Haskell	Sumner

The Hornpout steered a good course,with the Chub a good second.The Wobbler was pretty wild,and the Arklet rathdr slow.

Final Heat.

CHUB.	WOBBLER.	HORNPOUT.	ARKLET.
Payson	MacLeod	L.Tower	Sanger

Payson won a good race,with MacLeod in the Wobbler a close second.The Hornpout made a good bid for second,and was a close third.The Arklet was rather slower.

TUESDAY,
(Cont'd.)

TILTING.

First Heat.

HECUBA.	GRAYLING.
Batchelder	Woodbridge
Farnsworth	Hines

A thrilling encounter. After a good deal of sparring, Hines landed Farnsworth on the nose, and the Hecuba went over.

Second Heat.

HECUBA.	GRAYLING.
Jencks	Hunnewell
Thurber	Lowell

Thurber was more steady on his feet than Lowell, and therefore handled his mop with greater freedom, finally upsetting the Grayling and her crew.

Final Heat.

HECUBA.	GRAYLING.
Jencks	Woodbridge
Thurber	Hines

This was any man's match for a while; but when Thurber poked his mop between Hines's legs, Hines pinched it between his knees, and it was all over with the Grayling.

LIFE-SAVING RACE.

TEAM A.		TEAM B.	
PINK.(R)	GRAYLING.(W)	SQUANNACOOK.(R)	HECUBA.(W)
Degen	Thompson	D.Miller	H.Richardson
W.Tower	Dodge	Pierce	Edwards

At the given signal the crews marked W had to upset and fill their boats. Then the crews marked R had to pull the capsized canoe out, gunwale down, across their own boat, right her, and let the crew get in again. The victory went to the team that got both boats across the line first. Team A won, largely owing to the gallant work of Thompson, who hauled Dodge in over the gunwale by main force, after the Dodger had tried two or three times in vain to hoist himself in.

MIDGET FOUR-PADDLE RACE.

EBENEZER.	CAUGHCOMGOMOCK.	ABOLJOCKAMEGUS.
Hale	Wrenn	Albree
C.Richardson	S.Reynolds	Richards
Lawrence	Birckhead	Wiggins
R.Reynolds	Stackpole	Hill

A wonderful race. The Eben won by two lengths, and the gap

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) between the Corker and the Abel was even smaller.

TEN PADDLE RACE.

YAMMERSCHOONER.	EREBUS.	IDENTICAL.	WILLIWAW.
Hunnewell	Batchelder	Jencks	Lowell
Farnsworth	Woodbridge	Thurber	Hines
H.Richardson	Driver	Putnam	Hutchinson
Thompson	Sanger	Carey	Degen
W.Tower	Heard	Albree	L.Tower
Hale	Payson	Pierce	MacLeod
Hill	Richards	C.Rich.	Stackpole
Sumner	Birckhead	Lawrence	R.Reynolds
Dodge	Haskell	S.Reynolds	Edwards
Wrenn	Wiggins	D.Miller	Newhall

A momentous and terrific contest. The Yammerschooner crossed first, handled in great style by her bow-man, Farnsworth, who coached his crew from start to finish. The Erebus was a close second, the Identical a good third. The Williwaw steered very wild, and was a pretty moderate fourth.

While all this was going on, or perhaps a little later, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Burgess arrived for a little visit. He was here last in 1909, and she has never been here before. Ask him about the Chow-Chow.

Martha P. Burgess.
Charles P. Burgess.

After supper came boats, but as the wind came up, a good many came in early, and hunted the Monkey. The Ouananiche was out, with a very special crew. She does not often go out on boat evenings.

We ended the evening with a splendid half-past nine Boston.

WEDNESDAY Aug.24. Cool, Fair, Calm.

First time the weather report has been forgotten this month. We have had a very good set of weather-men all summer.

Four good wrestling matches this time. In the first Degen and D. Miller went the full time without a decision.

Carey downed Payson, after a lively tussle.

The Driver-Hutchinson bout was a very fine one, ending in a draw.

The Sanger-Sumner encounter, while showing less experience, was a good one, and also ended in a draw.

This morning Mr. Burgess told us many wonderful things about air-ships and aeroplanes.

At dinner we wished Amory Lawrence many happy returns of the day. The chief point of his brief but eloquent reply was that it wasn't his birthday. We must try again.

Dopesters were in doubt to-day. If the wind came up, we were likely to scout. But a faculty committee was at work all the morning on handicaps. The weather was in doubt too. But finally it settled to flat calm, and it was all aboard for the final track meet.

FINAL TRACK AND FIELD MEET.

It was an ideal afternoon to start with, and the big shower which threatened at one time went by on a "Howling Muggsy" line, though it made things pretty chilly.

The official costumes were very fine. J.G.W. needed only a long pipe to make him a Black Forest farmer, L.C.Z.'s partridge feath feather completed an ensemble of neat simplicity; T.H.W. and J.T.L. were highly nautical; H.D. appeared as a peculiar breed of parson; C.F.B., in striped waistcoat and plumed chapeau, was very military; L.T. and C.W. were more Irish than one would have supposed possible; H.B. was hard to classify, but very fine. In fact it was a gay day.

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) — FINAL TRACK AND FIELD.

CLASS A RUNNING HIGH JUMP.

Name.	Handicap.	Height.
Lowell	Scratch	4'3"
Farnsworth	1"	4'3"
Heard	1"	4'2"

No one else went over four feet.

CLASS A RUNNING BROAD JUMP.

Name.	Handicap.	Distance.
Farnsworth	Scratch	15'
Heard	12"	14'11"
Lowell	Scratch	14'3 1/2"

Heard owed his place somewhat to his handicap.Lowell has jumped better.

CLASS A SHOT PUT.

Name.	Handicap.	Distance.
Lowell	Scratch	26'
Farnsworth	2'3"	24'1/2"
Thurber	4'3"	23'6"

The handicaps made no difference in the first three places,which is always satisfactory.

CLASS A HUNDRED YARD.DASH.

FIRST HEAT.

Name.	Handicap.	Time.
Lowell	Scratch	13 2/5 s.
Sumner	3'	
Heard	3'	

Heard Lowell was plainly not going his fastest,as there was no need of it.Sumner was about two yards behind,and Heard a bit closer.

SECOND HEAT.

Name.	Handicap.	Time.
Farnsworth	Scratch	13 s.
D.Miller	4'	
Thurber	4'	

A faster heat.Farnsworth was not pressed.Miller and Thurber were close.

THIRD HEAT.

Name.	Handicap.	Time.
Degen	10'	13 3/5 s.
Hines	3'	
H.Richardson	3'	

Degen won by a well-timed sprint.Richardson stopped at the last minute,and Hines tied him for second place.

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.)

FINAL HEAT.

Name.	Time.
Lowell	12 s.
Farnsworth	
Sumner	

Farnsworth was only a few inches behind Lowell, who made the best time he has ever made. Sumner's performance showed that he certainly belongs in Class A.

CLASS A 440 YARD RUN.

Name.	Handicap.	Time.
Lowell	Scratch	1 m. 3 s.
Farnsworth	Scratch	
H. Richardson	16'	

Lowell led all the way, but Farnsworth was right at his heels and drove him hard. Richardson ran a plucky race.

CLASS B RUNNING HIGH JUMP.

Name.	Handicap.	Height.
Carey	Scratch	3'11"
Driver	Scratch	3'10"
Haskell	6"	3'8"
Hutchinson	2"	3'8"
Thompson	2"	3'8"

The tie for third would have been smaller if Haskell had been less handicapped. No one else was very close without handicaps.

CLASS B RUNNING BROAD JUMP.

Name.	Handicap.	Distance.
Driver	Scratch	12'7 1/4"
Carey	3"	12'4"
Payson	6"	12'2 1/2"

Carey and Payson were second and third without their handicaps.

CLASS B SHOT PUT.

Name.	Handicap.	Distance.
W. Tower	3'6"	25'2 1/2"
Carey	1'6"	24'4"
Hutchinson	Scratch	23'11"

Here handicaps counted for a good deal. Driver, who was scratch man, did not place, and W. Tower owed a good deal to his handicap.

CLASS B HUNDRED YARD DASH.

FIRST HEAT.

Name.	Handicap.	Time.
Driver	Scratch	14 s.
Newhall	4'	
Albree	6'	

Driver was not pressed, in spite of the handicaps. The others were in pretty open order.

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.)

SECOND HEAT.

Name.	Handicap.	Time.
Carey	3'	14 s.
Thompson	3'	
Payson	5'	

Thompson a very close second. Payson a yard behind.

THIRD HEAT.

Name.	Handicap.	Time.
L.Tower	3'	15 2/5 s.
Hutchinson	4'	
Haskell	8'	

The slowest heat of the three, and open order at finish.

FINAL HEAT.

Name.	Time.
Driver	13 4/5 s.
Carey	
Thompson	

Driver bettered his previous time by one fifth. The men finished in fairly open order.

CLASS B 440 YARD RUN.

Name.	Handicap.	Time.
Driver	Scratch	1 m. 11 1/5 s.
Carey	:2'	
Thompson	14'	

Driver got the lead at the soccer goal, and never lost it. He led by a long margin at the finish. The others were more closely bunched.

CLASS C RUNNING HIGH JUMP.

Name.	Handicap.	Height.
Hill	2"	3'5"
C.Richardson	2"	3'3"
R.Reynolds	2"	3'2"
Richards	8"	3'2"
Stackpole	2"	3'2"

Hill and Richardson made the two best actual jumps. Hale, who was scratch man, did not come up to his best mark.

CLASS C RUNNING BROAD JUMP.

Name.	Handicap.	Distance.
Hale	Scratch	11'3"
Edwards	2"	10'11 1/4"
C.Richardson	12"	10'10"

The handicap made no difference in second place, but it gave Richardson his third.

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.)

CLASS C SHOT PUT.

Name.	Handicap.	Distance.
R.Reynolds	1'	19'
C.Richardson	2'6"	17'10 1/2"
Hill	1'6"	17'7"

R.Reynolds was best actual performer.Handicaps made second and third change places.

CLASS HUNDRED YARD DASH.

FIRST HEAT.

Name.	Handicap.	Time.
Hale	4'	15 1/5 s.
Hill	10'	
Birckhead	10'	

Very open order,in spite of handicaps.

SECOND HEAT.

Name.	Handicap.	Time.
C.Richardson	14'	15 1/5 s.
Edwards	5'	
R.Reynolds	Scratch	

Edwards was only two feet behind Richardson,with Reynolds a few inches in the rear,and Stackpole crowding Reynolds for third.

FINAL HEAT.

Name.	Time.
Hale	14 1/5 s.
C.Richardson	
Edwards	

Hale won by a well-timed sprint,cutting a full second off his previous time.The others were spaced at yard intervals.

CLASS C 440 YARD RUN.

Name.	Handicap.	Time.
Hale	Scratch	1 m.21 1/5 s.
C.Richardson	25'	
R.Reynolds	10'	

Richardson jumped to the front at once,and held his lead till part way down the hundred yard dash,when Hale sprinted past him.

There were several non-combatants:S.Reynolds,Lawrence,Hunnewell, Davis,and Crane.It was too bad,for some of them have done well in practice meets.But it was the fortunes of war.F.Miller,of course, has been out all along,as he was last year.Moral,don't grow like a beanstalk.

wednesday

~~TUESDAY~~
(Cont'd.)

POINT SCORE.

CLASS A.

Name.	High.	Broad.	Shot.	100	440	Total.
~~Lowell~~	~~4~~	~~4~~	~~5~~	5	5	20
Farnsworth	4	5	3	3	3	18
Heard	1	3				4
Thurber			1			1
Sumner				1		1
H.Richardson					1	1

CLASS B .

Driver	3	5		5	5	18
Carey	5	3	3	3	3	17
W.Tower			5			5
Thompson	1/3			1	1	2 1/3
Hutchinson	1/3		1			1 1/3
Payson		1				1
Haskell	1/3					1/3

CLASS C.

Hale		5		5	5	15
C.Richardson	3	1	3	3	3	13
R.Reynolds	1/3		5		1	6 1/3
Hill	5		1			6
Edwards		3		1		4
Richards	1/3					1/3
Stackpole	1/3					1/3

CLASS LISTS.

CLASS A.	CLASS B.	CLASS C.
Batchelder	Albree	Birckhead
Degen	Carey	Dodge
Farnsworth	Driver	Edwards
Heard	Haskell	Hale
Hines	Hutchinson	Hill
Jencks	MacLeod	R.Reynolds
Lowell	Newhall	Richards
D.Miller	Payson	C.Richardson
Pierce	Sanger	Stackpole
Putnam	Thompson	
H.Richardson	L.Tower	
Sumner	W.Tower	
Thurber	Wrenn	
Woodbridge		

So ended a very successful and exciting meet.No records were broken,but as we have said before,some of our records are bad to beat.For instance,the new ones last year in Class C were made by fellows who are this year in Class A.

At one time there was a tie in points in every class; and to have the cup won by two points in two classes,and by one point in the third is certainly pretty close.

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) In order to baffle the people who keep trying to find out beforehand what their handicaps are, there were lovely lists pinned over the real ones. We give a specimen:

1 span, 6 lengths, 9 days' journey, 3 centimeters, 6 miles, 2 rods poles or perches, 7 stadia, 7 leagues, 6 parasangs, 2 fingers, 9 hands, 3/4 cubit, 2 fathoms, scratch.

EIGHTH SING-SONG.

1. Overture, "Cockadoodle Duett"..A.M.R., H.H.R.
2. Piano Solo.....P.S.
3. The Poet at Home.....J.T.L., A.M.R., Dodge.
4. Choruses.....Forty Years On, Voice of the Bell, My Heart's in the Highlands.
5. Songs.....H.H.R.
6. Songs.....Mrs. Burgess.
7. Stunt, "The Sleeping Beauty"...E.G.A., R.R., H.D., Jencks, Farnsworth.
8. Stunt, "Travels in Northern Bawa"...C.W., J.G.W.

Camp Song.

The Cockaddoodle is an old friend, and gives a variety once in a while.

P.S. gave us a Chopin prelude, and then a pretty thing$ whose name I don't remember. Why don't I ask him? Because it is a long way from the hutch to most other places, and we are both busy.

The first stunt was a presentation of Hood's "Ode to my Infant Son." J.T.L. was capital as the poet, absorbed in his verses, but coming out of his poetical dreams now and then when the child made too much of a nuisance of himself. This was fairly often, for Dodge filled the part of the infant splendidly. How he did roar when he was stopped from doing all the naughty things he wanted to do! We can't help wondering if that was what he was like when he was two years old. If so, we are glad we didn't know him till he was ten.

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) Mr.Dick gave us "Three for Jack",which is a wonder,and then "Killaloe",which is one of the funniest Irish songs ever written.

Mrs.Burgess sang "Annie Laurie",and then "O'er theMoor"; a song not nearly so well known,but very lovely.

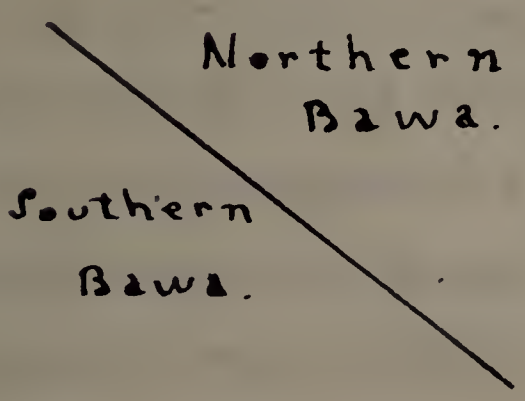
"The Sleeping Beauty" was done in three scenes.First we had R.R.,very baleful as the wicked fairy,and E.G.A. all girlish curiosity as the princess.She tried the fatal spinning-wheel,and fell into deathlike slumber.

Then we were outside the wall,with a tangle of horrible briars all about.H.D.,a gallant prince,appeared,with his two devoted followers,Farnsworth and Jencks.They tried to restrain him,but no.He would get through and find the Princess. To add to his other difficulties a voice from the rear cried "Davis!" He dropped,put a white band round his head,and went pluckily on.

Last came the awakening.And the fall of the curtain left Prine and Princess happily united.

We give the text of the lecture on Northern Bawa as far as possible.Not being a stenographer,we cannot do it verbatim,but we can give the idea.And we hope for some reproduction of the slides,so beautifully colored by Mrs.Wiggins,as the gifted lecturer so often told us.

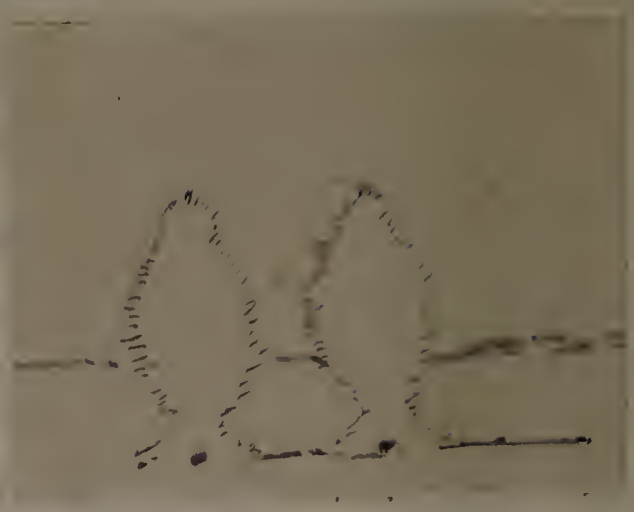
GLIMPSES OF NORTHERN BAWA.

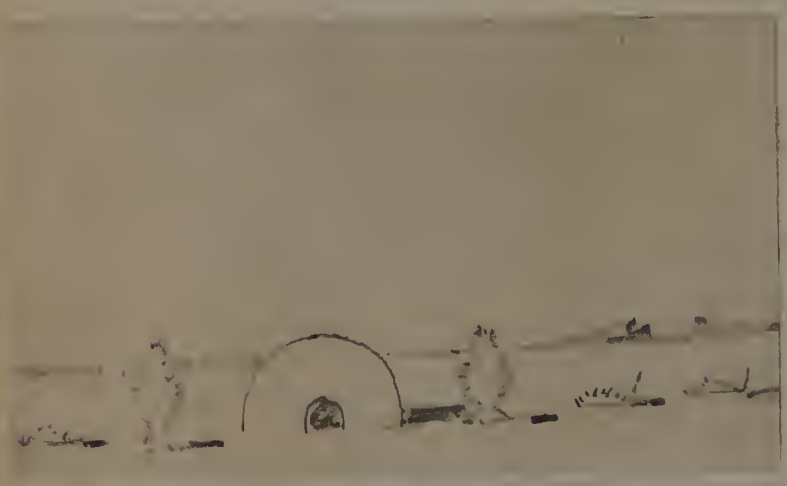


The map shows the boundary between Southern and Northern Bawa. We feel that we were particularly fortunate in our slides.Not only were they good photographs to begin with,but Mrs.Wiggins colored them,

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) so they are very beautiful indeed.

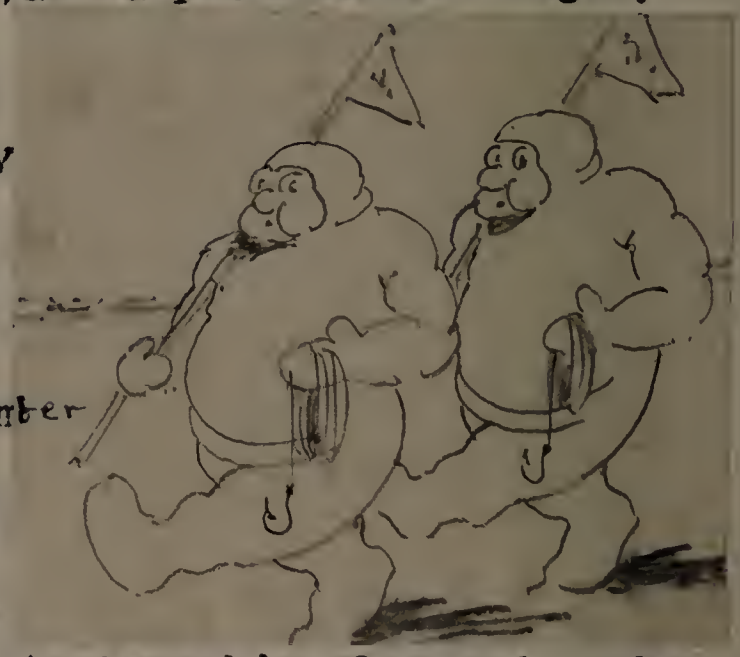
As you go north from beautiful Southern Bawa, the climate becomes rapidly colder. After crossing the border, it grew cold so fast that we found ice and snow, and had to wrap ourselves in furs. This shows us as we appeared on the march.





We made our camp in Eskimo style, with blocks of snow, as you see in the accompanying slide. Here you can also see our dogs, which we trained ourselves, to lie three on the right and three on the left. A peculiarity of the atmosphere here is that you can get no colors, but only black and white.

The natives, who are called Moogaks, are a peculiar but highly interesting race. They have a very poor memory, and their faces are so remarkably alike that they cannot tell each other apart, so each man carries a flag with a strange symbol upon it. This is his number. They are very fond of fishing, and often fish, though they don't catch much.



When a Moogak is so unfortunate as to lose his flag and number, he becomes pale and flustrated, as you see in the next picture. This man has lost his flag, thereby losing his identity. He must now begin dancing, and dance for a long time, as you see in the picture. After he has danced long enough, he is given a new flag and

renumbered.This man's original number was wholly lost,but he was renumbered 7,and became our guide.He served us faithfully through the whole expedition.

The animals of Northern Bawa afford a rich field for the naturalist.

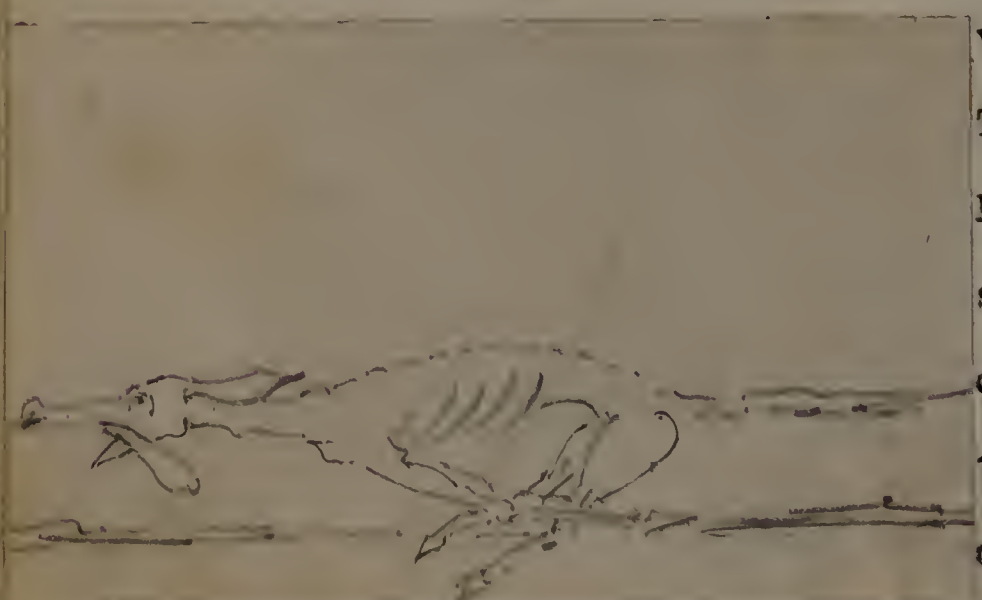
Here we have the Pedomophant,a rare beast of very peculiar proportions.His feet are so large that the circulation is extremely poor,hence he suffers horribly from chilblains.His horns are curved too far back to do any damage. He rolls over on his back,and then comes right side up without any effort.

Here we have an enormous ancestor of the walrus,, the Walrutirpitz.The family resemblance can readily be traced by anyone who has ever seen One of his descendants.

The ichthyological side of the expedition has been left almost unspoken of.We particularly wanted to photograph the Gyko fish,a very large

and peculiar fish,but unfortunately he disappeared just as the camera was snapped.

By the way,the language of Northern Bawa is very strange.The sense is carried through by repetition.By repeating syllables a great variety of ideas can be communicated.



The extreme cold has developed a peculiar type of dog, The Tearalong.He runs always,to keep up the circulation.If he stopped he would freeze.This way of life accounts for his extreme thinness.We only managed to get one back to this country.We hear he is growing fat.

One ornithological species is peculiar and gigantic.This is the Jub-jub bird, whose likeness appears in the accompanying picture.He looks like a large bird, but has practically no feathers.The strangest thing about him is that he has one outlet and one inlet nostril.If you look closely at the picture you can see the two apertures

Owing to this idiosyncracy,you can do a very strange thing.By stopping up the inhaling nostril,and leaving the

exhaling nostril open,you soon cause a vacuum,as the bird continues to breathe out.A gas is formed inside,in consequence of which the bird rises with great velocity.By tying a rope to his feet you can ascend and map the country. By a process of evolution the bird also develops dirigibility growing steering feathers.

As we left this beautiful country,we had the good fortune to see a remarkably fine sunset.I called my brother's attention to it,and he agedd that it was really remarkably fine.

THURSDAY,
Aug. 25,
B.29.34"
T.64°
N.W.
c.oudy.

Camping Trip
Aug 25th
— " —

Birchhead
Driver
Richards
Richardson, C.
Thurber
H.T.K.
Williwaw
Yammerschooner

Start 11:30 - 25th
Return Noon - 26th

This morning H.D. began to tell us about X rays.

H.Richardson had joined the shell-squad, and went out for the first time this morning.

C.F.B. is spliting the poplar logs that are too big to be handy. They will dry faster split, too.

The above stylish camping trip went off westward this morning. Good luck to them. They are to be back at noon tomorrow.

Mr. and Mrs. Monks and some friends came down in the "Roma" this morning, bringing Hally's hat, which was left at the foot of Tragy's bluff some weeks ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Burgess left this afternoon. It has been delightful to have them.

MINOR LEAGUE GAME.
DUMB BELLS VS. SILENT GONGS.

At first this looked like an uneven game, for the Bells ran three men home home in the first inning, while the score of their opponents was blank. Three innings left it still 3-0, and in the fourth the Bells added two more to their total. In the fifth, however, things happened. R.S.C. reached first on an error, Lowell advanced him with a two-bagger, and D.Miller singled, scoring both men. The end of the inning saw the Gongs one run to the good. Hutchinson got nipped between third and home, but it took three men to get him.

In the fifth two hits and an error began a rally for the Bells that brought in six runs, giving them a big lead. This streak ended when two men in succession flied out, to left and short respectively.

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) The Gongs could not score in this inning, which was brought to an abrupt close by Farnsworth's spectacular catch of Jencks's foul fly.

In the sixth the Bells scored one, but their career was cut short when Lowell fanned three men in succession.

In the seventh Hines cut off the Gongs from scoring, catching Carey's fly, and doubling Hutchinson off at third.

In the eighth the Gongs rallied splendidly, getting three men across the plate. Two more runs were nipped by good fielding.

The Gongs got one more in the ninth, but could not quite overcome the lead against them. A feature of the ninth was Putnam's fielding. He put out two of the three men who came up, and made an assist on the third.

Carey and L. Tower each made a good catch in the outfield, and Carey made his first hit for the season.

Brilliant Batters.

Lowell	.750
Hutchinson	.600
Albree	.500
Heard	.500
Putnam	.500
P.S.	.400
D. Miller	.400
Hines	.333
L. Tower	.333

There can be no doubt that the effect of the track meet yesterday was to fatten batting averages, though Lowell struck out ten men and Heard eight.

After supper came Games on the Hill, followed by "Predicament and Cure", and Indoor Wolf. The best question and answer was the following.

Hutchinson: "What would you do if you looked like Hutch?

Answer: "I'd commit suicide."

And then we went on with "Greenmantle."

Dumb Bells vs. Silent Sangs of Aug. 25 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
1	0		1 L. Sawyer	8	K			1-3				4-3		4-2			6	0	2
1	1		2 Heard	1		2	4-5			4-7				4-2			6	3	3
4	4		3 A. Richardson	2			4-3			4-6							5	3	1
12	0		4 P. S.	3			K					4-3					5	3	2
6	1		5 Lamprecht	6	4-3			1-3									5	1	0
0	0		6 R. Reynolds	9	4-3			K			K		1-3				4	1	0
0	0		7 Degan	7		(K) 2-3			K		K		K				4	1	0
0	0		8 Albee	6		(K) 2-3					K		5-4				4	2	2
1	3		9 Hines	4		5-3								4-3			3	1	1
			10																
			11																
27	17		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	3	0	0	2		6	1	3	0	0			42	15	11

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				2	8	1-b. on errors.		2	

Silent Sangs vs. Dumb Bells of Aug. 25 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
10	5		1 Pulsifer	2	K		2-3	1-3									6	2	3
2	4		2 Woodbridge	4	4-8					1-3		4-3	3-1				6	0	1
2	1		3 R. S. C.	6	1-3			1-3									5	2	0
0	3		4 Lowell	1		K			3-1			1-3					4	1	3
11	0		5 D. Miller	3		K			3	1-3		5-3					6	1	2
1	0		6 Hutchinson	6			2-3				4-3						6	0	3
0	0		7 Jones	8		K			2-3		1-3		K				5	1	0
1	0		8 Carey	7			4-3										4	3	1
0	0		9 Simmons	9			1-3			(1) 2-3			(K) 5-2-3				6	2	1
			10																
			11																
17	13		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	3	0	0	0	6	6	2	8	3	1			46	12	14

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
	1			4	10	1-b. on errors.		4	

I should have mentioned before the Pudding-ball game. It was a very thrilling one, as we could tell by the wild yells that arose from the field. H.D. and Sanger each circled the bases three times, and other runs brought the score of their team up to ten. Their rivals could make only three, so "It was a famous victory."

There was also a lively boat-building contingent.

CAMP BIOGRAPHIES.

For a talker incessant,
King, Lord, knight, or peasant,
The world you may scour;
The worst is Bill Tower.

They say that Phil Wrenn
Eats enough food for ten;
But at scouting he's able;
(When the scouting's at table.)

Three times from a single
With water to mingle
Says Bud, makes an oar.
But--how about four?

When the Faculty's groggy
They no longer ask Froggy.
When schemes are to hatch
They consult Larry Batch.

Two short months ago
Prentice little did know.
,Now there's scarcely a state
That's not safe in his pate.
(Advt.)

Of perfect young gentlemen
And high-powered mentlemen
Jack Hutch is first choice:-
Except for his voice.

Although handsome Dick
Is really quite thick,
He can make a bow tie
That would knock out your eye.

L.C.Z.

FRIDAY Aug.26, B.29.30" T.58' N.W. Fair.

There was n't much wind, and what there was died soon. We expected a south wind all day, but it came pretty late.

This morning two gulls were sitting on Pickerel for a long time, and four others were flying about. We don't often see so many.

Mrs. Hunnewell and her cousin Mrs. Lee came over from Gleason's this morning and stayed to dinner. They are to be here for several days.

Our campers came home about eleven, H.T.K. and C. Richardson rowing one boat, Thurber and Driver the other.

FIFTH SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

We had hoped all day for a wind, but it didn't come. Still, it was fairly cool, so to it we went.

All hands were playing except S. Reynolds and Crane. H.D. was playing for the Algonquins, C.F.B. Jr. and the two extra Wigginses for the Iroquois.

The first game was a very slow one, owing to the lack of wind. It is hard to play ahead fast when every breath echoes through the woods, and your own heart sounds so loud, after running a relay, that you mistake it for someone running along the path. (A fact.)

The first game went to the Algonquins by a large margin in shots. No runs were made, and we didn't hear of any that came near being made.

In the second the Algonquins again had a lead in shots, though people had warmed up, and the shooting was heavier. The Iroquois won the game by the solitary run of the afternoon, scored by Wrenn.

The third game went to the Algonquins again, by three shots. This leaves the score for the season 9-6 in favor of the Algonquins.

Algonquins

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
J.G.W.		●●●●●●		✕			✕	●	
H.H.R.	✓			✕	●●		✓		
L.T.	✓			✓			✓		
H.B.	✓			✓			✓		
H.T.K.	✓			✕	●		✓		
H.D.	✓				●✳		✕		
A.M.R.	✕			✓			✓		
Albree		●		✕			✕		
Birckhead	✓			✓			✕		
Davis	✓			✓			✓		
Farnsworth	✓			✕	●		✓		
Hale	✕			✕			✕		
Haskell	✓			✕	●		✕	●	
Hill	✓			✓			✓		
Hines	✓			✓			✓		
Hunnewell	✕			✓			✓		
Jencks	✓			✓				●●	
Lowell	✓			✕			✕	●	
MacLeod	✓			✕			✓		
Payson	✓			✓			✓		
Pierce	✓			✕			✓		
Putnam	✓				●			●	
Richardson,H	✓			✓			✕	●●	
Sanger	✕	●		✕			✕		
Stackpole	✳				●		✕		
Tower,W.	✕	●●●		✓			✓		
Woodbridge	✓			✳	●●●●●		✕	●●●●●	
	6	11		12	14		11	14	

Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
T.H.W.	✕			✕	●		✕		
L.C.Z.	✕			✕	✳		✕		
J.T.L.	✓			✕	●		✕		
R.S.C.	✕			✓			✕		
P.S.	✓			✳			✕		
C.W.		●		✕			✕	●	
C.F.B.	✕			✓			✕	●	
Batchelder	✓			✓				●	
Carey	✓				●		✓		
Crane	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Degen	✕	●			●●		✓		
Dodge	✓			✓			✕		
Driver	✕				●●			●	
Edwards	✓			✓			✓		
Heard	✕			✕			✓		
Hutchinson	✓	✳		✕			✕	●●●●	
Lawrence	✕	●		✕			✕		
Miller, D.	✓			✓			✕	●	
Miller, F.		●			●		✓		
Newhall	✕						✓		
Reynolds, R.	✕			✕			✓		
Richards	✕			✓			✓		
Richardson, C.	✓			✕	●		✓		
Sumner	✕			✕			✕		
Thompson	✓			✕			✕		
Thurber	✓			✓			✓		
Tower, L.	✓			✕			✕		
Wiggins	—			✕			✓		
Wrenn	✓	●			●●	1		●	
	12	6		14	12	1	14	11	

FRIDAY (Cont'd.) J.G.W. and Woodbridge divide the honors for shots in one game, with six apiece. Woodbridge leads for afternoon, with a total of eleven, in two games.

Rumor has it that at a critical moment an Algonquin chief was diverted by a loud coughing. He pursued the cougher, and found it to be a cow!

At supper we tried another shot at Amory Lawrence's birthday, and got it right this time.

Just after supper Henry Payson's father and his brother Gilbert came over and spent the evening. We hope to see them again tomorrow.

We don't often have Games on the Hill after scouting, but the quiet day had meant a good deal of slow play, and the howl of joy that greeted the announcement showed that few if any of the boys were in a state of exhaustion.

Then came Quiet Games, with two tables of mythology. This is unusual.

We finished the evening with "Greenmantle". And when it was t time to stop, Dick Thurber and the Pirate were not the only ones asleep. Ask Skipper and C.W.

SATURDAY Aug.27, B.29.23" T.64' W. Fair.

Much lively wrestling this morning. In the first bout Richards did Lawrence, after much scrapping. The Wiggins-Hill contest, which was very lively, ended in a draw.

Wrenn put down Hale down, though the latter put up a game fight.

W. Tower was rather too much for Payson. Weight tells.

Putnam finally got Hutchinson down, but it was a hot one.

Jencks had the advantage of weight over Degen, but could not quite get him down, before time was called.

C. Richardson was too much for Birkhead.

Woodbridge had Pierce on the mat very promptly.

AROUND THE HORN.

EBEN.	ABOL.	CORKER.	TOGUS.
C.W.	C.F.B.Jr.	J.G.W.	H.D.
Heard	Thompson	Driver	Carey
Hines	H.Rich.	Putnam	Hutchinson
Farnsworth	A.M.R.	Woodbridge	Lowell

This energetic bunch started at a few minutes after elevn, to go round the Horn and be back to supper. We crossed the bay, and made the carry to the Salmon Lake landing in good time. We crossed to the foot of Ellis, and there rigged for the long carry. There being only two yokes, the Eben and the Abel had to go it with a paddle and cushion formation, which is not so handy. We got across all right, though the carriers knew pretty well where their shoulders were, and where the canoes had rested. The only casualty was to one of the grub baskets. Just how Hefty managed to upset the doughnuts and two pies in the dirt will never be known, but he did it.

A pleasanter episode was suddenly meeting J.R., jogging along with Walter Gleason. We knew he was due Saturday, but had no idea what time.

There was a head wind on Messalonskee, Not

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) Not a big one, but enough to make a difference. We dined, after a hasty dip, on the point near the mouth of the stream. The whole nohing was only thirty-five minutes. And we realized that we should certainly be late home. The fact is that if you start late you can't get home early. Not even Einstein can do that.

At the first bridge we found a large collection of rafts. They are getting ready to put in a cement bridge, but they shoved things aside and let us through, which was polite of them.

The head wind lasted as far as the railroad bridge, and occasionally hit us beyond, so that it was two hours from dinner to East Mt. Vernon. Here we found the spring dry, so our whole time on shore was only ten minutes.

The boom above the bridge was troublesome, but C.F.B. got out, going in almost up to his hips, and shoved the logs aside, so we got though.

On Long Pond we began to enjoy our South wind, which sent us along in good style. One more carry, and we were on home waters. It was a bit rough going across Great Pond, but as we drew near camp we had the cheers of our friends to liven things up. It was just about quarter of seven when we got in; and we hadn't done any loafing, either. It was a fine trip, and a plain proof that if you want to be on time to supper after going round the Horn, you can't do full morning squads too.

Well, now to go back to the rest of the family. R.R., L.E.W., and R.S.C. went in to Gardiner for errands, including the getting of a new cookee, Arthur having gone. They were successful, and Bob Simons is on duty. They got back about as late as the Herners.

The arrival of J.R., who must have been late for dinner, was of course a big event.

John Richards

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) Mrs.Lee was here to dinner,and so were the Paysons.Mrs.Hunnewell csme over also for part of the day.

The sport of the afternoon was Skowhegan on Oak.The faculty coxed going over,and acted as judges,upires,and general chaperons.In the first game the Poles,commanded by P.S.,beat the Slovacks,under H.T.K.,by two runs to one.

The second game was closer,the Poles winning by one shot.Two Poles were left alive,and only one Slovack.

Then the Slovacks got busy,and by brilliant playing brought in four runs,while not a Pole crossed the line.

While the game was going on,C.H.C. blew in for a night or two.It is pleasant to have people as near as Bangor,for they can run over often,even if they do not stay long.

It was so late when we got through supper that we did not try regular charades.Instead we had a good sing,and then faculty charades,as follows:

INGRATIATE. L.E.R.,attired in grey,ate educators,and was very polite to us.

METAPHYSICIAN,and METAPHOR. L.C.Z. and H.B.,both very handsomely dressed,met,conversed,and then met again.

BAROMETER. T.H.W.,very charming in blonde curls,gren frock,and stockings to match,was horror-struck at meeting Ox,attired chiefly in a barrel.For the whole word we had T.H.W.,in his ordinary clothes,making out squad lists,and the struggles of Ox to make out a proper weather report.

GLADIATOR. C.F.B. pursued A.M.R.,and finally ate her, to his evident satisfaction.

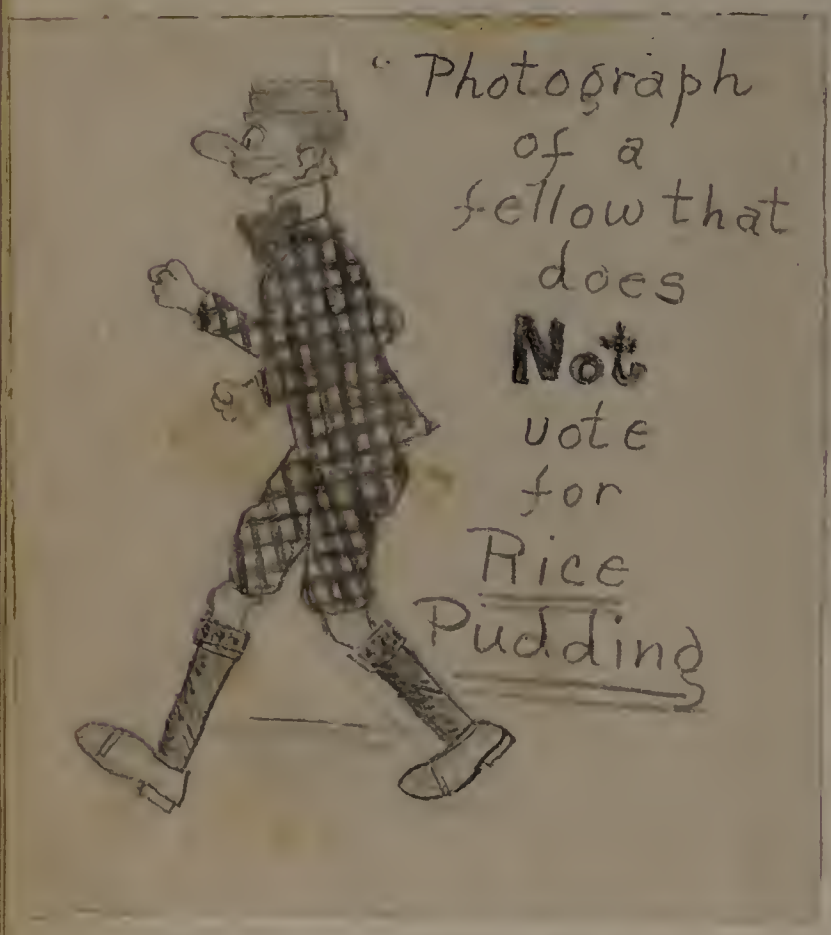
BADEN-BADEN. This was done by the Wigginses,in Moab; and very funny they were.

We ended the evening with "Greenmantle."

SUNDAY?
Aug.28,
B.29.18"
T.58'
S.W.
Fair.

The Paysons came over for a moment this morning to say goodbye, and Mrs. Lee was over to dinner. Right after dinner Mrs. Miller and Mr. Fay, with some friends, came for a call.

The dessert campaign has been a quiet one this year, with no verses. We rather like the annexed cartoon, though. It is unsigned, but the style is familiar. A.P. Thompson, if we mistake not.



The actual "election" was marked by a number of telling speeches. H.H.R. started the ball rolling by the announcement that "Rice Pudding is going through on the crest of the wave."

L.C.Z. took up the old party cry of, "Why have a vegetable for dessert?" and demolished it. You might as well cut out bananas with "Why have cement for dessert?" because ambroid is made from bananas.

T.H.W. pointed out that watermelon is 99 1/4% water, and the rest pink string. He would furnish pink string to anyone that wanted it, and the water could be obtained from the pond, without wasting a vote.

J.G.W. was very brief, but characterized Rice Pudding as a nasty mealy food.

H.B. took the matter from the scientific point of view, and deplored the return to emotional appeal, as shown by the last speaker. By the use of the X ray we can follow the course of the Rice Pudding as it moves downward, a smooth and agreeable mass.

SUNDAY (Cont'd.) But follow a wedge of pie, swallowed whole as it so often is, and it sticks in the pylorus. Rice Pudding is superior even to Grape Nuts as a brain food. Newton ate it regularly. Einstein ate it three times a day. And after a large dish, he was able to do what no one else has been able to do before or since, explain his own theory of relativity so that it could be understood.

C.F.B. remarked that it was too bad these Rice Pudding fellows had to make so many speeches to prove their point. Pie speaks for itself.

C.W. took up the historical aspect. Chinese civilization, which was far afvanced when we were scratching gravel, was founded on rice. Napoleon ate Rice Pudding till the Battle of Watermelon--or rather Waterloo. Nero lived on prunes. To bring it down to our own day, Dempsey trained for his victory over carpentier on Rice Pudding.

L.T. considered the economic point of view. There are only six helps in a pie, all the same size. It is too geometrical. With Rice Pudding the helps may be of all shapes and sizes, to suit individual needs.

R.S.C. appeared as convert. As a small boy he was misled by his elders. He begged the brethren to vote for what they really liked.

J.T.L. questioned the historical aspect, and didn't believeNapoleon used it as dessert.

H.R. told of the old camper who voted against Rice Pudding and took four helps.

Ox simply remarked that he ate Rice Pudding himself, but it would be hard to find a more telling argument.

SUNDAY (Cont'd.) P.S. pointed with pride to "the rest of the family" as an illustration of what Rice Pudding does.

J.R. spoke of the glories of his beloved pie, and sighed for the grand old New England days when pie was served for breakfast; the days of the supermen who piled the stone walls and cleared the forests. He admitted the fame of the Chinese in the past; but, as he said, "Look at them now."

Here is the official list:

Strawberry Shortcake	48
Apple Pie	45
Blueberry Pie	43
Jam Tails	38
Frog Dumpling	35
Rice Pudding	33
Orange & Banana	31

Vanilla Ice Cream with Chocolate Cow.

A large number of the boys thought that the strawberry shortcake was made with fresh berries, but never mind. They knew it was good, anyway.

PICNIC TO GOOSE BEACH.

WILLIWAW.	IDENTICAL.	GUANANICHE.		PANTASOTE: YAMMERSCHOONER.	
L.T.	H.T.K.	H.R.		C.F.B.Jr.	R.S.C.
Woodbridge	Lowell	C.W.	J.R.	Hunnewell	Farnsworth
MacLeod	Hill	L.C.Z.	P.S.	Lawrence	Hale
		Degen	D.Miller		
		Jencks	Batchelder		
		Thurber	Putnam		
		L.E.R., L.E.W., C.Wiggins, S.Reynolds			

The rest of us walked, as it looked like a big south wind home, and we did not want to come home with a set of soaked bow paddlers and passengers. We walked across the fields to the old cellar-hole, and then followed the road, arriving just after the boats.

Most of us went over to look at the ruins of the Abbot tree, (No, Abbot is not the name of a kind of pine), and a sad sight it is. It snapped less than six feet from the ground. To our amazement we found that the whole heart of it is hollow. A smaller tree on the edge of the woods went too, leaving a tall stump.

SUNDAY (Cont'd.) Two teams were organized, and there was good lively Skowhegan along the fallen tree. Then a second pair of teams got to work by the smaller tree, and the shooting was heavy.

Then we all went back to our supper place, and had our two regular stories. Ask C.F.B. how much of "The Western Islands" he knows by heart.

After supper there was some climbing on a couple of fallen hemlocks, and then good singing. In fact our performance of various rounds was the best we have had this year.

But the event of the singing was the brilliant renditian of "Twelve Dirty Shirts." We have been waiting all summer for the return of the composer and author, and he put us through it in his own inimitable way; rather to the consternation of a couple of horses that were being brought down to drink by two very small boys. In fact Mr. Dick had to go to the rescue, and lead one horse down to the water.

Then we footed, rowed, and paddled home, and had a good half hour of hymns.

Our story was "In the Rukh". And after that, C.W. and C.H.C. went off to their various night trains, escorted by L.E.W., J.G.W., and L.T., who got home very late.

MONDAY, Aug.29, Cloudy, Warmer.

The new weather-man needs stirring up, for he made no report.

This morning we began on knots, whipping our ropes as a starter.

The weather looked pretty doubtful in the afternoon, so it was soccer and boat-building.

The senior game, which came first, was a fast and furious. T.H.W. and his team beat J.T.L.'s team 5-0. This is an unusually big score for our soccer games. We understand that to collide with L.T. when he is going full tilt is a terrible thing.

In the junior game H.T.K. and R.S.C. chose up sides. The former picked a winning team, four goals to none.

After supper it was boats, for the first time in some days.

When we began reading, at quarter of nine, the effect of hard playing at soccer was noticeable. Dick Thurber was the prize performer. He was so sound asleep that we sang Taps round him without any effect. Then C.F.B. gathered him up off the floor. He began to squirm in protest when he was about halfway to his feet, and when stood on his feet admitted that he had been almost asleep. But he was all ready for Taps, not knowing that we had sung it already. Pretty good sleeping.

Twinkle, twinkle, sleepy Dick,
Went to sleep amazing quick.
When we woke him from his nap,
He thought it was just time to Tap.

TUESDAY, Aug.30, B.28.8" T.70' Calm. Shower p.m.

This morning we began real tying,and did ever-hand and square knots.When Amory Lawrence's rope was reported lost,the question was raised as to whether it wasn't really Amory that was lost and the rope safe.

The shells went round Oak to-day;Woodbridge and Thurber in the pair,Putnam and Hines in singles.J.G.W. coached in the third single.

LAST SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

The wind came up during the morning,and shifted to a little north of west.J.G.W. took his swim early,H.D. took his late,and there was a time when they were missing.T.H.W. took one dive,and vanished,while L.C.Z. didn't swim at all.When these are the conditions,we begin to put two and two together. Of course,it is very fine to do as we used to do,and leave the final game to the last afternoon;but in 1919 we found out the disadvantage of that policy.Of course it was great fun, playing these three games in the rain;but it was too much of a risk to run again.

By the time plans were all made the wind subsided,but it seemed late to change,so to it we went.

Things were quiet,which always means slow playing,and stray shots were unavoidable.Mistakes will happen,even with the most careful play,and when it is still,your stray shot goes to its mark sometimes.The Iroquois won the first game by three shots.This cut down the Algonquin lead to two.

The second game decided the season,for the Algonquins won by five shots.

The last game was the most full of action,for the total number of shots was forty-four.The Iroquois won,by two shots

Algonquins

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
J.G.W.	X			✓			X		
H.H.R.	✓			✓			X		
L.T.	✓				•		X		
H.B.	✓			✓			X	•	
H.T.K.	✓			X	•		X	•	
H.D.	X			X	•			••	
J.R.	X			X			X		
A.M.R.	X				•		X		
Albree	✓			✓			X	••	
Birckhead	✓			✓			X		
Davis	X				•		X		
Farnsworth	✓			✓			X	•	
Hale	X			X			X		
Haskell	X	••		X	••			••	
Hill	✓			X			X	•	
Hines		•		✓				•	
Hunnewell	X	•		✓			X	•	
Jencks	✓				•		X		
Lowell	✓			X				•	
MacLeod	✓				•		X		
Payson	✓			✓			X		
Pierce	✓			✓			X	•	
Putnam		•			•		X	•	
Richardson, H.	X				•			•••	
Sanger	X	•		X			X		
Stackpole		•		X	••		X	••	
Tower, W.	X			✓			X		
Woodbridge	X				•		X	•	
	12	9		9	14		23	21	

Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
T.H.W.	✓			X			X		
L.C.Z.	X	*		X	•		X		
J.T.L.	✓			✓			X		
R.S.C.	✓			✓			X		
P.S.	X			✓			X		
C.F.B.	✓			X			X	•••••	
Batchelder	✓			✓			X	•	
Carey	✓			X	••			••	
Crane	✓				•		X		
Degen	✓			✓			X		
Dodge	✓			✓			X	•	
Driver	✓			✓			X	•	
Edwards	X			X			X	••	
Heard	✓			✓				••	
Hutchinson	X				•		✓		
Lawrence	✓			X			X		
Miller, D.	✓			✓			✓		
Miller, F.	✓			✓			X		
Newhall	X			X			X		
Reynolds, R.	X	*****		X	•			•	/
Reynolds, S.	✓			✓			✓		
Richards	✓			✓			X		
Richardson, C.	X			X			✓		
Sumner	X	•		X	•		X	••	
Thompson	✓			X			X	•	
Thurber	✓			✓			X	•••	
Tower, L.	X	•••		X	••			•	
Wiggins	✓			X			X		
Wrenn		••		X			X		
	9	12		14	9		21	23	/

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) and the only run of the afternoon, which was made by Ransom Reynolds.

This gives the cup to the Algonquins, by ten games to eight.

It has been a splendid season, with many very close games, and the Iroquois did splendidly in coming up when the lead at the end of July was so long against them.

The best shooting to-day was done by C.F.B. in the last game, when he gathered in six Algonquins.

We give a summary of the season's scores:

RUNS.

		ALGONQUINS.			IROQUOIS.		
July	20	1	0	4	2	0	0
"	25	5	1	11	3	0	0
Aug.	10	1	7	6	4	0	7
"	15	0	0	2	4	3	2
"	26	0	0	0	0	1	0
"	30	0	0	0	0	0	1
		Total, 38.			Total, 28.		

SHOTS.

		ALGONQUINS.			IROQUOIS.		
July	20	12	17.	18	12	16	19
"	25	12	17	19	11	19	18
Aug.	10	18	18	21	14	17	18
"	15	13	17	21	14	17	19
"	26	11	14	14	6	12	11
"	30	9	14	21	12	9	23
		Total, 286			Total, 267.		

The small number of runs the last two days was of course due to quiet weather.

The fact that the Algonquins in five out of six cases, and the Iroquois in four out of six, did their heaviest firing in the third game, looks as if there was more caution in the early games of each afternoon. One does undoubtedly get warmed as the play goes on. The last ten minutes before the first game are enjoyed by few, and in some cases the real physical discomfort does not wear off till one has been playing for

TUESDAY some minutes.
(Cont'd.)

At supper Skipper spoke of the good workdone by both sides, and then remarked that for the first time this year the score balanced without corrections.

After supper came Digestion Club. Some needed it, after pea soup, fish, and three helps of griddle-cakes. Instead of our usual funny book we had the Dumberdene, with an accompaniment of thunder and lightning which added greatly to the effect. It really is an eztra-ordinary story.

Then came "Greenmantle", and no one went to sleep. We hoped to finish it, but didn't quite manage it.

Just before half-past nine C.F.B.Jr. loaded his tent-bag and paddles into the milk automobile, and started for Waterville and the night train.

Just in a shirt of patched flannel he left us,
Just in the trousers he'd mended so neat;
His old scouting hat, and a tent-bag for baggage,
And Larry's old sneakers half off of his feet.

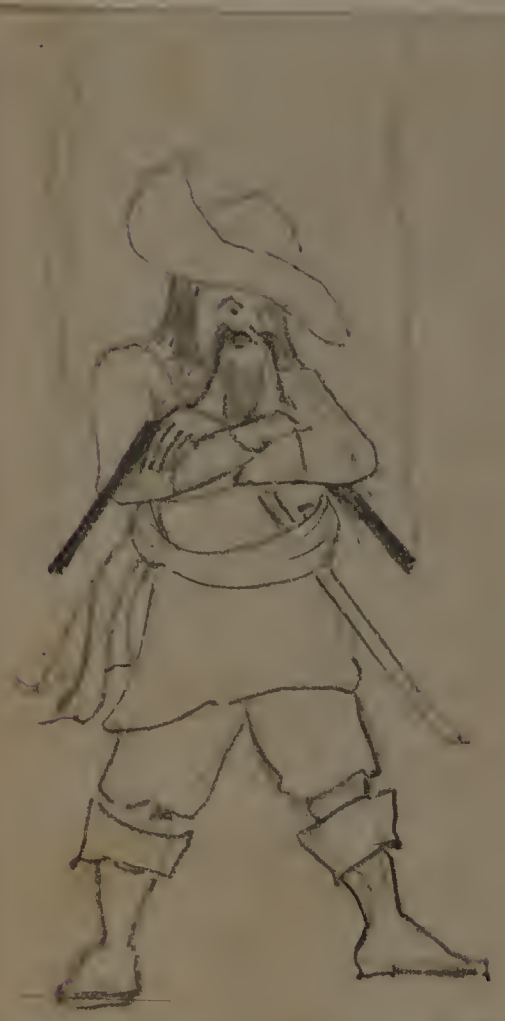
He was going in the smoker, doubting if they would have him anywhere else, and rather thought he might have to do a bit of house-breaking when he got home; his family being in Peterborough, and the front door having a chain on it. We shall look with interest in the Boston paper for accounts of an attempted burglary at 7 Kirkland St. We didn't want to let him go a bit; but after all, family's have claims, especially when one has been away all summer. This will be the first time in eleven years that he has not been here for the last picnic, and "The Merryweather Light."

WEDNESDAY, Aug.31, B.29.02" T.66' N.E. Fair.

While H.D. was here right along on the faculty we didn't connect with his birthday.But this time we locked him up,and were all ready for him at breakfast.He thinks that Merryweather is a good place to hafa a birthday.May he long think so,and spend many more here!

More knots this morning:sheet bend,fisherman's knot, cleve hithh,and two half hitches.

I wish I could put in the afternoon poster just as it appeared,but it is too big,so I will dissect it.It gives a very good idea of what was going on.The shop and the main room were full,and thread and needles were in great demand. We shall get a goodmany boats,though there are some who would not get through if they built boats every day from now to next Fourth of July.



Theatrical Interludes.

Elephant Squad

Corvé de
Toilette

WEDNESDAY
(Cont'd.)

NINTH SING-SONG PROGRAMME.

1. Overture,"Cockadoodle Duett"..J.R.,A.M.R.

2. Necromancy.....Thompson,H.D.

3. Song.....Newhall.

4. Stuntlets.....H.Richardson,Putnam,Dodge, Haskell,Hines,Crane.

5. Choruses.....Races,A-rolling,Camp Chantey,Parting Song.

6. Duett and lecture.....L.C.Z.,L.T.

7. Piano Solo.....Wrenn.

8. Stunt,"Tam O'Shanter.....J.G.W.,T.H.W.,& Co.

Camp Song.

We welcome J.R. back to his Cockadoodle.He was one of the original team.

Our two necromancers gave us some good card tricks,with very fine effect.

Newhall sang "There's Music in the Air",and then "Joan of Arc".

The stuntlest were introduced by J.G.W.,who gave us a brief dissertation on the distressing tendency of modern times,with their hurry and bustle,to forget the simplicity of the root-drama.Two such dramas were presented:one an example of neoclassic traditionalism,the other a fine illustration of neolithic occidental realism.

In the first,the tragedy of the gentleman of fair Madrid, H.Richardson gave a most poignant impersonation to thetitle role.Whether as a gay troubadour with his light guitar,or telling his beads in the black robes of a monk,he moved all hearts to sympathy.

Putnam was bewitching as the "pearl and pink",though we

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) deplore such hard-heartedness.

In "Alphonso and Arabella", Dodge was a perfect picture of the rude and graceless hero--if one call him that. Haskell was too sweet as Arabella, and none could wonder that the nobleman was an instantaneous victim to her charms. As for the nobleman, he was deeply disguised, as the drama requires, but no disguise can mask our Frog. We knew him all the time. Crane had little to do, but did it with a grace all his own.

L.C.Z. and L.T. appeared as Mr. and Mrs. Sparklet (her name was Phoebe), who had been traveling in England, and lectured to us on folklore and birdlore. The special point they wished to emphasize under the first head was the way in which lansongs and water-songs are found to correspond: "The One-hoss Shay" and "The Wreck of the Hesperus"; "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" and "Father is out Breaking Rocks in the Street"; Tennyson's "Break, break, break" and Wordsworth's "Broke, broke, broke"; and lastly our familiar song about barring the door, and a curious old English song about "Adoring the Bar." They sang the latter, with great effect, and we give the words later.

In the bird-lore section, Mr. Sparklight lectured, while his petite and charming wife did bird-calls most realistically. After a few familiar notes, like the seagull, the Bobwhite, and the loon, we had rarer species: the chicken-hearted blue vitriol, the mock-turtle dove, the purple-crested ambroid (this call was so vivid that we could almost see the bird fixing canoes, its favorite occupation), the Jazz tanager, with its extraordinary potst-hole nest, imported before the high tariff on post-holes went into effect; the Hutchinson parrot, with its strident call, and a single feather to show us its plumage; finally, after several others, the American Wrenn, with its nose in its bowl of mush.

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) After a brief interval for change of costume, we had another song, of local interest. L.T. was very busy in his office. To him enter L.C.Z. as Bancroft Davis. The song, which you will find below, gives the rest.

The American Wrenn can do other things besides put his nose in his food, for he gave us two delightful piano solos. Sorry I didn't get the names, but time presses, and I don't know where he is at this moment.

Last came "Tam O'Shanter". T.H.W. was most Scotch in the leading part, and his riding was masterly. J.G.W. as the Devil was all that a devil ought to be. Is this a compliment or not? Frog was fascinating as Nannie, and the other witches, Hunnewell, H. Richardson, Putnam, and Haskell, danced and yelled with infernal glee.

As for L.T. and H.T.K. in the part of the much-abused grey mare, Maggie, they deserves a special laurel wreath. To be a horse in such a stunt is bad; but to be half a horse is surely much worse.

This superb programme ran over time, of course, but we always have special license for the last sing-song. What a splendid set we have had this summer!

We had not very much time, but we settled to "Greenmantle", and had a thrilling half hour.

A most welcome arrival thisafternoon. M.P. has come back for the last week, and all the camp rejoices.

ADORING THE BAR.

Now Capt. John Grunt he built a ship,
As he oft had done before, oh,
The cabins they were fitted out
With many a hardwood floor, oh.

The decks were all mahogany,
The wheel was solid gold,oh,
And pearls and jade and rubies were
The ballast of her hold,oh.

The sails he made of finest silk,
And silver was each spar,oh;
But one thing he forgot to do,
That was to put in a bar,oh.
Refrain Buttermilk,buttermilk,
Buttermilk and prunes,oh.etc.

There came three pirates over the sea,
In a large and handsome scow,oh,
And never a ship did they come near
Till they sighted John Grunt's bow,oh.

"Oh starboard your helm,oh port your helm,
Oh bring her up in the wind,oh,
We're coming aboard,three bold bad men,
To see what we can find,oh.

John Grunt he cried as he grabbed his gun
"Now woe to the first that shoots,oh.
Come stand by me,my merry men all,
In leather or rubber boots,oh."

They lashed him to the silver mast,
The sails they tore in shreds,oh.
They spanked his sailors everyone,
And sent them to their beds,oh.

Theyturned that good ship upside down,
And searched her low and high,oh.
They poked their noses everywhere,
The sight made John Grunt cry,oh.

They saw the silver in her spars,
The rubies in her hold,oh;
The cook was cooking bacon in
A frying-pan of gold,oh.

But still they did not touch these things,
Or roll them on the floor,oh,
But opened all the five miz-trunks
In hopes of something more,oh.

Then empty-handed they boarded their scow
To sail away so far,oh,
And cried to John,"You can keep your old ship,
Because she hath no bar,oh.

Refrain; Siphon oh,siphon oh,
Siphon out the Beevo etc.

L.C.Z.

(Except for the two places where we have given it,the refrain is the familiar "Rifero"that goes with the original song.)

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

Oh please,Mr.Terry,I must have a room,
All along,out along,down the M.C.
That will be as exclusive as Rameses' tomb,
With Harry Pierce,middle name Lillie,Harry Hunnewell,Harry Payson,Old Uncle Doc Daavis and all,
Old Uncle Doc Daavis and all.

"How dare you to ask me on my busy day?"

"Of course,sir,you know I am willing to pay."

"But why do you ask for a room with a door?"

I"I have been on a train only once,sir before."

"But the fact that you've travelled is plain to be seen."

"Oh yes,sir,but always in my limousine."

"If I give you this room you'll hear skirlins' and groans,
And how do I know that you won't roll the bones?

And what will become of the other dear boys?"

"Oh bother them all,for they don't know the joys--"

"Oh Skipper,oh Skipper,get them a whole smoker,
Let them go as they please,and play checkers or poker.

Or else you had better just charter a freight,oh,
So for four or five days they can discourse onPlato,
With Harry Pierce,middle name Lillie,Harry
Hunnewell,Harry Payson,old Uncle Doc Daavis
and all,Old Uncle Doc Davis and all."

L.C.Z.

Oh if we were only poetic enough,
We'd sing you a song of the powder and puff,
And whoop snakes,aquariums,lizards and tadpoles,
And Old Harry Payson and all,
And Old Harry Payson and all.

THURSDAY, Sept.1, B.29.04" T.60' Calm. Fair.

Too good a day to lose.So while most of the camp was tying a bowline,with varying success, lists were making and grub was packing.

LITTLE POND AND MUSKRAT.

OUT-GOING.

CORKER.	ABOL.	TOGUS.	EBEN.	OUANANICHE.	
L.T.	J.G.W.	H.D.	J.R.		H.H.R.
Driver	Putnam	Albree	H.Rich.	L.C.Z.	T.H.W.
Davis	Sumner	Dodge	Edwards	R.S.C.	Batchelder
Jencks	D.Miller	Heard	W.Tower	Thompson,	Carey
				Haskell	Hines
				L.Tower	A.M.R.
				M.P.,I.B.,E.G.A.,Sanger,	
				Richards,Stackpole,Wrenn	
				Payson	

RETURNING.

CORKER.	ABOL.	TOGUS.	EBEN.	OUANANICHE.	
L.C.Z.	H.H.R.	T.H.W.	R.S.C.		J.G.W.
Wrenn	Thompson	Carey	Haskell	L.T.	H.D.
L.Tower	Richards	Sanger	Payson	J.R.	Batchelder
I.B.	M.P.	A.M.R.	Hines	Driver	Putnam
				Davis	D.Miller
				Jencks	Heard
				E.G.A.,Stackpole,Dodge,	
				Albree,Sumner,Edwards,	
				W.Tower,H.Richardson	

WILLIWAW.	YAMMERSCHOONER.	IDENTICAL.	PANTASOTE.	EREBUS.	TERROR
J.T.L.	P.S.	H.B.	Farnsworth	Lowell	H.T.K.
Thurber	Woodbridge	Hunnewell	Hutchinson	Degen	Pierce
MacLeod	Hale	Crane	Hill	Wiggins	F.Miller
Birckhead	S.Richardson	Newhall	Lawrence	R.Reynolds	S.Reynolds

The outgoing canoes got away at a fairly prompt half-past nine,as Meadow Brook is long,and they and the Ouananiche party were to connect at Little Pond for food.The canoes took the grub,the Ouananiche the milk.The water is so low now that the trip up was even more exciting than usual.They found a new footbridge,where someone has been going across for his meadow hay,and the old collapsed bridge,which has been an obstacle for some years,has been cut away.It looks as if a new one was to be built.They had plenty of difficulties, but no casualties,except a bad hole in the bottom of the Abol,where the horrid big patch which makes her so slow got

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) caught on something sharp.They reached the Little Pond beach just about one o'clock.

The outgoing Ouananiche started at quarter past eleven,with a fair wind.They found the Tiber very low,but got up almost to the regular landing.The walk over was easy,for we found the right trail,and our advance guard reached the beach just as the last canoe was being hauled up.A pretty good fit.There was a swim,and then we settled down to dinner,in one of the prettiest places in the world.There were two extra oranges,so we had a great tournament for them.The bananas we kept for supper.

After food,and loafing,and more or less Skowhegan,we redivided according to the list,and parted.

The four canoes made the trip down without accident,except th that the Corker ran on a log,and declined to get off till her crew got out.This held her up for a while.The Abol was damp,but had to dump only once,thanks to the adhesive tape that H.D. had put on his elbows for scouting,and forgotten to take off.With this tape the good ship weathered the dangers of the brook,and reached home safely.We made the beach early,and had Skowhegan and a rehearsal before the Ouananiche hove in sight.

The returning Ouananiche had of course a good deal of time,so her crew climbed Tracy's Bluff from the south,and went down over the north side,by the ledge and the little spring.That,and a good stiff head wind to Jamaica Point,kept them good and busy.

The chief feature of supper was the can of milk which we had left from dinner.We were sure it would sour,but it seemed a pity to waste good sour milk,so we brought it along,meaning to take it home for cooking.And lo and behold,it was still sweet when supper-time came.And what is more,H.D. made it go father than any can has

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) gone since the days of Elijah and the widow's cruse.

After supper we had more Skowhegan, and a nice little fire of cones, and then came home. The wind had kindly gone down, so no one got really wet.

The Muskrats started about ten, and made the Mills without difficulty. The carry was not pleasant, of course; few carries are really fun. But they reached Monataka in good order. Here dinner was served with grace by the six coxes. After dinner the party divided. J.T.L., P.S., and five of the older boys went to Royal. They did not reach the top, but they got to the top of the long field, where they enjoyed the view of Long Pond, with intervals of Skowhegan and a good nap.

H.B. and H.T.K. took the rest up Muskrat, most successfully, in spite of some pretty short legs in the party. They all got up, though apparently Birckhead felt doubtful as the slope grew steeper. Coming down was very gay, and all hands were ready for a swim before supper. The coxes were butlers again, they did it so beautifully. The party came home in very good time. In fact they were so early that they not only had three monkeys in sight, but played "Teakettle" besides."

As for the five stay-at-homes, they didn't stay at home, but went off for a dinner picnic in the Wiggins car. They went over Bickford Hill and across Meadow Brook, and dined in a lovely high pasture northeast of Tracy's Bluff, where there are good ledges planed flat by the glaciers. Then they went through the notch south of Philip, and out on the Hampshire Hill road till they got the big view of the mountains. And as they came back over Bickford, they saw the canoes coming out of Meadow Brook.

We finished "Greenmantle", and wrote an adjective letter.

and wrote

FRIDAY, Sept.2, B.28.92" T.76' W. Hazy.

I suspect that Bruce's weather report was made pretty late.He is the first really careless wather man we have had this year,and it certainly was not so hot as that at the proper time for the report.The heat came later,and it is so long since we have had it hot that we did not quite know how to take it.

The whole morning was full of boat-finishing,and reading ended early.We tried two heats,but the wind went back on us.A dying puffy wind,and a sloppy sea,will spoil any races,for it becomes pretty much a matter of luck.So the whole thing was called off,in hope of better weather tomorrow.

A squad went out for pine boughs and cat-tails,and there was much trying out of boats.Weak points were discovered,and there was in consequence a good deal of repairing.

There was also some putting into Moab,which had been filled to test the power of the boats to stand up in still water,but it seemed best to empty the gallant tub before too many got wet.

After supper it was Faculty boats,and rehearsing.One crowd combined the two,and rowed to Merryweather Beach,where they rehearsed in style.

After the half-past eighters had gone to bed,we played what is called,no one knows why,"Feet and Mouth";i.e.,guessing eyes and other features through a hole in a sheet.We had time only for eyes.H.D.'s side guessed seven out of eleven,H.H.R.'s four out of twelve.An eye looks very silly all by itself;but wait till you try noses.

SATURDAY, Sept.3, B.28.72" T.78' W. Fair.

Another warm day,but with a better wind.

We got started on short splices to-day,and some of us finished them.We do not aspire to a long splice at present.

As we couldn't finish "Through the Dark Continent" and "Lorna Doone" both,we are now devoting ourselves to John and Lorna in the morning as well as the afternoon.

This morning the decorating committee went to work,and made the room very pretty with red and white pine.There were also many rehearsals,of course,so that the afternoon could be left clear for the races.

The wind was pretty light at first,but it got steadily better,and we ran off not only the first round,but the first heat of the secondAs usual,however,I shall give the account of the whole thing together,as it is a pity to treat a race like a continued magazine story.So wait till the cup is won.

After supper we scattered to tents and dormitories,glad that the warm evening made it possible to run about in light costume without rolling up in blankets,or freezing.Lords and ladies,Greeks and Japanese,even quadrupeds,were all over the place,and demands for swords,parasols,gingerbread dogs,and safety-pins were frequent and imperative.

We were a little late,but the grand march was a fine sight as it circled round the room.There was a strong Oriental flavor to it,with so many Turks and Japanese,but the sailor group brought a whiff of the sea,and here there was a touch of classic Greece,and there a dash of the modern circus.Some were disturbed that L.T. did not march in costume,

SATURDAY (Cont'd.)

but they found out the reason later.Here is the full list.

Bluebeard	H.H.R.
Fatima	Hines
Sister Anne	E.Putnam
First Brother	Farnsworth
Second Brother	H.Richardson
Lord Bateman	T.H.W.
The Turk	H.T.K.
First Slave	Batcelder
Second Slave	F.Miller
Sophia	M.P.
The Young Bride	E.G.A.
Her Mother	I.B.
The Proud Young Porter	Degen
King Arthur	L.C.Z.
Queen Guinevere	R.R.
Miller	Newhall
A Courtier	Dodge
Another Courtier	Jencks
A Third Courtier	Carey
A Lady	Payson
Another Lady	Hill
A Third Lady	Davis
A Sailor Boy	Hutchinson
Another Sailor Boy	Driver
A Third Sailor Boy	Newhall
A Merry Maid	MacLeod
Another Merry Maid	Crane
A Third Merry Maid	Haskell
A Ring-master	H.B.
Chief Tumbler	J.T.L.
Clown	Heard
Elephant	L.T.
His Driver	Wiggins
A Trained Dog	Lowell
Another Trained Dog	Pierce
A Third Trained Dog	Sanger
A Tumbler	Wrenn
Another Tumbler	Richards
A Third Tumbler	C.Richardson
A Fourth Tumbler	Stackpole
High Priest	H.D.
Alexander the Great	L.Tower
Lykiardopopolis	R.S.C.
A Young Priest	D.Miller
A Younger Priest	Thompson
A Younger Priest	Sumner
A Younger Priest	Edwards
A Younger Priest	Albree
A Younger Priest	Birckhead
Youngest Priest	Lawrence
Stage Manager	J.G.W.
Orchestra	P.S.
Kobodaishi(old)	J.R.
Kobodaishi(young)	Hale
A Page	S.Reynolds
A Second Page	R.Reynolds

SATURDAY (Cont'd.)	Old Priest	Woodbridge
	Old Fisherman	Thurber
	Captain	Hunnewell
	First Mate	W.Tower

After the march came a waltz,and then the Merryweather Quartette,and then our nautical sextette.The lads danced and sang gaily,and the maidens were most bewitching.We weren't told which maid was which,but we rather think that Donald MacLeod was "sweet Kitty from the north countree".

GOOD KING ARTHUR.

This opera is not very moral,but it is great fun.First came Newhall the Miller,white with flour,and staggering under the weight of his bag.L.C.Z. was superb as the light-fingered monarch,and his joy as he drew forth the "meal" was contagious.We can do pretty well with that kind of meal ourselves. R.R. was a wifely and bewitching Guinevere,with an anxiety about her lord's possible sash that was a model for all queens to follow.The lords and ladies filled their parts as perfectly as they did their mouths;I can't say more than that.And the pages,the two Reynoldses,stood at their posts with dignity and decorum.(Sorry I got them out of place on the list,but accidents will happen.)

THE CIRCUS.

H.B. was a wonderful ring-master,and put his three dogs through their stunts in great style.We were sorry that "Lily of the Valley" was so cross,but the general effect was fine. As for Ham and his gingerbread dog,he was as absurd as a clown ought to be.When L.T. as the elephant appeared,we saw why he had not marched.To march on four legs,two of them with casters on them,when nature has fitted you with two,is

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) not a thing to be done unless it is absolutely necessary.He was a wonderful beast,and his trunk was elephantine beyond belief.Johnny Wiggins was a fine mahout,and rode his beast in fine style.

The human performers were equally remarkable.H.B.,or his twin brother,did some remarkable feats of strength,with Ham as "assistant".Then came the tumblers,who tumbled merrily.J.T.L. and Ham did some very pretty gymnastic stunts,and the whole ended with a fine pyramid.

LORD BATEMAN.

This lovely ballad is always thrilling.No matter how many times we have it,there is always a feeling of relief when the noble hero's matrimonial difficulties are settled,and he and his own Sophia are united without hurting the feelings of the Young Bride or her mother.T.H.W. was a dashing nobleman,enough to win the heart of any number of ladies,Turkish or otherwise.M.P. was a bewitching Sophia,and E.G.A. so fair a bride that we don't wonder the Porter (ably played by Degen) was more than ready to marry her.I.B. was a very fine mother.Perhaps Lord Bateman was not sorry to escape her as a mother-in-law,for she certainly would have made him toe the mark.We saw very little of the Turk,but H.T.K. was a fine sight, and his two slaves looked ready to execute any command,however brutal.Special tribute must be paid to the ship,which sailed east or west with fine disregard of wind and weather.

THE GORDIAN KNOT.

This is a mystic work,and we don't know yet what the priests meant by their

"He who will this not untie
Must C,D,E,F,G,H,I;."

But they mean something very deep,certainly.The stage effect,with

SATURDAY, (Cont'd.) the white costumes against the grey walls, and H.D. in the centre in scarlet and gold, was very good. The blue of Alexander and Lykiaropopolis stood out against the white with great effect, and the whole picture was fine. H.D. as the chief priest was a fine figure. R.S.C. as Lykiardopopolis wrestled gallantly with the knot, though we are sorry that he so far forgot himself as to bite. Lucky was a dashing Alexander, and the seven priests performed their mystic evolutions extremely well.

KOBODAISHI.

This remarkable series of scenes was Japanese beyond belief. J.G.W. acted as stage manager and interpreter (all the talking was in Japanese), and P.S. was an effective orchestra, performing alternately on the banjo and the pipe.

The first scene showed the child Kobodaishi in the temple, writing with a wisdom beyond his years, to the utter amazement of the old priest, Thurber and Woodbridge. Dick Hale as Kobodaishi was the very type of a youthful prophet, in scarlet, against the dead grey wall.

After this, J.R. took the part of Kobodaishi, with striking effect. First we had him at sea, with Hunnewell as capain and W. Tower as first mate, miraculously calming a tempest which threatened to wreck the vessel, by throwing over a little rice.

Next came a scene in front of the holy mountain, with Thurber catching the most wonderful green fish. Kobodaishi, a true Buddhist, disapperved very much, and finally brought the half-cooked fish back to life, so that they swam away down the river.

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) The next miracle was the carving of gods out of the living rock, in less time than it takes to tell about it.

Last came the crossing of the sacred river. There was no bridge, though in after years the Mikado built a very sacred bridge of red lacquer, to commemorate this miracle. Kobodaishi turned up a few sods with a spade, found a night-walker, and threw him into the river. He turned into a huge pale green serpent, and the saint got on his back and rode across, to the admiration of all beholders.

Well, by this time it was after eleven, so we did what we have never done before. We decided to have refreshments and go to bed, and have our last stunt Monday instead. So we put Amory Lawrence in the middle, then the four acrobats, then half-past eighters, and half-past niners and grown-ups outside. It was wonderful Taps.

Just at what time in the evening L.C.Z. left, I can't say. It must have been while I was at the piano, or behind the scenes. Go he did, and we are very sad. But his tutoring was over, and he wanted to get back to his family.

I haven't mentioned the arrival of L.T.S., who came sometime in the middle of the morning. Instead of putting him into a stunt, we made him be a stunt all by himself, and do the Circus Song, and the story of the man and the tiger. Loring T. Swain.

Just before supper C.W. arrived, with his two small daughters, and after supper all the Wigginses except John went up to Fourway for the present.

SUNDAY, Sept.4, B.28.81" T.61' N.W. Clear.

A perfect day, with no trace of the heat that has bothered us for the past two days. The only fault we have to find, and for that the day was hardly to blame, was the departure of H.B. by the morning train. He has fitted right back so perfectly into his old place, that we almost forget that he was only making a visit, and could not stay through. We have given him a pretty busy vacation, with relays to run, games to pitch, all-day expeditions, and a camping trip, to say nothing of making repairs of all kinds, from mending canoes and shells to plumbing. To be sure, we didn't have a real Mexican party in the cess-pool for him, but he put in an hour and a half one night on the drain of the sink, getting it clear about eleven o'clock. In spite of drains, we hope that he had a good time, for we know that we did.

PICNIC TO HEMLOCK POINT.

CORKER.	ABOL.	EBEN.	TOGUS.	ALLEGASH.
L.T.S.	T.H.W.	J.R.	L.T.	H.H.R.
H.Rich.	Driver	Hutchinson	Crane	Albree
Putnam	Sanger	Thompson	Newhall	L.Tower
A.M.R.	M.P.	W.Tower	Hines	Heard

OUANANICHE.

H.R.

Batchelder F.Miller
MacLeod Degen
Payson Jencks
I.B. D.Miller
Carey Haskell

L.E.R., R.R.,
Dodge, Wiggins
Lawrence

IDENTICAL.	PANTASOTE.	WILLIWAW.	EREBUS.	TERROR.	YAMMERSCHOONER
R.S.C.	J.T.L.	J.G.W.	H.T.K.	P.S.	H.B.
Farnsworth	Thurber	Woodbridge	Pierce	Hunnewell	Lowell
Stackpole	Richards	C.Rich.	Wrenn	Sumner	Birckhead
E.G.A.	Hale	Hill	R.Reynolds	Edwards	S.Reynolds

We had a lovely little trip down to Hemlock Point, all hands on board except Bancroft Davis, who was feeling mean with a cold, and stayed at home to nurse it.

We had three lively games of Skowhegan, in which the

SUNDAY (Cont'd.) Comanches beaat the Apaches twice, and the Apaches came back for a lively victory in the third.

Supper was excellent and extensive, round a jolly little fire, and there was much making of toast. If any of you ever meet a fellow named Hancock Derr, ask him if he is as fond of making toast over a bonfire as he used to be here.

Then came songs, ending with the Merryweather Light, which calls to mind the many dear campers who used to sing it with us.

So we paddled home, by a wonderful sunset and a new moon, with the twin peaks of Bigelow showing blue on the horizon. For J.R. points out that one peak cant' be two, so what we have generally called Bigelow must be something else; probably Sugarloaf.

We had good hymns, and then, after one or two beautiful poems, w ehad "The Maltese Cat", as we have done so long on the last Sunday evening. And so to bed.

MONDAY, Sept.5, B.28.83" T.55' N.W. Light fog.

Not wind enough to do any good, and some of us felt a little anxious about the races. But by the middle of the morning a southerly wind was rising, so we cheered up.

A select squad rowed down to Hemlock Point, and retrieved T.H.W.'s hat, which he had used as a boundary marker. They found it at its post, like a Roman sentry.

L.T.S. and J.G.W. put in a lively morning reeving new halyards through the top of the flag-pole. Reggie pulled the old ones through, and as they were pretty badly worn, it seemed safer to replace them.

Just before dinner Jencks took the Dumb-bell out for a trial trip, and she got away. He was late to dinner, but he saved the boat.

After dinner L.T. did the same thing with the Boreas, and was late to the races. Luckily neither boat was put out of commission.

We give the account of the races here in full. The day was perfect, with a steady strong south wind, not strong enough to kill the pickers-up and carriers-out. The boats finished on a line from the Point to Mt. Jelly, so there was no question of getting into a lee.

FIRST PRELIMINARY HEAT.

Umbazookus	J.R.
Rest of the Family	Stackpole
Foolish Question	T.H.W.III
Cu No3	R.S.C.

A moderate northwest wind. The Umbazookus was the steadiest boat, and owed her victory to this fact. Of the others the Rest of the Family was decidedly the best; she was fast, but tipped over now and then. The other two were unseaworthy.

MONDAY (Cont'd.)

SECOND PRELIMINARY HEAT.

Manx Cat	H.D.
Zona	E.G.A.
E.V.	H.Richardson
Snail	Thompson

Wind a bit lighter.The Manx Cat was the only boat that would #### stay up,and won the heat.

THIRD PRELIMINARY HEAT.

Mexican	H.D.
Bumboat	H.T.K.
Bullette	D.Miller
Black Arrow	Newhall

Wind puffy,and shifting.The Mexican went with the steadiness of a veteran.The Bumboat was faster,but owing to a capsize or two could not do better than second place.The others did not finish.

FOURTH PRELIMINARY HEAT.

Sumaki	Farnsworth
Oriole	Carey
Mayflower III	F.Miller
Oshkosh	C.Richardson

All four boats were good.The Oriole led,then ceded first to the Sumaki.This gallant ship went over,which dropped her to last place.The Oriole led once more,but was passed by the Mayflower.But the Sumaki was still to be reckoned with .By a brilliant spurt she got back her lead,and won a most sensational heat.The first three were remarkably close.

FIFTH PRELIMINARY HEAT.

Resolution	P.S. & Hines
Submarine	Degen
Ally	Albree
Hobkirk	Edwards

Wind improving.The Resolution went strong,the others went over,though the Submarine was fast when she was not doing what her name implies.Only the Resolution finished.

SIXTH PRELIMINARY HEAT.

Apache	Farnsworth
Bumblebee	Batchelder
Lady Alice,Section A	P.S. & Hines
Eclipse	Hale

Wind rising.The Apache was fast,and won by half the length of the course.The Bumblebee,after going over,went very well,and crossed the line at a furious pace.The Lady Alice was third;~~but the~~

MONDAY (Cont'd.) SEVENTH PRELIMINARY HEAT.

Baby Carriage	Hutchinson
Pollywog	Heard
Sea Cow	Hunnewell
Wild Cat	Hill

The Baby Carriage got a good lead, and held it throughout. The Pollywog, though unsteady, was fast, and made second, diving across the line.

EIGHTH PRELIMINARY HEAT.

Tadpole	Heard
Tattered Ensign	Batchelder
Mousetrap	Sumner
Wasp	Sanger

All over at the start. The Tadpole finally got into her stride, and after more or less setting up, crossed the line. None of the others finished.

NINTH PRELIMINARY HEAT.

Saracen II	Farnsworth
Mud Turtle	Crane
Welsh Rabbit	Batchelder
47-11	Wrenn

The Saracen was fast and steady (you don't often find this combination in people), and for the greater part of the heat had the course to herself. The Mud Turtle held up for a while, but finally retired.

TENTH PRELIMINARY HEAT.

Dumb Bell	Jencks
Boreas	L.T.
Peewee	Heard
Dartaway	Pierce

The Boreas was fast, as she had proved earlier in the day, but her steering was erratic, and she went over now and then. The Dumb Bell went at terrific speed, and won, with the Boreas a good second. The Peewee was fair, but didn't finish. The Dartaway didn't dart to any alarming extent.

ELEVENTH PRELIMINARY HEAT.

Comanche	F.Miller
Cherubim	Putnam
Melachrino	H.Richardson
Bull Durham	Thurber

MONDAY (Cont'd.) In this heat the Comanche was the only boat that really did anything, and even she was unsteady, owing to her lower spar, which caught in the waves and tripped her.

TWELFTH PRELIMINARY HEAT.

Vagrant	J.T.L.
Prefect's Pride	L.T.
Cobbweb	Farnsworth
III	W.Tower

Through the greater part of the course the Prefect's Pride had the lead, but an untimely tip-over set her back to second place, and gave first to the Vagrant. The others did not finish.

THIRTEENTH PRELIMINARY HEAT.

Cricket	Driver
Seraphim	Putnam
Arab	Farnsworth
No.4	Heard

All went over early. The Cricket finally recovered herself sufficiently to win, but none of the others could make it.

FOURTEENTH PRELIMINARY HEAT.

Shamrock17	Payson
S.O.S.	L.Tower
Hershey	Heard
Hoptoad	Lawrence

Another tipping contest. The Shamrock stayed up for longer stretches than her rival, and finally came in first. The S.O.S. was second, and the rest did not make it.

FIRST HEMI-DEMI-SEMI-FINALS.

Bumboat
Sumaki
Oriole
Rest of the Family

A very close heat, especially for the first three. The Sumaki ##### went over once, which probably cost her first place.

SECOND HEMI-DEMI-SEMI-FINALS.

Apache
Bumblebee
Resolution
Baby Carriage

With this heat we begin Monday's racing, as up to this point we have been giving what happened Saturday afternoon.

The Baby Carriage went over. The Bumblebee went fast, and led till the Apache overhauled her. The Resolution was a close third.

MONDAY (Cont'd.) THIRD HEMI-DEMI-SEMI-FINALS.

Prefedt's Pride
Dumb Bell
Tadpole
Cricket

All went over but the Prefect's Pride.The Tadpole,when set up,was fast,but not fast enough to make better than third. The Cricket,which was also fast,had second at one time,but lost it by tipping over,and could not finish as her sail parted.The Dumb Bell,when righted,was a good second.

FOURTH HEMI-DEMI-SEMI-FINALS.

S.O.S.
Sandpeep
Vagrant
Shamrock 17

Some tipping over.The S.O.S. led all the way,and was very fast.The Sandpeep,which came into this round,having drawn a by,was a somewhat conservative second.The Vagrant came in third,after turning a complete somersault.The Shamrock did not finish.

FIFTH HEMI-DEMI-SEMI-FINALS.

Boreas
Saracen II
Plooywog
Comanche

This heat was held up for a while,as the Boreas needed to be repaired.It was very close between the leaders,the Boreas finally winning.The Comanche was very fast when she was going but tripped on her spar,as she had done before.

SPECIAL EXHIBITION RACE.

Mexican
Manx Cat
Umbazookus
Go-Go

These four were ,of course,not eligible for the cup,so they were given a special race for themselves.The Mexican was a pretty sure winner from the start,for the Manx Cat's rudder, as some wit remarked,was too rudimentary.The Umbazookus and the Go-Go were neither of them steady under new sails,and did not finish.

MONDAY (Cont'd.)

FIRST DEMI-SEMI-FINALS.

Bumboat
Sumaki
Prefect's Pride
Bumblebee

A good heat, though the Prefect's Pride and the Bumblebee both lost ground by capsizing. The Bumboat won, with the Sumaki a close second.

SECOND DEMI-SEMI-FINALS.

Dumb Bell
Saracen II
Boreas

A broken stay put the Boreas out of it, as she was couldn't keep a course, and tipped over. The Dumb Bell was very fast, the Saracen, true to her name, a good second.

THIRD DEMI-SEMI-FINALS.

Sandpeep
S.O.S.
Apache

A good deal of erratic sailing, and some tipping over. The Sandpeep won by her steadiness, with the S.O.S. a speedy but erratic second. The Apache was run down by a picking-up boat, and smashed beyond hope of repair.

FIRST SEMI-FINALS.

Sumaki
Dumb Bell
Bumboat

The Sumaki was a very fast winner, the Dumb Bell hot on her heels. The Bumboat was not reliable.

SECOND SEMI-FINALS.

S.O.S.
Saracen II
Sandpeep

By this time the breeze, which had been rising all the afternoon, was pretty stiff. The S.O.S. went fast, and had a good lead at the finish. The Saracen was second again. The Sandpeep tipped over, but finished.

FINAL HEAT.

Dumb Bell
Sumaki
Saracen II
S.O.S.

MONDAY (Cont'd.) The finals were run in a wind that was pretty near canoe test. It was a hot race between the Dumb Bell and the Sumaki. The Sumaki led for the first half of the course, but nothing could stand against the terrific sprint which the Dumb Bell put on. The Saracen varied her performance by coming in third, the S.O.S. fourth. The last two boats had poor starts, but the Dumb Bell was so evidently the fastest boat that it did not seem necessary to run the heat again. So the cup goes to Gardner Jencks, with hearty congratulations of all and sundry.

The Dumb-Bell was damaged in the semi-finals, but she came through the finals with her repairs still holding, and the last event of the afternoon was an exhibition race with the Mexican.

EXHIBITION RACE.

Mexican
Dumb Bell

The Mexican took the lead at the start. The Dumb Bell was coming up fast, and would very likely have overhauled her, when a tip-over settled the matter.

So ended a fine set of races, splendidly run. The weather was kind to us both days, and the various committees did their various jobs finely. On general principles, "Hurrah for us!"

At supper the cup was presented to Gardner Jencks, who in a brief but eloquent speech expressed his gratitude to H.D., the skipper of the Mexican, for the idea of the two stern spars, which, he felt went far to winning the cup.

After supper came Games on the Hill, and then we had a more or less imformal sing-song, or finish of the fancy-dress party. "What they could not eat that day, the Queen next morning fried", and so it was with us.

MONDAY (Cont'd.) Here is the programme:

1. Cockadoodle Duett.....J.R.,A.M.R.
2. Songs.....H.H.R.
3. Song,etc.....L.T.S.
4. Song,"Dunderbeck".....H.B.
5. "Bluebeard".....H.H.R.,Hines,Putnam, Farnsworth,H.Richardson.
6. "Witless James".....J.G.W.

Choruses.

Isn't that a pretty good programme?We think so.Mr.Dick gave us "Richard of Taunton Dean",which we mean to act some day,and then "Gipsy John",which makes one want to take to the road at once.

L.T.S. sang the delightful hunting song from which we get our own scouting song,and then did the Lunatic and his keeper.Not knowing what to call it,I put it down as "Etc."

H.B. protested a little at singing "Dunderbeck",but finally yielded to pressure,and gave us that cheerful tragedy.Is it natural depravity that make us laugh so when we hear that "Dunderbeck was meat?"

The opera of Bluebeard is one of our best,and this was a notable performance.H.H.R. was as superb as his beard.Can one say more?Such a beard! We understand that it was not comfortable,but what is comfort compared to glory? As for the tone in which he referred to his kites and skipping-ropes,it was sinister beyond belief.

Frog as Fatima was a radiant figure;courageous in the face of a dreadful doom,and full of spirit at all times.Put was charming as Sister Anne,and his golden locks made a fine contrast to Fatima's raven tresses.

Bud and Hank were splendid as the brothers,and we were glad that the one who was killed came to life again so promptly.

MONDAY (Cont'd.) As for M.P.,I.B.,and E.G.A. as the three corpses, they were really too awful.No wonder poor Fatima and Sister Anne shrank in horror.

We ended with choruses:"Polly-Wolly","Dixie","The Hiram Q","Rolling down to Rio",and finally "The Hottentot",which we have learned to do with great effect.

The half-past niners played clothes-pins.In the three games in regular formation,the East,led by J.G.W.,beat the West,led by T.H.W.,two out of three.

Going behind back,it was very close,but again the East won,by one pin.

The last game was a new departure.The lines sat facing north,and passed the pins over the right shoulder with the right hand.When the last pin was in they faced about,and passed them back over the left shoulder with the left hand. The West won,by about nine pins.It is hard to get the exact figure,as J.G.W. got desperate after his rivals had won,and sat on some pins.

I must not leave this eventful day without giving J.G.W.'s list of boats and owners,as read at dinner Saturday.

List of Ships.	List of Firms or Owners.
Foolish Question	West Balsa Co.
Umbazookus	Capt.John Richards
Manx Cat	Commodore Hallowell Davis
Mexican	" " "
Boreas	L'd.Commander Monk
Prefect's Pride	" " "
Bumboat	Cap'n Kingsbury
Lady Alice,SectionA.	Hines,Stackpole & Co.
Resolution	" " "
Zona	Atwood,Atwood,and Atwood
Cu.NO3	Coolidge Shipyards
Ally	Albree Oriental Importing Co.
Bumblebee	Batchelder Salvage Station
Tattered Ensign	" " "
Welsh Rabbit	" " "
Oriole	Captain Carey
Mud Turtle	Governor Crane

List of Ships (cont.d)	List of Owners (cont'd.)
Submarine	Degen Experiment Station
Hobkirk	Post Captain Edwards
Apache	Farnsworth & Farnsworth, Ship-
Saracen II	" " builders
Sumaki	" "
Arab	" "
Cobbweb	" "
Eclipse	Midshipman Dick
Wild Cat	Rear Admiral Hill
PollyWog	H.Heard Construction Co.
Tadpole	" "
Pewee	" "
No.4	" "
Hershey	" "
Sea Cow	South Bavarian NavigationCo.
Baby Carriage	Hutchinson Locomotive Co.
Dumb Bell	Jencks &.Co, Athletic Goods.
Bullette	D.Miller & Son, Barge Co.
Mayflower III	F.Miller Dry Dock Co.
Comanche	" " "
Black Arrow	Newhall Nautical Models
Cherubim	Rear Admiral Putnam
Seraphim	" " "
Oshkosh	Oshkosh Dry Dock Co, C.Richardson.
Melachrino	Richardson & Richardson, Ships.
E.V.	" "
Wasp	Boatswain Sanger
Rest of the Family	Stackpole's Houseboat Co.
Mouse Trap	Admiral Sumner
Snail	Thompson Wreckage Bureau
Bull Durham	Flottsam & Jettsome, R.Thurber.
S.O.S.	Clams & Bait, L.Tower, prop.
111	Beef Exporting Co., W.Tower prop.
47-11	Derelicts Collected, P.Wrenn
Cricket	Driver Bros., Ship Chandlers
Sandpeep	H.H.Richards, Shellfish(Beach Combing on the Side).
Listed, but Reported Late in Construction.	
Vagrant	Rafts & Buoys, J.T.L.mgr.
Turnip	Birkhead & Wiggins, Odds & Ends
Chaser	Dodge Bros., Sailmakers
Heptoad	Lawrence Coalbarge Co.
Rubicon	Lowell Scow Co.
Hearth Brush	MacLeod Navigation Co.
Camel	R.Reynolds, Ship's Brokers
Sea Rabbit	S.Reynolds, Ship's Breakers

I should have mentioned before that we finished "Lorna Doone" at afternoon reading.

TUESDAY, Sept.6, B.28.64" T.65' W. Showers

A drizzly day,too wet to plan much for out of doors,but not wet enough,alas,to do much good. This morning we got a start on Matthew Walker,and wall knots and crowns.

Morning reading time was taken up by our usual "Parliament of Manners."

As the afternoon was damp,there were two fine games of soccer.In the senior game,T.H.W.'s team beat J.T.L.'s 4-3, shooting the last goal in the last minute of play.

The junior game was not quite so close,D.Miller's team beating Albree's 6-1.

While the seniors were playing soccer the jumiors had a wild time with progressive ping-pong.There were two tables, the players at B being on the whole less experienced than ### those at A.

TABLE A.	TABLE B.
Batchelder beat L.Tower	Haskell beat M.P.
W.Tower beat Sanger	F.Miller beat M.P.
L.Tower beat J.R.	Haskell beat M.P.
J.R. beat Sanger	Haskell beat Crane
L.Tower beat Sanger	Haskell beat F.Miller
J.R. beat L.Tower	Haskell beat M.P.
	Haskell beat Crane

We had picnic supper,and the butlers took everything out but tin cups and doughnuts,so that we might not hold up our friends in the kitchen too long by our fun.

First came the dormitory prizes,as follows:

First Prize,H.Richardson
Second Prize,Thompson
Third Prize,Batchelder
Honorable Mention,Degen,Edwards,Putnam,Stackpole,Thurber.

Of course we knew who had the track field cups,but it was pleasant to see them awarded.

Class A,Lowell
Class B,Driver
Class C,Hale

TUESDAY, (Cont'd.) The watermanship cup was not awarded this year, but there was a wonderful cup, carved by J.G.W., as prize for the sculling race. This went to Dick Thurber.

H.R. then spoke of the development of scouting, and the way in which the game went in waves. At the very beginning there were many runs made. Then came a cautious game, with such elaborate guarding that almost no runs were made. Then the idea of the big scoring party, started by the Iroquois, brought back the big number of runs, and runs were sometimes made by the dozen; poor players being run along with the bunch, and pulled, or kicked, across the line by their friends. Now the introduction of the rover has cut down the number of runs. The present state of the game is really the best yet.

Then, as no one held the cup last year, on account of the tie, Skipper took it from the mantelpiece and presented it to J.G.W.

The victorious captain opined that the speech of the winning captain was always painful, as he doesn't like to make it, and the rest don't like to hear him. He then went on to consider why it is that so wonderful a game has not generally been a success elsewhere. The trouble shows when other people say, "But how can you tell that they have done these things? "Well, there you are. We have no umpire; we play on our word. And people who cant be trusted to play straight without an umpire to see that they do it, cannot scout.

T.H.W. said that he came in not knowing much about the game, and paid a special tribute to the Iroquois who knew so much more about it, especially P.S. and L.C.Z. The Algonquins got the jump, but the reason they won was because they never felt too sure, even when they had their longest lead. (He's right; we didn't feel sure.) One

TUESDAY (cont'd.) would ordinarily feel that big people were a handicap in scouting, but Ox killed him three times. The only mean thing he had known the Algonquins to do was when H.B. announced "Fourth cherry pie for Iroquois."

Then came the toasts; slowly at first, as some are a bit shy of getting on their legs, and then thick and fast.

H.R. "The memory of the best season ever."

T.H.W. "The Captain of the Algonquins."

J.G.W. "The Iroquois."

J.G.W. "The honorable umpire. Skipper's up!" (All standing.)

H.R. "The one thing that make a camp is The Boys."

Farnsworth "The Faculty."

Heard "Mrs. Richards." (All standing.)

L.E.R. "It is too bad you can never know how pleasant it is to be a lady at Merryweather."

Woodbridge "As a long-suffering victim, I propose the health of that horrible animal, the Tutor."

H.H.R. "That's a mean one, because Hefty knows I can't get back at him tomorrow. If I were going to be away from wife and family again, I would choose the same place, and the same pupils, even Hefty."

H.R. "The gentleman who plasters up the cuts."

H.B. "It has been a good summer, and I am glad for your sakes that I have not had more to do."

Hill "The Secretary."

L.T. "I can't make a speech, for I have been too busy to prepare one."

J.G.W. "The ladies."

Then J.R. gave us the silent toast, to the memory of the dear boys we have lost, and so it ended.

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) Right after supper Gardner Jencks, Marshall Dodge, and the redoubtable Reynoldses left, to take the Bar Harbor train for New York. We hate to have people go early.

As the bonfire was impossible in such dry weather (the little rain we had had during the day made no impression to count) we had a camp-fire on the Point, and a ghost story, "The Beast with Five Fingers." Then came singing.

And then Skipper waved a lantern, and called us to come and see the approach of pirates. We stood up, and there on the pond was an enormous pinwheel, blazing away with a shower of sparks and bands of gay colors. Gradually we saw that it was on the bow of the Ouananiche. (They fastened it to a long pole, and L.T. and Ox sat on the end.) Then came colored fires, red and green, and sparklers, big and little. They held them, they threw them in the air, they paddled with a sparkler in each hand. Never was a prettier sight than our fire ship.

We came in doors for Auld Lang Syne, as it would not be easy to circle round the big rock one the Point. And then came Taps, with L.T. in the middle, the shrimps round him, then the Half-past eighters, and then the rest. So ended a wonderful "last day."

SENIOR BATTING AVERAGGES FOR AUGUSTS.

Name.	G.	A.B.	R.	H.	2	3	4	B.B.	S.O.	Ave.
H.B.	1	5	4	4	3	0	0	0	0	.800
T.H.W.	1	5	4	4	1	1	0	0	0	.800
S.B.D.	1	3	1	2	1	0	0	1	0	.666
Farnsworth	1	3	0	1	0	0	0	1	1	.333
J.T.L.	1	4	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	.250
L.C.Z.	1	5	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	.200
L.T.	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	.000
H.T.K.	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	.000
R.S.C.	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	.000
Carey	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	.000
Driver	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	.000
Heard	1	5	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Hines	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Lowell	1	3	1	0	0	0	0	1	3	.000
E.Putnam	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	.000
Thurber	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	.000
Woodbridge	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	.000
GUEST.										
H.D.	1	5	2	4	0	0	0	0	0	.800

JUNIOR BATTING AVERAGES FOR AUGUST.

S.B.D.	1	5	5	4	2	1	0	1	0	.800
Lowell	2	6	4	4	2	0	0	4	1	.667
H.T.K.	1	5	2	3	1	0	0	1	1	.600
Albree	1	4	2	2	0	0	0	1	1	.500
Driver	1	6	2	3	1	0	0	0	0	.500
P.S.	1	5	3	2	1	0	0	1	4	.400
E.Putnam	2	11	4	4	1	0	0	1	4	.363
D.Miller	2	9	2	3	2	0	0	0	2	.333
Tutchinson	2	10	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	.300
Heard	2	12	8	3	0	0	0	0	0	.250
L.Tower	2	12	1	3	0	0	0	0	3	.250
Thurber	1	5	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	.200
Woodbridge	2	11	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	.173
Carey	2	8	3	1	0	0	0	1	3	.125
Hines	2	8	2	1	1	0	0	0	0	.125
R.S.C.	2	9	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	.111
Sumner	2	9	2	1	0	0	0	0	1	.111
Farnsworth	2	10	3	1	0	0	0	0	2	.100
H.Rich.	2	10	4	1	0	0	0	0	0	.100
Degen	1	4	1	0	0	0	0	1	4	.000
Jencks	1	5	1	0	0	0	0	0	2	.000
R.Reynolds	1	4	1	0	0	0	0	1	2	.000
GUEST.										
J.H.S.	1	4	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	.500

Compiled by A.M.R.

SENIOR BATTING AVERAGES FOR SEASON.

Name.	G.	A.B.	R.	H.	2	3	4	B.B.	S.O.	Ave.
H.B.	5	22	7	15	5	0	0	1	1	.681
H.H.R.	1	3	0	2	0	0	0	0	1	.666
L.T.	5	20	6	12	6	3	0	1	2	.600
T.H.W.	5	22	13	13	2	3	0	1	3	.590
S.B.D.	5	20	12	11	6	0	1	2	0	.555
P.S.	4	16	1	7	0	0	0	1	2	.425
J.T.L.	5	21	7	8	0	0	0	0	2	.380
L.C.Z.	4	18	5	5	3	1	0	1	4	.166
H.T.K.	5	14	2	2	0	0	0	2	8	.143
Shields	4	14	2	2	1	0	0	0	6	.143
Lowell	5	16	5	2	0	0	0	4	11	.125
Driver	5	18	3	2	0	0	0	2	7	.111
S.Putnam	4	12	2	1	0	0	0	4	3	.083
E.Putnam	5	18	0	1	0	0	0	1	8	.055
R.S.C.	5	20	1	0	0	0	0	0	7	.000
Carey	2	8	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	.000
Hines	5	21	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	.000
Hutchinson	2	8	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	.000
Pierce	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Tgurber	4	5	0	0	0	0	0	2	8	.000
Woodbridge	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	.000

JUNIOR BATTING AVERAGES FOR SEASON.

S.B.D.	5	21	17	13	5	3	0	5	0	.619
P.S.	4	20	9	8	1	1	0	1	7	.400
Driver	5	24	8	9	1	0	0	2	3	.375
Lowell	6	21	11	7	3	0	0	9	5	.333
Albree	2	6	3	2	0	0	0	2	3	.333
Shields	2	7	1	2	1	0	0	1	5	.257
Dana	4	16	4	4	2	0	0	2	1	.250
Orlandini	1	8	3	2	0	0	0	2	2	.250
H.T.K.	5	25	6	6	2	0	0	1	7	.240
E.Putnam	6	30	9	5	2	0	0	4	6	.167
Thurber	5	24	7	4	0	0	0	1	4	.167#
R.S.C.	6	29	7	5	1	0	0	0	1	.172#
Hutchinson	6	26	3	4	0	0	0	1	1	.154
H.Richardson	4	20	5	3	0	0	0	0	4	.150
Dalton	4	18	0	2	0	0	0	0	7	.111
Woodbridge	6	29	4	3	2	0	0	0	2	.104
Hines	5	21	5	2	2	0	0	0	0	.095
S.Putnam	4	15	7	1	0	0	0	6	2	.066
Carey	4	18	6	1	0	0	0	1	5	.056
Degen	3	11	1	0	0	0	0	3	10	.000
Jencks	1	5	1	0	0	0	0	0	2	.000
R.Reynolds	1	4	1	0	0	0	0	1	2	.000

#Out of order

Compiled by A.M.R.

HEIGHT STATISTICS FOR 1921.

Name.	Height.	Gain since 1920.
F.Miller	6'2 1/4"	3 1/2"
Batchelder	5'10 1/2"	3"
Lowell	5'8 5/8"	
Davis	5'7 1/4"	
Degen	5'7 1/8"	4 1/8"
D.Miller	5'7"	2 5/8"
Thurber	5'6 3/4"	3 1/4"
Hunnewell	5'6 1/2"	
Farnsworth	5'6"	3/4"
Payson	5'5 7/8"	
Jencks	5'5 3/4"	
Orlandini	5'5 1/2"	
Shields	5'5 1/2"	
Pierce	5'5 1/8"	
Newhall	5'5"	
Woodbridge	5'4 1/8"	3"
Carey	5'3 3/4"	2 1/4"
Hutchinson	5'2 7/8"	2 1/8"
W.Tower	5'2 1/2"	2 3/4"
Kelley	5'2"	
Sanger	5'1 3/4"	
P.Haskell	5 1 1/2"	2 1/8"
Crane	5'1 3/8"	
H.Richardson	5'1 1/4"	1 5/8"
Sumner	5'1 1/4"	2 5/8"
Heard	5'1 1/8"	3
Hines	5' 7/8"	2 7/8"
Birckhead	5'	
Driver	5'	
MacLeod	5'	2 3/4"
S.Putnam	4'11 3/4"	
Dalton	4'11 5/8"	
E.Putnam	4'11 1/2"	
Thompson	4'11 3/8"	2 5/8"
Dana	4'10 3/4"	
G.Haskell	4'10 3/4"	
Hare	4'10 5/8"	
Albree	4'10 1/8"	
L.Tower	4'9 1/2"	1 3/4"
Cheever	4'9"	
Edwards	4'9"	
Peters	4'8 7/8"	
Dodge	4'8 3/4"	
Hill	4'8 3/4"	2 1/4"
Wrenn	4'8 3/4"	1 1/2"
Hale	4'8 1/2"	
R.Reynolds	4'8 3/8"	
Williams	4'7 3/4"	
Richards	4'7"	
S.Reynolds	4'6 7/8"	
Lawrence	4'6 3/4"	
C.Richardson	4'6 1/2"	
Stackpole	4'5 3/4"	
Thayer	4'?????	

Total length.
113 yds.,1'3 7/8"

H.R.	5'11"	J.T.L.	5'10"	H.T.K.	6' 3/4
H.H.R.	6' 3/4"	L.T.	6'4 1/4"	R.S.C.	5'8 7/
J.G.W.	5'7 1/2"	H.B.	5'5 1/8"		
L.C.Z.	5'10 3/4"	S.B.D.	5'10 1/2"		
T,H,W,	5'9 1/4"	P.S.	5'4 7/8"		

WEIGHT STATISTICS FOR 1921.

Name.	First.	Last.	Gain.	Loss.
Thompson	86	94 3/4	8 3/4	
Hunnewell	111	119 1/2	8 1/2	
Pierce	111	119	8	
Hines	85	92	7	
Jencks	124	131	7	
F.Miller	148	155	7	
Birckhead	76	80 3/4	4 3/4	
Batchelder	141	145 1/2	4 1/2	
Degen	114	118 1/2	4 1/2	
R.Reynolds	75	79 1/2	4 1/2	
Edwards	86	90	4	
Newhall	101 1/4	105	3 3/4	
Driver	86	89 1/2	3 1/2	
H.Richardson	83	86 1/2	3 1/2	
Woodbridge	105	108 1/2	3 1/2	
Farnsworth	114	117 1/4	3 1/4	
Albree	77	80	3	
Carey	84	87	3	
Thurber	108	111	3	
Richards	73	75 3/4	2 3/4	
Crane	101	103 1/2	2 1/2	
C.Richardson	70	72 1/4	2 1/4	
E.Putnam	89	91	2	
Stackplle	68	70	2	
Sumner	84 1/2	86 1/2	2	
L.Tower	86 1/2	88 1/2	2	
Orlandini	102 1/2	104	1 1/2	
Williams	72	73 1/2	1 1/2	
Dalton	77	78 1/4	1 1/4	
G.Haskell	70	71 1/4	1 1/4	
Hill	72 1/4	73 1/2	1 1/4	
Payson	118	119	1	
Wrenn	77	78	1	
Hare	88	88 3/4	3/4	
S.Putnam	79	79 3/4	3/4	
Cheever	76	76 1/2	1/2	
Hale	71	71 1/4	1/4	
Peters	72	72 1/4	1/4	
S.Reynolds	72	72 1/4	1/4	
Hutchinson	97	97	0	
Lawrence	69 1/2	69 1/2	0	
D.Miller	123	122 1/4		3/4
Sanger	91	90		1
Dodge	100	98 3/4		1 1/4
P.Haskell	104	102 1/2		1 1/2
Heard	99 1/2	97 1/2		2
Lowell	133	130 3/4		2 1/4
Shields	141	138 1/4		2 3/4
Davis	119	114 1/2		4 1/2
Kelley	134	128 1/2		5 1/2
Dana	121	113 1/4		7 3/4
MacLeod	132	124		8

Best Gain, Thompson, 8 3/4.

WEDNESDAY Sept.7, B.28.70" T.65' W. Fair.

There could not have been a more beautiful day for the great departure, and those of us who got soaked in the truck last year were thankful.

Dicky Hale went first, as he had to catch the Bar Harbor express at Oakland. Too bad he had to go all by himself.

We had a good sing, and then the truck came, with a car for extras. C.W. added his car, so with Walter's trunk wagon we would have been a good-sized caravan if we could have kept together. When the truck caught the trunk wagon it seemed safer to shift suit-cases, as there was doubt whether the wagon would make the train or not.

At the station we walked the rails, and jumped the track, and did all the things that Christopher's Boy Scout book told us not to. Photographs were snapped, and addresses exhhanged, and all sorts of plans made for meeting during the year. Train time came, but the train was late. So was Walter. The question was, which would arrive first? Walter won, and by the time the train pulled in, the trunks were ready on the truck, with a faculty committee to handle them. So the dear crowd climbed aboard, Hutch's money was rescued from the track, where he had dumped it, and off they went. Good luck to them all and sundry, and may we see as many as possible back next year!

But H.B. did not tell the boys that he was to be married Thursday. He thought discretion was the better part of valor.

Well, we had still one boy, for Reggie was not to go till the evening. So we went home, cheering ourselves on the way with ice-cream cones, and got home in good time for a swim. The Wigginses had moved down from Fourway, so we are still a fair-sized family.

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) At afternoon reading we began "The Man Without a Shadow."

We took the afternoon pretty quietly, clearing up a bit, starting on lists etc. But no one felt very energetic.

Good old Reggie went early in the evening, with a fine salute of horns. We hate to lose our "last rose of summer."

POST-SEASON SING-SONG.

1. Overture.....T.H.W.
2. Stunt, "The Magic Scissors"....R.S.C., H.T.K.
3. Piano Solo.....A.M.R.
4. Stunt, "Old Oshkosh".....C.W., J.G.W.
5. Shadow Stunt.....T.H.W., L.T., J.T.L.
6. Stunt, "Lazy Mary".....L.E.W., J.R., L.T.

T.H.W. gave us the lovely barcarolle that he played for us early in the season.

The Magic Scissors was a very pretty piece of paper-cutting, which most of us don't understand yet.

A.M.R. played the "Egmont" overture, which is a fine work.

C.W. and J.G.W. gave us two songs. First came "Oshkosh", in wonderful hayseed costume, with chin beards, and then "The German Band", in military dress, with fife and drum; at least, with comb and banjo.

While the shadow stunt was preparing, T.H.W. showed us some phenomena of frictional electricity, with a slim wooden sword. It behaved very remarkably; but he admitted that he could not do it in a very bright light.

There were three shadow scenes. First came tight-rope walking. Then two tight-rope walkers tried to cross Niagara at the same time, and met in the middle of the rope. A brief clash, as the sporting papaers call it, ensued, and one performer was hurled into the yawning gulf below. It was terrible.

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) Last came a terrific torture scene.T.H.W. was the inquisitor,J.T.L. the victim,L.T. the executioner.The victim remained firm,though first his fingers,and then his nose were cut off.It was most gruesome to behold.

"Lazy Mary" is a new song,as effective as it is simple. L.T. was the heroine,and played the part with mggnifiecnt realism.

L.E.W. was the mother,trying to be firm,yet hating to wake daughter from her gentle slumbers.

As for J.R.,the "nice young man" for whom Mary finally got up,he was a vision of beauty.It would have to be a very lazy Mary indeed who would not be stirred by such a figure and manner,and such clothes.

Then we had a couple of chapters of our shadowless hero, and went of to bed by the light of a beautiful aurora.

THURSDAY, . . . A wonderful day.Our Doctor is to be married to-day, Sept.8,
N.W. so here's hoping the weather is a good omen for him and his Fair.
lady.

E.G.A. left this morning.It is too bad we have to chronicle so many departures,but it is the way of the world.

For morning reading we are having "The Next War",by Will Irwin."

This morning all hands went to work on the account of stock. J.R.,H.T.K.,R.S.C.,and Johnny Wig did lamps and lanterns,filling, cleaning,and also taking account of them as they went.C.W. and J.G.W.,with J.T.L. copying out the list,plunged into the shop,while T.H.W. ascended into the loft,and straightened things there.L.T. took up his abode in the store-room,and the ladies did games and linen.

EXPEDITION TO THE CAVES.

OUANANICHE.

J.G.W.

A.M.R. A.M.R.	T.H.W.
I.B.	M.P.
H.T.K.	R.S.C.
J.T.L. Wiggins	J.T.L.
C.W.	J.R.

R.R.,L.E.W.

J.Wiggins,C.Wiggins,L.Wiggins

We got away soon after half-past three,and headed for the little beach where they don't want you to take away sand.As we did not want to take away any sand,our consciences were clear.To be sure,the people are often rather grumpy about our landing,but we hoped they might have gone.And they had.However,we were confronted by a new difficulty.The little bay was so shallow that we stuck! We seemed to be on a log,so Roger got valiantly out and moved it. Try again.We did,and went a little farther,but stuck again.So we turned along the shore,and found a nice little sort of docking place,where the big rocks had been cleared out for a boat.Here

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) most of the party got out. Then, with much shoving, the boat was brought to jumping distance of the beach. She was sitting on soft smooth clay, so we didn't worry about her.

R.R., L.E.W., and Laura went for a stroll in the lovely pasture, while the rest of us struck off up the hill for the Caves. The old direct path seems to be pretty well gone, but we followed a lumbering road two thirds of the way.

We sat on the shelf for a while, and got a wonderful double echo. Then we climbed about, into caves and out on shelves. It really is an extraordinary place, and very beautiful.

When we got down it was time for supper. We had forgotten the cups, but we did very well drinking out of the cans, and the lid of the butter pail. The ladies were butlers, till it came to the jam, which T.H.W. declared he had always wanted to help to; so we let him. We had a little fire, for coziness, and sat, or lay, and talked till we could see the Merryweather Light shining on our own shore. Then it seemed time to go home, so with great difficulty the Ouananiche was pried out of the clay, and we embarked. It was a lovely trip.

After the half-past eighters, which is to say the young Wigginses, had gone to bed, we went on with our Bugglebys."

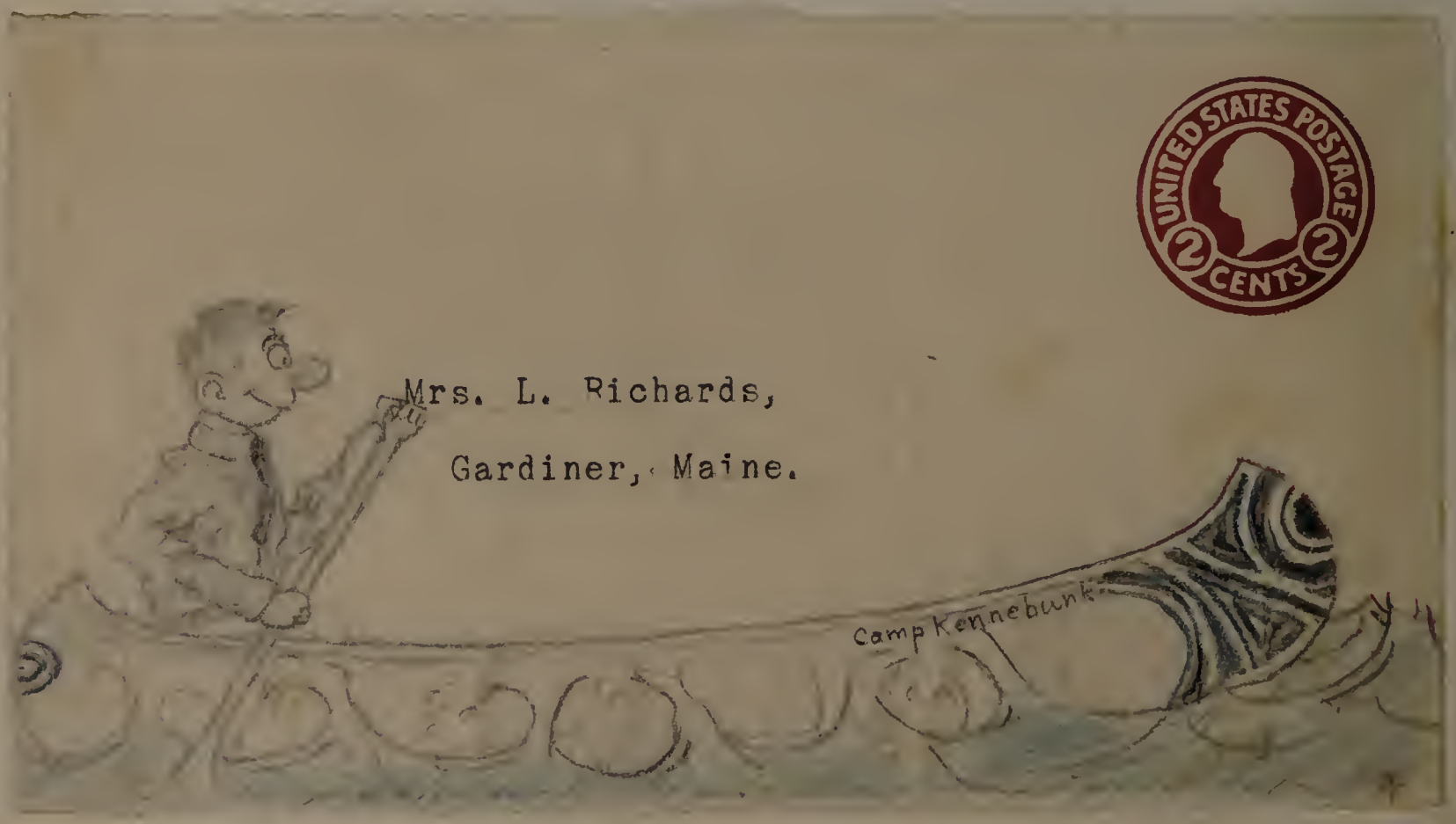
FRIDAY, Sept.9, Fair, Czlm, Warm.

The first event was not a pleasant one, for I.B. went off by the morning train, leaving a big hole.

Account of stock all the morning, till the shop "blossomed as the rose." Linen, baskets, and all the knotted horrors of kitchen ware also began to assume their proper shape.

After dinner the Mammoth Cave and the Crows' Nest went into winter quarters. Here's hoping that we know where the Mammoth is next time.

After supper there was a big departure; J.T.L., H.T.K., and R.S.C. all went off together by the Bar Harbor, with so much luggage piled on top of them that even Ox was almost flattened. It took all the thrill of Mr. Duggleby and a game of Mythology to cheer us up, with the first letters from the brethren in addition. We heard from Reuben, Hutch, Dick Thurber, and Charlie Richardson, who thinks we have fun at camp. Hutch is in a state of mind about his coat. He thinks he had it on the train, and that one of the boys who got off before Boston took it. He clamors for their addresses, and for tneir gore. But he left the coat at the station, and we are going to send it to him tomorrow.



SATURDAY, Sept.10, Fair, Warm.

Yes,the Log has turned purple.You see,I had to go in town for a day of school work,and it was likely to be my only trip all the way by motor.So,as I draw the line at carrying my typewriter in the train,it went in with me,at 6-20 a.m.

T.H.W. went by the regular morning;very dressy,with the hair-cut Skipper gave him.

Account of stock all the morning,and J.G.W. did wonders sharpening tools in the shop.

At afternoon reading we finished "The Man without a Shadow."

Late in the afternoon C.W.,L.E.W.,and J.R. went in by motor to bring A.M.R. out.We picnicked on Cushnoc Heights, and came by the lovely river road. The only reason we don't come that way often is that it is twelve miles longer.

Late in the afternoon came many arrivals.First came came all the Terrys,to see how their little Monk is getting on.It is a good while since any of them have been here.

Julia Terry Arthur Terry Jr.
Arthur Terry

Then came Mr. and Mrs.Ryan;and if we don't have some music,you may call us Dutchmen.

Emily Hamwood Ryan Leich Ryan

After supper the story was "The Creative Impulse."

Late in the evening the picnic party came back,with lettuce,tomatoes,grapes,and other garden produce.It is good to get home again.

SUNDAY Sept.11
Cool
S.E.
Cloudy.

Dr.Simons came out this morning for Bob.We hated to have him go,he has been such a help.

After service we settled down to music.First Mrs. Terry sang,and then Mr.Ryan,and it was a great joy.

A less joyful occupation was the work on the kitchen pump, which had given out.Washers did not settle it,so finally the committee investigated the pipe.The trouble,they found,was there. It had rusted through,and as the water got lower the hole was uncovered.So,air being easier to suck than water,it sucked air.They dug a trench for it,and now it is behaving again.

After dinner we had "A Nemesis of Fire."At least,we began it. It will be finished this evening.

This afternoon we divided.Some walked up to the Sandslide, while J.G.W. and the Terry Brothers went out sculling,and C.W. and A.M.R. went over to the post-office on an errand.

Lovely picnic on the Point,as it was too threatening to go far.

And now I am going in town for the week,so I leave my record for others to continue.

Monday, Sept. 12th.

Rain.

Wind northeast, changing to south in afternoon.

The rain began about eleven last night, two hours after the departure of A.M.R. and the Ryans; so we may hope that they got home dry.

M.P. departed by the morning train, alas! But it was an unexpected joy to have her over the Sunday, so we must not complain.

It rained merrily all the morning; held up after dinner, keeping up the summer's record of no single wholly rainy day; but in mid-afternoon a Scotch mist set in, followed by a violent and protracted thunder-storm; so we got a near-all-day rain after all.

A.T. senior took down, assisted by John Wiggins, all the evergreen decorations, a mighty chore. Note for next year. Decorators will please not drive in nails and staples as if to hold through the ages!

After dinner we began "The Great Impersonation", and continued it in the evening.

Stock-taking, tool-sharpening, chair-mending, etc, etc, went on all day, with gratifying results.

Tuesday, Sept. 13th.

Clear and bright.

Wind northwest.

A glorious day. Work going on as usual. L.E.W. took R.R., Cousin Julia Terry and the two little girls for a drive, to Bickford Hill and elsewhere. Many letters from our dear boys. They are unusually prompt this year, and it is delightful to hear that they seem to have enjoyed the summer at Camp.

Wed. Sept. 14th.

Clear and bright.

Wind northwest, light.

Soon after 7 a.m., C.W., J.G.W., J.R., and John Wiggins, departed per Ford; a sad and an irreparable loss. We bore it as well as we could, and kept busy and doubly busy, to cheer ourselves. I forgot to say that last night we burned the bonfire, the rain of the day before making it safe to do so. It was a splendid fire, and we "spread ourselves, my masters", as well as we could around it.

Wxxx

FRIDAY, Sept.16, Clear, warm. A heavenly day.The morning was mostly taking stock and tinkering;Skipper working on chairs, A.T senior on beds.

Finished "The Great Impersonation",and then the ladies went calling.

Arrived this afternoon,most welcome,

Lucy Henderson.

"The rest of the family",as Stack says will be here tomorrow.

A.M.R. came out in the evening,with tomatoes etc.We had "Mr.Carteret",and then Compendium in P. and S.

A.T. senior has put up on the wall the Grand Cordon of the Order of Tinkers,to be held by those who follow him in the noble art of tinkering.

A.M.R. slept up in the boneyard.

SATURDAY Sept'17. Cloudy, S.W. Rain p.m. It didn't begin cloudy,for at an early hour Jupiter was as big as a pumpkin,and the dawn was wonderful.

A.T. jr.went out f r a last row,before breakfast,and L.T. got up early for a last session with stock book and bills.

A sad morning of departures.First the Wigginses went, and then the Terrys.This left us only five.But we kept busy, and in the afternoon began "Queen Lucia."

A.M.R. and L.G.H. walked up to Pine Beach in the afternoon,and A.M.R. got a saucer of raspberries!

Late in the evening the Henderson family was completed by the arrival of R.G.H.

R.G.Henderson

SUNDAY, Sept.18, The very first of the morning was mild,with a little Fair, N.W. air from the south,but soon the northwest came through, and roared most of the day.

We had a lovely little service,and then Skipper,R.G.H.,and A.M.R. walked over to the post-office,by way of the shore,to get the paper and send a telegram.We walked dry-shod over the mouth of the brook,and the beach was amazingly wide.

Swim was very select,only R.G.H. and A.M.R. going in.

Some apples picked this afternoon,and a saucer of raspberries.

And now the Hendersons and I are off by the night train.I shall be out again next Friday,D.V.

Monday,Sept.19th.

Clear and cool.

N.W.

Finished Joseph Pulitzer,a wonderful little book.

R.R.went to Waterville on business.

Elmer Sherwood departed,leaving us in charge of the good Hurd,who takes very good care of us.He finds it difficult,now however,to cook little enough for three people with not very large appetites.

The days was pretty cool down here by the pond,with the northwester roaring,but up in the field it was warm as summer.

In the evening,"Queen Lucia",and a game of "Misery between Skipper and L.E.R.

Tuesday,Sept.20th.

Fair.

N.W.

A fine day.Nothing special to record, until toward evening the arrival of Bertha H. Vaughan -

Wed.Sept.21

Fair.
N.W.
T.41

H.R.and L.E.R.went in to Gardiner for part of the day,on various affairs,R.R.and B.H.V.holding the fort meanwhile.Note;Charles,being in a hurry,took only an hour on the road,both going and coming."Bell howkit her through and over!"In the evening,reading and "Canfield.

Raind set in before bedtime;gentle and ineffectual at first;but in the late night,or rather early morning,came a furious storm of wind and rain,really hurricane-like, which blew everything about,drenched B.H.V in the end tent,and even spattered R.R.through the chinks of the Rest House.H.R.and L.E.R.never woke at all!

Thursday,Sept.22d.

Fair.
South.
T.63.

A summer day,clear,bright and lovely.A light southerly breeze,enough for delight and beauty,but not too much.

B.H.V.departed at eleven a.m.,for Hallowell,R.R.at one p.m.for Northeast Harbor.So here are Skipper and I,L.E.R., just our two selves,with the faithful Hurd to care for us.

The sun glitters on the water,the chipmunks whisk about the red squirrels chatter,the acorns drp on the roof; all is peaceful and lovely. — After supper we sat on the front for an hour. To bed at 10 p.m. 68.

After supp

Friday,Sept.23d.

Fair.
South.
T.6I.

Thst was at 7.30 a.m.Before noon,it was 68,and a raring northwest gale had come up.We have not,we think, seen such a sea on since the Galveston gale,in I900.The pond was a glorious sight,great pale green combers breaking in foam over its whole expanse;the surf thundering on the beach,the whole world filled with wild uproar.The "Identical" fxxxxx foundered at her moorings,but was easily raised by H.R. and Hurd. By the middle of the afternoon the gale abated,and by the time A.M.R.arrived,just before supper,it was entirely over. Pretty glad we are to see her'. She brought Cyril Ward out,to help with packing,etc;but Hurd has done such wonders that it was not really necessary.All the tents in Bachelors' Row are down,also two in Sunshine Alley.

SATURDAY, Sept.24, T.54' N.W. Clear. A glorious day,and perhaps it isn't good to be out again.The chests came down this morning,and are partly packed.Also the apples are picked.They make a good little lot to take in.Still more proud was a saucer of raspberries;unusual for this time of year.

In the afternoon we had a call from Mr.and Mrs.Richard Brodrick. He hasn't been here since the days when we called him Steve Brodie, but he looks just the same.

Later the three of us paddled round Oak,among whole archipelagoes of rocks,and up along the Pine Island bar.In places the water was only six inches deep.Saw a flock of nine loons.

SUNDAY, Sept.25, S.E., Overcast, Rain p.m. In the morning it looked like clearing,but it thickened steadily,with a rising wind. Raspberries again,a good saucer.Cyril brought in the apples,and Skipper and A.M.R. sawed out various big suckers from the apple trees.Also A.M.R. dug more devil weed.

And now it is really goodbye,as I am going in tonight, and the others will be in Thursday.So no more till next spring,from

Yours truly,

The Editor.

MONDAY, Sept.26th. N'W' Fair. T.60 A fine day,with a brisk northwest breeze most of the day.Much packing etc. wenton,Walter Gleason and George Nutter coming to help.Also much missing of A.M.R.I should add that she went off in a pouring rain,and that the rain continued all night,a blessed boon for the parched country,though hot agreeable at the time for either A.M.R.or Charles. In the afternoon we took a walk along the beach to the lagoon,now entirely dry;no drop of water,only very dry mud. Itxwa Then we sat in the sun on the beach,very delightful. In the evening R.R.returned from Northeast,to our great joy and comfort.

Tuesday Sept.27th. Light air from south. Fair. T.5I.

Tudor and Margaret Gardiner came out to supper - a great pleasure.

Wednesday, Sept 28

Warm and beautiful; a sin to go away.

I7 Loons seen to-day, at once; and II black ducks put up, close to the shore.

R.R. went to see Mrs Cook--- Louville and Ernest very ill with grippe-- and walked back to Camp dry-shod along the shore!

We sat on the Float, and watched the golden sunset, till 7.3o, when L.E.R. left for New York.

Mabel Spencer , and Walter and George, hwlped us all day with clearing and packing; a most comfortable crew.

A beautiful and striking Auryora; cuetains, and ranks of brillian spear-points, and great radiating glowing bars across the shole sky.

Thursday, 29.

Summer warm, and soft, and heavenly! Bluebirds calling this morning. (Loons called most beautifully, last night)

Good Aubrey left this morning, very scatter-brained. George and Walter hard at it. Truck left about ten-thorty, we start directly. Wish it was next June!